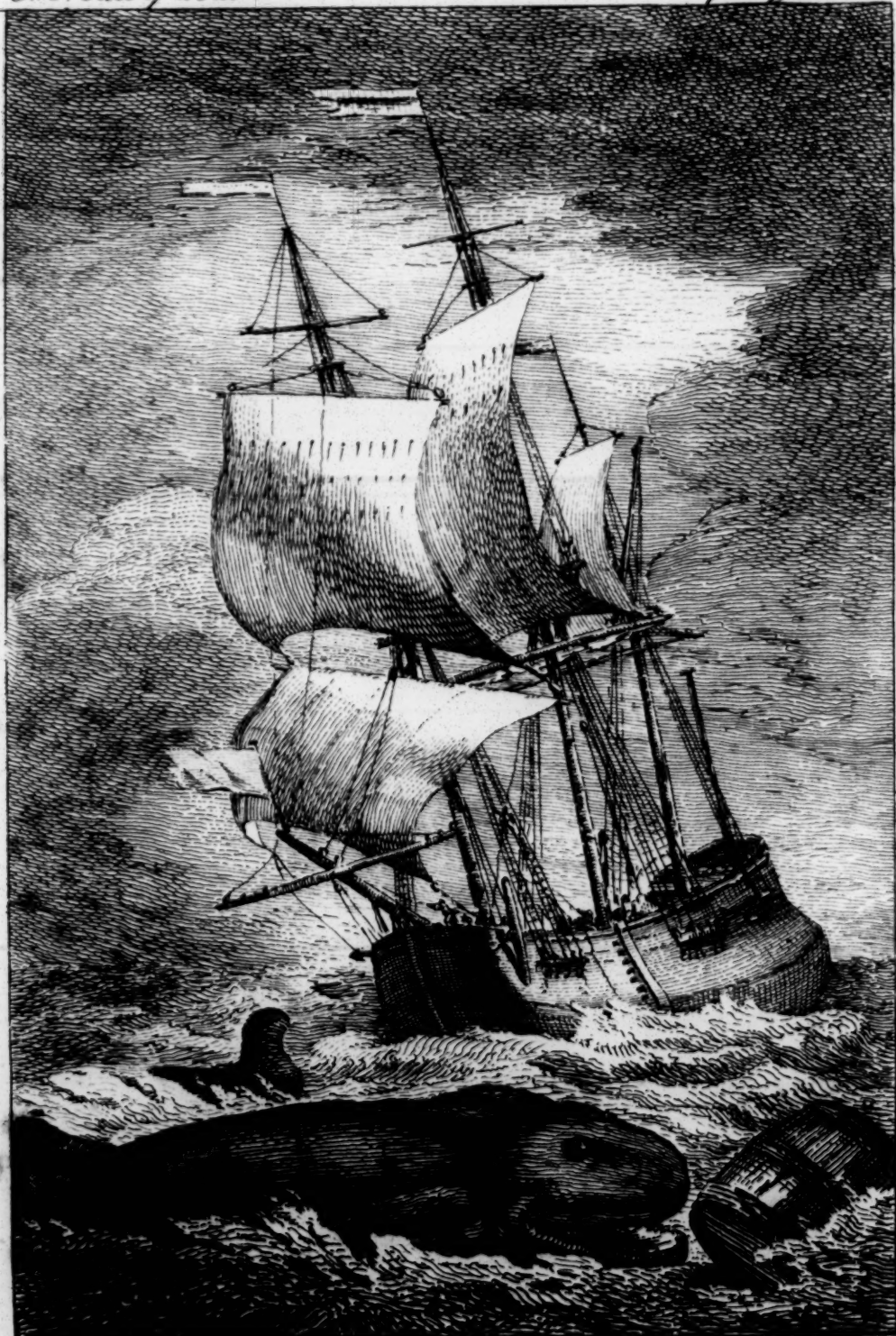


No. 1. Tale of a Tub

facing the Tide



J.S. Müller inv. del. et Sc.

340

THE
WORKS
OF
Jonathan Swift, D.D.

K
Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin,

Accurately revised

In TWELVE VOLUMES,

Adorned with COPPER-PLATES;

WITH

Some Account of the AUTHOR'S LIFE,

AND

NOTES HISTORICAL and EXPLANATORY,

By JOHN HAWKESWORTH.

LONDON,

Printed for C. BATHURST, C. DAVIS, C. HITCH
and L. HAWES, J. HODGES, R. and J. DODSLEY,
and W. BOWYER.

M DCC LV.

W. Musgrave.



T H E
P R E F A C E.

*T*HE Works of Dr. Jonathan Swift were written and published at very distant periods of his life, and had passed through many editions before they were collected into volumes, or distinguished from the productions of contemporary wits, with whom he was known to associate.

The Tale of a Tub, the Battle of the Books, and the Fragment were first published together in 1704, and the apology, and the notes from Wotton were added in 1710; this edition the Dean revised a short time before his understanding was impaired, and his corrections * will be found in this impression. -

Gulliver's Travels were first printed in the year 1726, with some alterations which had been made by the person through whose hands they were conveyed to the press, but the original passages were restored to the subsequent editions †.

* The corrected Copy is now in the hands of Mr. Dean Swift. † See the letter to Symphon and note, Vol. II.

Many other pieces both in prose and verse, which had been written between the years 1691, and 1727, were then collected and published by the Dean in conjunction with Mr. Pope, Dr. Arbuthnot, and Mr. Gay, under the title of *Miscellanies**; of all these pieces, though they were intended to go down to posterity together †, the dean was not the author, as appeared by the title pages, but they continued undistinguished till 1742, and then Mr. Pope, having new classed them, ascribed each performance among the prose to its particular author in a table of contents, but of the verses he distinguished only the Dean's, by marking the rest with an asterisk.

In the year 1735, the pieces of which the Dean was the author, were selected from the miscellany, and with *Gulliver's Travels*, the *Drapier's Letters*, and some other pieces which were written upon particular occasions in Ireland, were published by George Falkener, at Dublin, in four volumes; to these he afterwards added a fifth and a

* See the preface to Vol. III. signed by the Dean and Mr. Pope.

† At all adventures yours

and my name shall stand linked friends to posterity both in verse and prose.

Pope to Swift Mar. 23, 1727.
sixth,

sixth, containing the Examiners, polite Conversation, and some other tracts, which were soon followed by a seventh volume of letters, and an eighth of posthumous pieces.

In this collection, although printed in Ireland, the tracts relating to that country, and in particular the Drapier's Letters, are thrown together in great confusion, and the Tale of a Tub, the Battle of the Books, and the Fragment, are not included.

In the edition which is now offered to the publick, the Tale of a Tub, of which the Dean's corrections sufficiently prove him to have been the author, the Battle of the Books, and the Fragment, make the first volume; the second is Gulliver's Travels; the Miscellanies will be found in the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth; and the contents of the other volumes are divided into two classes, as relating to England or Ireland; as to the arrangement of particular pieces in each class, there were only three things that seemed to deserve attention, or that could direct the choice; that the verse and prose should be kept separate; that the posthumous and doubtful pieces should not be mingled with those which the Dean is known to have

published himself; and that those tracts which are parts of a regular series, and illustrate each other, should be ranged in succession without the intervention of other matter: Such are the Drapier's Letters, and some other papers published upon the same occasion, which have not only in the Irish edition, but in every other, been so mixed as to misrepresent some facts and obscure others: Such also are the tracts on the Sacramental Test, which are now first put together in regular order, as they should always be read, by those who would see their whole strength and propriety.

As to the pieces which have no connexion with each other, some have thought that the serious and the comic should have been put in separate classes; but this is not the method which was taken by the Dean himself, or by Mr. Pope when they published the miscellany, in which the transition

*From grave to gay, from lively to severe, appears frequently to be the effect rather of choice than accident *. However, as the*

* Our miscellany is now quite printed, I am prodigiously pleased with this joint volume in which methinks we look like friends side by side, serious and merry by turns—diverting others just as we diverted ourselves.

Letter of Pope to Swift, March 8, 1726-7.

reader

reader will have the whole in his possession, he may persue either the grave or the gay with very little trouble, and without losing any pleasure or intelligence which he would have gained from a different arrangement.

Among the miscellanies is the history of John Bull, a political allegory, which is now farther opened by a short narrative of the facts upon which it is founded, whether supposititious or true, at the foot of the page.

The notes which have been published with former editions have for the most part been retained, because they were supposed to have been written, if not by the Dean, yet by some friend who knew his particular view in the passage they were intended to illustrate, or the truth of the fact which they asserted; however, this has since appeared not always to have been the case; for there is not the least reason to believe that Stella was related to Sir William Temple, or that he was visited by King William at Moor Park, although both these facts are asserted, one in a note on the letter to Lord Palmerston, Vol. XII. p. 200, the other in a note on a letter to Dr. Sheridan, Vol. XII. p. 227.

The notes which have been added to this edition contain, among other things, an history of the author's works, which would have made a considerable part of his life; but as the occasion on which particular pieces were written, and the events which they produced, could not be related in a series, without frequent references and quotations, it was thought more eligible to put them together; in the text innumerable passages have been restored, which were evidently corrupt in every other edition, whether printed in England or Ireland.

Among the notes will be found some remarks on those of another writer, for which no apology can be thought necessary, if it be considered that the same act is justice if the subject is a criminal, which would have been murder if executed on the innocent.

Lord Orrery has been so far from acting upon the principle on which Mr. Pope framed this petition in his universal prayer,

Teach me ———
To hide the faults I see.

That where he has not found the appearance of a fault, he has laboured hard to make
one,

lowing are selected from *Gulliver's Travels*, because the correction of this part of the work, especially with respect to dates and numbers, is boasted in an advertisement prefixed, and because being divided into chapters, the places referred to will be more easily found,

In the following sentence, they have, is substituted for he hath:

“Whoever makes ill returns to his
 “benefactor, must needs be a common
 “enemy to the rest of mankind, from whom
 “THEY HAVE received no obligations.”

Voyage to Lilliput, Chap. VI.

The children of the Lilliputians are said to be apprenticed at seven years of age instead of eleven, which is evidently wrong, as the author supposes the age of fifteen with them, to answer that of one and twenty with us, a proportion which will be nearly kept by supposing them to be apprenticed at eleven, and to serve five years. Ibid.

Gulliver says, that he arrived in the Downs from Lilliput, on the 13th of April, 1702, and that he took shipping again on the 20th of June following, two months

months after his return ; but in the Irish edition, though the same dates are preserved, we are told, that ten months after his return he took shipping, &c. Compare the last chapter of Part I, with the first chapter of Part II.

In the following sentence, bring is substituted for carry :

“ A gentleman-usber came from court commanding my master to BRING me thither ; but as thither signifies to that place, to bring thither is false English.

Voyage to Brobdingnag, Chap. III.

By putting the word born for both, Gulliver is represented as shewing how the British nobility are qualified to be born counsellors to the king and kingdom ; or in other words, describing a part of their education antecedent to their birth. And though it is true that the English nobility are counsellors to the king and kingdom by right of birth, yet it is not true that they are born counsellors. Ibid. Chap. VI.

It appears by many passages, that the stature of the Brobdingnagians was to that of Gulliver, nearly as ten to one, and this proportion is kept in other things ;

our battering-pieces being about twelve feet long, Gulliver who was willing to facilitate the use of cannon in Brobdingnag, tells the king that he need not make his largest pieces longer than one-hundred feet; but this proportion is destroyed, and Gulliver represented as incumbering a new project with unnecessary expence and labour, by changing one hundred feet into two. Ibid. Chap. VII.

When Gulliver was floating on the sea in a box which Glumdalclitch used to carry on her girdle, and the water oozed in at the crannies, he observes, that if he could have lifted up the roof, he would have sat on the top of it, where he might at least have preserved himself some hours longer, than by being shut up in the hold; but as if it was difficult to conceive, that when a vessel is gradually sinking, a man will drown sooner in the hold than upon deck, The Irish edition tells us, that Gulliver would have got on the top, because he might thus have preserved himself from being shut up in it; and indeed it is a truth so evident as to admit no dispute, that while a man sits on the top of
a box

a box he will effectually preserve himself from the inside of it,

Voyage to Brobdingnag, Chap. VIII.

Gulliver's residence among the Houyhnhnms is said to be five years instead of three, though he tells us he was set on shore there in 1711, and departed in 1714. Voyage to the Houyhnhnms; compare the beginning of Chap. I, with Chap. XI, of which see also the last Paragraph.

In other places the London edition has been copied with great exactness; Gulliver is made to say of his box that it was tossed up and down like a sign-POST in a windy day, though the manner in which a sign-post is tossed up and down by the wind is much less easy to conceive than the motion of the box which it was intended to illustrate.

Voyage to Brobdingnag, Chap. VII.

As the word post is not rejected in this passage, neither is the word take supplied in the following; though by this neglect Gulliver is represented as putting on a bundle of linen with his best suit of cloaths, " They forced me into the long-boat,

boat, letting me put on my best suit of cloaths—and a small bundle of linen.

Voyage to the Houyhnhnms, Chap. I.

So when the Irish editor found by an accidental transposition, that Gulliver in his way to England, came to Amsterdam the 16th of April, and arrived from Amsterdam in the Downs on the 10th; he faithfully copied the mistake, although the two dates are within half a page of each other.

*Such, among innumerable others, are the Irish emendations of Gulliver's Travels, and many more examples of equal skill and diligence might have been selected from an equal number of pages in any part of the eight volumes; but he who is not convinced by these, that the Dean could not thus alter to pervert his meaning, and overlook blunders that obscured it, would still doubt if all the rest had been brought together. Some of them however are yet more gross, as preventing an apparent disease, for preventing the decrease; rules for ruelles; and armed with the power, the guilt, and the will to do mischief, instead of armed with the power
and*

and the will: it might reasonably be supposed that a disease which was apparent, could not be prevented; and it should have been known, that there is no such assembly or place as the rules of court ladies; and that it is an absurd redundancy to say of a man who has the power and the will, that he has also the guilt to do mischief; for whatever guilt he can contract before the perpetration of the mischief, is included in the will; these passages are to be found in the 46th and 48th Examiners, and in the answer to a memorial, Vol. X.

These Examiners indeed are not taken into this collection, because the last paper written by the Dean was N^o. 44. which is yet a stronger proof that he did not revise the Irish edition, where the subsequent numbers are imputed to him, and have received correction from the hand that corrected the rest. The editor of the Irish edition has also taken into his collection several spurious pieces in verse, which the Dean zealously disavowed, and which therefore he would certainly have*

* See Examiner, N^o. 44. and note.

excluded from any collection printed under his inspection and with his consent, particularly The Life and Character of Doctor Swift, on a maxim of Rochefocault, of which he says, in a letter to Mr. Pope, dated May 1, 1733, it is an imposture, mean and trivial, and full of the cant that I most despise. It appears also by a letter of Mr. Pope, dated 15 Sept. 1734, that the Dean had strongly disavowed this piece, not to him only, but to Lord Carteret, and others, and that there was reason to believe it the performance of a person who offered a piece in prose to a bookseller as the Dean's, which he afterwards confessed to be his own. In the Irish copy of the verses on his death many passages are to be found which Mr. Pope rejected, for when he added these verses to the miscellany in 1742, he took nothing from the Irish copy which he had then seen, and upon his authority the Irish variations are rejected in this edition.

*But there is evidence of another kind to prove that the Dean never revised any edition of his works for Falkener to print,
and*

and that on the contrary he was unwilling that Falkener should print them at all. Falkener, in an advertisement published Oct. 15, 1754, calls himself the editor as well as publisher of the Dublin edition, and the Dean has often renounced the undertaking in express terms. In his letter to Mr. Pope dated May 1, 1733, he says, that when the printer applied to him for leave to print his works in Ireland, he told him he would give no leave; and when he printed them without, he declared it was much to his discontent, the same sentiment is also more strongly expressed in the following extract from a letter now in the hands of the publisher, which was written by the Dean to the late Mr. Benjamin Motte his bookseller in London.

*"Mr. Falkener in printing those volumes did what I much disliked, and yet what was not in my power to hinder; and all my friends pressed him to print them, and gave him what manuscript copies they had occasionally gotten from me; my desire was that those works should have been
printed*

printed in London, by an agreement between those who had a right to them.

I am Sir with great truth
 your most humble and
 affectionate servant,

Nov. 1.
 1735.

J. Swift.

N. B. In the references that will be found in the margin of the Life *D. S.* stands for *Dean Swift's* Essay on the Life, Writings and Character of Doctor Jonathan Swift. *O.* for *Orrery's* Remarks on the Life and Writings of Doctor Jonathan Swift, the 5th edition 12mo, printed for Millar in 1752. *J. R.* for *J. R's* Observations on Lord Orrery's Remarks, generally supposed to have been written by Doctor Delany. *Sketch* for a Fragment intitled, The Family of Swift, written by the Dean himself, annexed to Mr. Swift's Essay, and *Letter to S.* Letters from the Dean to Stella, mentioned by Mr. Swift, but not published.

A N
A C C O U N T
O F T H E
L I F E
O F T H E

Reverend *Jonathan Swift*, D. D.

Dean of St. *Patrick's*, *Dublin*.

TO gratify that curiosity which great eminence always excites, many accounts have been published of the life of Dr. *Jonathan Swift*. These have mutually reflected light upon each other, ascertained controverted facts, and rectified mistakes, which, if they had still been traditional and oral, would still have been believed. Several little incidents, which shewed the peculiarities of his conversation and domestic life, were related by Mrs. *Pilkington* in her memoirs ; though these could be believed only in proportion as they verified themselves. Lord *Orrery's Letters* contained many of the principal events, intermingled with many characteristic incidents supported in general upon better authority ; but sometimes founded upon false information. Some of these mistakes were detected by a Volume of Letters signed *J. R.* in which were also some new materials ; and the account since published by Mr. *Swift*, with an imperfect sketch by the Dean himself, has furnished yet more. From a comparison of all these with each other this account is compiled. It is not thought necessary to relate every trifling particular that has been recorded, but only to select such as will sufficiently distinguish the peculiarities of his character and manners, and

A transmit

transmit a knowledge of him to posterity, of the same kind, if not in the same degree, as was obtained by those among his contemporaries, who were admitted to his conversation and friendship.

For the history of his works the reader is referred to them, and to the notes and remarks that are now added.

Doctor *Jonathan Swift* was descended from a younger branch of an ancient family of that name in *Yorkshire*. *Bernam Swift*, esq; who in the reign of king *James the First*, possessed the paternal estate, was, on the 20th of *March*, 1627, by king *Charles the First*, created a peer of *Ireland*, with the title of viscount *Carlingford*; though it is said he never went into that kingdom. He died without male issue, and the family inheritance descended to his daughters, one of whom married *Robert Fielding*, esq; commonly called handsome *Fielding*, and the other the earl of *Eglington*. *Fielding* soon dissipated his wife's patrimony; and that of her sister being transferred to the family of lord *Eglington*, the principal estate of the *Swifts* was divided from the name for ever. One of the younger branches from the same stem, was sir *Edward Swift*, who distinguished himself by his attachment to the royal cause in the great rebellion of 1641, from whom there is no descendant of the name.

Another of the younger branches was the reverend *Thomas Swift*, vicar of *Goodrich*, in *Herefordshire*, with which he also held another ecclesiastical living.

His father *William Swift*, rector of *St. Andrews* in *Canterbury*, married the heiress of *Philpot*, who contrived to keep her estate which was very considerable in her own hands; she is said to have been extremely capricious and ill-natured, and to have disinherited her son *Thomas*, an only child, merely for robbing an orchard when he was a boy; but however this be, it is certain, that except a church or chapter lease which was not renewed, *Thomas* never possessed more than

than one hundred pounds a year ; this little estate which lay at *Goodrich*, he mortgaged for three hundred broad pieces, and having quilted them into his waistcoat, he set out for *Ragland Castle*, whither his majesty king *Charles the First* had retired after the battle of *Naseby*. The governor who well knew him, asked what was his errand ; I am come said *Swift*, to give his majesty my coat, at the same time pulling it off and presenting it : the governor told him pleasantly that his coat was worth little, why then said *Swift*, take my waistcoat ; this was soon found to be an useful garment by its weight ; and it is remarked by lord *Clarendon*, that the king received no supply more seasonable or acceptable *Sketch.* than these three hundred broad pieces during the whole war, his distress being then very great and his resources cut off. The zeal and activity of this gentleman for the royal cause exposed him to much danger and many sufferings ; he was plundered more than thirty times by the parliament's army, he was ejected from his church livings, his estate was sequestered and he was himself thrown into prison. His estate however was afterwards recovered, and part of it sold to pay the money due on the mortgage, and some other debts ; the remainder-being about one half descended to his heir, and is now possessed by his great-grandson, *Deane Swift*, esq. *

This Mr. *Thomas Swift* married Mrs. *Elisabeth Dryden*, of an ancient family in *Huntingdonshire*, sister to the father of *John Dryden* the poet ; by whom he had ten sons and four daughters ; of the sons, six survived him, *Godwin*, *Thomas*, *Dryden*, *William*, *Jonathan*, and *Adam*.

Thomas was bred at *Oxford* and took orders ; he married the eldest daughter of sir *William D'Avenant*,

* The grandmother of this admiral *Deane*, whence *Deane* gentleman, one of the wives of became a Christian name in the *Godwin Swift*, was heiress to family.

but died young, and left only one son, whose name also was *Thomas*, and who died in 1752, rector of *Puttenham*, in *Surry*, a benefice which he had possessed threescore years.

*Sketch
and note.*

Godwin was a barrister of *Grays-Inn*, and *William*, *Dryden*, *Jonathan*, and *Adam*, were attornies.

Godwin having married a relation of the old marchioness of *Ormond*, the old duke of *Ormond* made him his attorney general in the palatinate of *Tipperary* in *Ireland*. *Ireland* was at this time almost without lawyers, the rebellion having made almost every man of whatever condition a soldier. *Godwin* therefore determined to attempt the acquisition of a fortune in that kingdom, and the same motives induced his four brothers to go with him. *Godwin* soon become wealthy, and the rest obtained something more than a genteel competence, though *Dryden* and *Jonathan* who died soon after their arrival had little to bequeath.

Jonathan at the age of about three and twenty, and before he went to *Ireland*, married Mrs. *Abigail Erick*, of *Leicestershire*; the family of this lady was descended from *Erick the Forester*, who raised an army to oppose *William the Conqueror*, by whom he was vanquished, and afterwards made commander of his forces. But whatever was the honour of her lineage, her fortune was small, and about two years after her marriage, she was left a widow with one child, a daughter, and pregnant with another, having no means of subsistence but an annuity of twenty pounds which her husband had purchased for her in *England*, immediately after his marriage.

In this distress she was taken with her daughter into the family of *Godwin*, her husband's eldest brother, and on the 30th of *November*, 1667, about seven months after her husband's death, she was delivered of a son, whom she called *Jonathan* in remembrance of his father, and who was afterwards the celebrated dean of *St. Patrick's*.

Of all the brothers of Mrs. *Swift's* husband, *Godwin* only had sons ; and by these sons she was subsisted in her old age, as she had been before by their father and their uncles, with such liberality, that she declared herself not only happy but rich. D. S. P.
23.

It happened, by whatever accident, that *Jonathan* was not suckled by his mother, but by a nurse, who was a native of *Whitehaven* ; and when he was about a year old her affection for him was become so strong, that finding it necessary to visit a relation who was dangerously sick, and from whom she expected a legacy, she found means to convey the child on ship-board, without the knowledge of his mother or his uncle, and carried him with her to *Whitehaven* : at this place he continued near three years ; for when the matter was discovered, his mother sent orders not to hazard a second voyage till he should be better able to bear it. The nurse however gave other testimonies of her affection to *Jonathan*, for during his stay at *Whitehaven*, she had taught him to spell, and when he was five years old he was able to read any chapter in the bible.

Mrs. *Swift* about two years after her husband's death, quitted the family of Mr. *Godwin Swift*, in *Ireland*, and retired to *Leicester*, the place of her nativity ; but her son was again carried to *Ireland* by his nurse, and replaced under the protection of his uncle *Godwin*.

It has been generally believed that *Swift* was born in *England*, a mistake to which many incidents besides this have contributed ; he had been frequently heard to say when the people of *Ireland* displeased him, ' I am not of this vile country, I am an *Englishman*'. Mr. *Pope* also in one of his letters to him, mentions *England* as his native country ; but this account of his birth is taken from that which he left behind him in his own hand writing, and while he lived he was

so far from seriously denying or concealing his being a native of *Ireland*, that he often mentioned and even pointed out the house in which he was born.

He has also been thought by some to have been a natural son of sir *William Temple*, a mistake which was probably founded upon another, for till the publication of his letter to lord *Palmerston*, among
 See vol. his posthumous works, he was thought to
 xii. p. 98. have received such favours from sir *William* as he could not be supposed to bestow upon a person to whom he was not related; however such a relation between sir *William* and the *Dean* appears beyond contradiction to have been impossible, for sir *William Temple* was resident abroad in a public character from the year 1665, to 1670, as may be proved by his letters to the earl of *Arlington* and the rest of the ministry. *Swift* was born in *November*, 1667, and his mother was never out of the *British* dominions.

At about the age of six years he was
 1673. sent to the school of *Kilkenny*, and having continued there eight years, he was at the age of fourteen admitted into the university of
 1681. *Dublin*, and became a student in *Trinity*. college. There he lived in perfect regularity, and obeyed the statutes with the utmost exactness; but he was so much depressed by the disadvantages of his situation, deriving his present subsistence meerly from the precarious bounty of an uncle, and having no other object of hope but the continuance of it, that he could not resist the temptation to neglect many necessary objects of academic study, to which he was not by nature much inclined, and apply himself wholly to books of history and poetry, by which he could without intellectual labour fill his mind with pleasing images, and for a while suspend the sense of his condition. The sacrifice of the future to the present, whether it be a folly or a
 Sketch. fault,

fault, is seldom unpunished, and *Swift* soon found himself in the situation of a man who had burned his bed to warm his hands, for at the end of four years he was refused his degree of bachelor of arts for insufficiency, and was at last admitted *speciali gratia*, which is there considered as the highest degree of reproach and dishonour. 1685.

But upon *Swift*, this punishment was not ineffectual, he dreaded the repetition of such disgrace as the last evil that could befall him, and therefore immediately set about to prevent it as the principal business of his life. During seven years from that time he studied eight hours a day; and by such an effort of such a mind so long continued, *J. R.* 50. great knowledge must necessarily have been acquired. He commenced these studies at the university in *Dublin*, where he continued them three 1688. years, and during this time he also drew the first sketch of his *Tale of a Tub* *.

In the year 1688, when he was about twenty-one, and had been seven years at college, his uncle *Godwin*, was seized with a lethargy, and soon after totally deprived both of his speech and his memory; as by this accident *Swift* was left without support, he took a journey to *Leicester* that he might consult with his mother what course of life to pursue. At this time sir *William Temple* was in high reputation, and honoured with the confidence and familiarity of king *William*. His father, sir *John Temple*, *D. S. p.* 33, 34. had been master of the *Rolls* in *Ireland* and contracted an intimate friendship with *Godwin Swift* which continued till his death, and sir *William* who inherited his title and estate had married a lady to whom Mrs. *Swift* was related; she therefore advised

* *Wassendon Warren*, esq; a gentleman of fortune near *Belfast*, in the north of *Ireland*, who was chamber fellow with Dr. *Swift*, declared that he then saw a copy of the *Tale of a Tub* in *Swift's* own hand writing. *Deane Swift*, p. 31.

her son to communicate his situation to sir *William*, and solicit his direction what to do; this advice, which perhaps only confirmed a resolution that *Swift* had secretly taken before he left *Ireland*, he immediately resolved to pursue.

1690. Sir *William* received him with great kindness, and *Swift*'s first visit continued two years; sir *William* had been ambassador and mediator of a general peace at *Nimeguen* before the revolution; in this character he became known to the prince of *Orange*, who frequently visited him at *Sheen*, after his arrival in *England*, and took his advice in affairs of the utmost importance. Sir *William* being then lame with the gout, *Swift* used to attend his majesty in his walks about the garden, who admitted him to such familiarity that he shewed him how to cut asparagus after the *Dutch* manner, and once offered to make him a captain of horse. *Swift* appears to have fixed his

D. S. 108. mind very early upon an ecclesiastical life, and it is therefore probable that upon declining this offer he obtained a promise of preferment in the church, for in a letter to his uncle *William*, dated D. S. 56. 1692, he says, 'I am not to take orders till the king gives me a prebend.'

Sir *William* becoming still more infirm, and wishing to retire farther from *London*, bought an estate at *Farnham* in *Surry*, called *Moorpark*, whither he was accompanied by *Swift* *. About this time a bill was brought

* There is some difficulty in reconciling the first and last paragraphs of sect. xxiii, in the *Dean's* sketch of his own life where *Moorpark* is mentioned; in the first it is said that *Swift* after having been some months with his mother at *Leicester*, was received by sir *William* who was now retired to *Moorpark*, and in the last that sir *William*, tired

of being near *London*, bought an estate near *Farnham* in *Surry*, where Mr. *Swift* accompanied him. The sense of the last which seems to imply that *Swift* lived with sir *William* at *Sheen* before he went to *Moorpark*, is adopted upon the credit of Mr. *Deane Swift*, who says that *Swift* was there familiar with king *William*, and the king does not appear to have con-

brought into the house for triennial parliaments, against which the king who was a stranger to our constitution was very averse by the advice of some weak people who persuaded the earl of *Portland*, that *Charles the First* lost his crown and life by consenting to such a bill. Upon this occasion the earl was dispatched to *Moorpark* by the king for sir *William*'s advice, who said much to shew him the mistake but without effect, and therefore he soon afterwards dispatched *Swift* to *Kensington*, with the whole account in writing to convince the king and the earl how ill they were informed. *Swift* though he was then very young, was yet well acquainted with the *English* history, and gave the king a compendious account of the matter which he amplified to the earl, but the measure was at last rejected, and thus ended *Swift*'s first embassy to court, so much to his dissatisfaction, that he then declared it was the first incident that helped to cure him of vanity. Soon after * this transaction he was seized with the return of a disorder which he had contracted in *Ireland* by eating a great quantity of fruit; and upon this occasion returned thither by the advice of his physicians, who hoped that his native air would contribute to the recovery of his health, but from this journey he received no benefit, and therefore in a short time returned to sir *William*, being ever afterwards subject to that giddiness, which gradually increased, though with irregular intermissions, till it terminated in total debility of body and mind.

Sketch,
sect. xxiii.
end, and
xxiv. beginning.

Sketch,
sect. xxiv.

Sketch,
sect. xxiii.

But he was still indifatigable in his studies, and to prevent the loss of health in the acquisition of know-

continued his visits after the removal to *Moorpark*. [D. S. 108.]

* It must have been *after*, though it is *first* related in the *Sketch*, for it is said sect. xxiii,

that he went to *Ireland* after he had been two years at *Moorpark*, and in sect. xxiv. that his expedition to court was soon after the removal from *Sheen*.

her son to communicate his situation to sir *William*, and solicit his direction what to do; this advice, which perhaps only confirmed a resolution that *Swift* had secretly taken before he left *Ireland*, he immediately resolved to pursue.

1690. Sir *William* received him with great kindness, and *Swift*'s first visit continued two years; sir *William* had been ambassador and mediator of a general peace at *Nimwegen* before the revolution; in this character he became known to the prince of *Orange*, who frequently visited him at *Sheen*, after his arrival in *England*, and took his advice in affairs of the utmost importance. Sir *William* being then lame with the gout, *Swift* used to attend his majesty in his walks about the garden, who admitted him to such familiarity that he shewed him how to cut asparagus after the *Dutch* manner, and once offered to make him a captain

D. S. 108. of horse. *Swift* appears to have fixed his mind very early upon an ecclesiastical life, and it is therefore probable that upon declining this offer he obtained a promise of preferment in the church, for in a letter to his uncle *William*, dated D. S. 56. 1692, he says, 'I am not to take orders till the king gives me a prebend.'

Sir *William* becoming still more infirm, and wishing to retire farther from *London*, bought an estate at *Farnham* in *Surry*, called *Moorpark*, whither he was accompanied by *Swift* *. About this time a bill was brought

* There is some difficulty in reconciling the first and last paragraphs of sect. xxiii, in the *Dean's* sketch of his own life where *Moorpark* is mentioned; in the first it is said that *Swift* after having been some months with his mother at *Leicester*, was received by sir *William* who was now retired to *Moorpark*, and in the last that sir *William*, tired

of being near *London*, bought an estate near *Farnham* in *Surry*, where Mr. *Swift* accompanied him. The sense of the last which seems to imply that *Swift* lived with sir *William* at *Sheen* before he went to *Moorpark*, is adopted upon the credit of Mr. *Deane Swift*, who says that *Swift* was there familiar with king *William*, and the king does not appear to have con-

brought into the house for triennial parliaments, against which the king who was a stranger to our constitution was very averse by the advice of some weak people who persuaded the earl of *Portland*, that *Charles the First* lost his crown and life by consenting to such a bill. Upon this occasion the earl was dispatched to *Moorpark* by the king for sir *William*'s advice, who said much to shew him the mistake but without effect, and therefore he soon afterwards dispatched *Swift* to *Kensington*, with the whole account in writing to convince the king and the earl how ill they were informed. *Swift* though he was then very young, was yet well acquainted with the *English* history, and gave the king a compendious account of the matter which he amplified to the earl, but the measure was at last rejected, and thus ended *Swift*'s first embassy to court, so much to his dissatisfaction, that he then declared it was the first incident that helped to cure him of vanity. Soon after * this transaction he was seized with the return of a disorder which he had contracted in *Ireland* by eating a great quantity of fruit; and upon this occasion returned thither by the advice of his physicians, who hoped that his native air would contribute to the recovery of his health, but from this journey he received no benefit, and therefore in a short time returned to sir *William*, being ever afterwards subject to that giddiness, which gradually increased, though with irregular intermissions, till it terminated in total debility of body and mind.

Sketch,
sect. xxiii.
end, and
xxiv. beginning.

Sketch,
sect. xxiv.

Sketch,
sect. xxiii.

But he was still indifatigable in his studies, and to prevent the loss of health in the acquisition of know-

continued his visits after the removal to *Moorpark*. [*D. S.* 108.]

* It must have been *after*, though it is *first* related in the *Sketch*, for it is said sect. xxiii,

that he went to *Ireland* after he had been two years at *Moorpark*, and in sect. xxiv. that his expedition to court was soon after the removal from *Sheen*.

ledge

ledge by the want of bodily exercise, it was his constant practice to run up an hill that was near the house and back again every two hours ; the distance backwards and forwards was about half a mile, and

he used to run it in about six minutes. By *D.S. 272.*

what books his studies were principally directed cannot certainly be known, but several copious extracts from *Cyprian*, *Irenæus*, *Sleidan's Commentaries*, and *Padre Paolo's* history of the council of *Trent*, were found among his papers which appear by

memorandums in his own hand writing to *D.S. 276.*

have been made while he lived with sir *William Temple*.

About a year after his return from *Ireland*, he thought it expedient to take his degree of master of arts at *Oxford*.

With this view he appears to have written to his uncle *William Swift*, to procure and send him the testimonium of his bachelor's degree.

With this testimonium which is dated the 3d of *May* 1692, he went to *Oxford* where having received many civilities he was admitted *ad eundem* on the 14th of *June*, and took his master's degree on the 5th of *July* following.

It has been said that the civilities which he received at *Oxford* proceeded from a misunderstanding of the phrase *speciali gratia*, which was there supposed to be a compliment paid to uncommon merit.

But these words are not inserted in that copy of the testimonium which is entered in the congregation book at *Oxford* ; and not to have inserted them there, when they were thought a compliment, would have been an affront ; it is therefore probable that by the influence of *Swift's* uncle they were omitted in the copy which he procured and sent, especially as some such favour, seems to be intimated in *Swift's* letter to him, after

after he had received it: I am still, says he, to thank you for your CARE in my testimonium, and IT WAS TO VERY GOOD PURPOSE, for I was never more satisfied than in the behaviour of the university. The civilities which he received at *Oxford*, might indeed proceed from his known connexion with sir *William Temple*, but he might reasonably impute them also to the suppression of a reproach against which there was good reason to fear this connection would not have supported him: nor is it strange that *Swift*, after his reputation was established, should, while he was sporting with this incident in the gayety of his heart, pretend a mistake which never happened, or that what he meant as a jest upon the university should be seriously remembered as an event of his life.

Orrery, p.
11. D. S.
p. 56.

It has also been said that upon his disgrace at *Dublin*, he resolved to pursue his studies at *Oxford*, where he almost constantly resided during three years, and was avowedly supported by sir *William Temple*. But the contrary is incontestably true, for there are not quite two months between the date of his testimonium, and his taking his master's degree. Besides in the letter to his uncle just mentioned, he says, I am ashamed to be more obliged in a few weeks to STRANGERS, than in seven years to *Dublin* college *.

Orrery,
p. 8, 9.

* He went to college at the age of fourteen, in 1681; continued there seven years, as appears by his letter; so that he did not leave *Ireland* till 1688; he was some months with his mother before he went to sir *William*, and two years with him before he went to *Ireland* for his health, which must therefore be in 1691; he returned from *Ireland*, and continued some time

longer with sir *William* before he went to *Oxford*, which must therefore be 1692; and in that very year he took his degree. The fact therefore which, lord *Orrery* says, was immediately construed to favour an opinion that *Swift* was sir *William*'s natural son appears never to have happened. See *Swift's sketch of his own life*.

From

From *Oxford* he returned again to *Moore Park*, where he assisted *fir William Temple* to revise his works, corrected and improved his *Tale of a Tub*, and added the digressions. From the conversation of *fir William*, who was minutely acquainted with all the intricacies of party and the secrets of state, during the reigns of king *Charles* and king *James the Second*, *Swift* greatly increased his political knowledge. But having long suspected *fir William* of neglecting to provide for him, merely that he might keep him in his family, he at length resented it so warmly, that in the year 1694, a quarrel ensued and they parted.

It is probable that *Swift* did not leave *fir William* for such a reason without severe expostulation, not only because *Swift* was no respecter of persons, but because it appears that *fir William*, though
D. S. 52. he was extremely angry, admitted his claim to some provision by offering to make him his deputy as master of the *Rolls* in *Ireland*. This offer however *Swift* did not accept, but replied that since he had now an opportunity of living without being driven into the church for support, a scruple which had hitherto kept him out of it, he was determined to go into *Ireland* and take orders.

Swift during his residence with *fir William* had never failed to visit his mother at *Leicester* once
D. S. 99. a year, and his manner of travelling was
Orrery, very extraordinary; he always went on foot
22. except the weather was very bad, and then he would sometimes take shelter in a waggon; he chose to dine at obscure alehouses among pedlars and hostlers, and to lie where he saw written over the door lodgings for a penny; but he used to bribe the maid with a tester for a single bed and clean sheets.

In this manner he went down to his mother upon his leaving *fir William*, and from *Leicester* he wrote a letter dated *June* 1694, to his cousin *Deane Swift*,
 then

then at *Lisbon*; in which he relates his quarrel with sir *William*, and declares his purpose to take orders in the *September* following, wishing he could procure for him the chaplainship of the factory. D. S. 51.

What was the effect of this letter is not known, but *Swift* soon after obtained a recommendation to lord *Capel*, then lord deputy of *Ireland*, who gave him the prebend of *Kilroot*, in the diocese of *Conner*, a northern district, worth about one hundred pounds *per annum*. But sir *William*, who had been used to the conversation of *Swift*, soon found that he could not be content to live without him, he therefore urged him to resign his prebend in favour of a friend, and promised to obtain preferment for him in *England* if he would return *. *Swift* consented, and sir *William* was so much pleased with this act of kindness, that during the remainder of his life, which was about four years, his behaviour was such as produced the utmost harmony between them; *Swift* as a testimony of his friendship and esteem wrote the battle of the books, of which sir *William* is the hero; and sir *William* when he died left him a pecuniary legacy, and his posthumous works. Sketch, sect. xxv.

What other favours he received from sir *William* cannot certainly be known; *Swift* acknowledged none but his ineffectual recommendation to king *William*, and he is known to have received frequent remittances from his uncle *William*, and his cousin *Willoughby Swift*; so that sir *William* does not seem to have treated him with a liberality for which it is difficult to account. D. S. 66.

Upon the death of sir *William Temple*, *Swift* ap-

* This appears by a letter from *Swift's* sister, then in *Ireland*, to her cousin *Deane* in *Portugal*: sir *William Temple*, says she, was so fond of him, that he made him give up his living in this country, and promised to get him one in *England*. D. S. 66.

plied by petition to king *William* for the first vacant prebend of *Canterbury* or *Westminster*, for which the royal promise had been obtained by his late patron, whose posthumous works he dedicated to his majesty, to facilitate the success of this application. But it does not appear that after the death of sir *William*, the king took the least notice of mr. *Swift*; his petition and dedication were equally neglected, and after a fruitless attendance at court, which probably increased the austerity of his temper, he accepted an invitation of the earl of *Berkeley*, who had been appointed one of the lords justices of *Ireland*, to attend him as chaplain and private secretary; it might reasonably have been hoped, that although he had been disappointed of the preferment for which he solicited, yet the employment to which he was invited would have been secure; but it happened, that after he had acted as secretary during the whole journey to *Dublin*, one *Bush* found means to insinuate to lord *Berkeley*, that the post of secretary was not fit for a clergyman, and his lordship suffered himself to be so easily convinced of this impropriety, that after making some apology to mr. *Swift*, he appointed *Bush* secretary in his stead.

This disappointment was soon after followed by another; it happened that the deanery of *Derry* became vacant, and it was the earl of *Berkeley's* turn to dispose of it; yet whatever atonement was due to *Swift* for his lordship's late breach of engagement, the secretary having received a bribe, the deanery was given to another upon pretence that *Swift* who was then more than thirty years old was too young, and he received instead of it the two livings of *Laracor* and *Rathbeggin* in the diocese of *Meath*, which together did not amount to half the value of the deanery*.

* As *Swift* did not receive these livings till after the deanery was given to another, his non-residence could not, as lord *Orrery* supposes, be the reason why it was not given to him.

As *Swift* had refused a commission under king *William* and a secular employment under sir *William Temple*, it appears that his attachment to a religious life, however early and however strong, was not the effect of temporary views but of zeal for the success of the great work in which he was about to engage, and a consciousness of his own ability to acquit himself with advantage. That religious purposes were at this time predominant in his mind he used frequently to declare; he hoped, he said, that by diligent and constant application he should so far excel that the sexton might sometimes be asked on a *Sunday* morning, 'Pray does the doctor preach to-day?' and when after having taken possession of his livings he went to reside at *Laracor*, he gave public notice that he would read prayers on every *Wednesday* and *Friday*, a labour which he would not have brought upon himself if he had been principally concerned about the value of his dues which had been long before customarily paid for much less service.

Sketch,
sect. xxvii.

J. R. 40,
41.

The duties of the church which he thus rendered more frequent, he performed with the utmost punctuality and the most rational devotion; he was indeed devout, not only in his public and solemn addresses to God, but in that transient Act of adoration, which is called saying grace, and which generally consists only in a mutter and a bow, in which the speaker appears to compliment the company and the company each other; *Swift* always used the fewest words that could be uttered on the occasion, but he pronounced them with an emphasis and fervor which every one around him saw and felt, and with his hands clasped in each other and lifted to his breast; and it is hoped that those who can no otherwise emulate the character of *Swift*, will attempt it in this act of religious decorum, and no longer affect either to be wits or fine gentle-

gentlemen by a conduct directly contrary to so great an example.

But *Swift* with all this piety in his heart could not resist the temptation to indulge the peculiarity of his humour when an opportunity offered, whatever might be the impropriety of time and place.

On the first *Wednesday* after he had summoned his congregation at *Laracor*, he ascended his desk, and having sat some time with no other auditor than his clerk *Roger*, he rose up and with a composure and gravity that upon this occasion was irresistibly ridiculous, he began, Dearly beloved *Roger*, the scripture moveth you and me in sundry places, and so proceeded to the end of the service.

During *Swift's* residence at *Laracor*, he invited to Ireland a lady whom he has celebrated by
D. S. 86, the name of *Stella*. With this lady he be-
90. came acquainted while he lived with sir

William Temple, she was the daughter of his steward, whose name was *Johnson*, and sir *William* when he died left her one thousand pounds in consideration of

her father's faithful services; at the death
D. S. 85. of sir *William* which happened in 1699, she was in the sixteenth year of her age*, and it was about two years afterwards that at *Swift's* invitation she left *England*, accompanied by mrs. *Dingley*, a lady who was fifteen years older, and whose whole fortune

though she was related to sir *William*, was
D. S. 86. no more than an annuity of twenty-seven pounds. Whether *Swift* at this time desired the company of *Stella* as a wife or a friend is not certain, but the reason which she and her companion then gave for their leaving *England*, was, that in *Ireland*

* Mr. *Deane Swift* says 18, she was in *Ireland* from 18, in but it appears by the poem on his introduction to *Bons Mots de Stella*, Vol. XII. was then but 34; the *Deane* says

the interest of money was high and provisions were cheap ; it appears however that other reasons were suspected in the neighbourhood of *Moorepark* ; for mr. *Thomas Swift*, the rector of *Puttenham*, in a letter which he wrote a few years afterwards, enquires whether *Jonathan* was married, or whether he had been able to resist the charms of both those gentlewomen who marched from *Moorepark* to *Dublin*, with a resolution to engage him. It appears too, that *Swift*, if he did not address her himself, yet contrived to break off a treaty of marriage with another, by persuading her to insist upon terms with which the gentleman could not comply. But whatever was *Swift's* attachment to mrs. *Johnson*, every possible precaution was taken to prevent scandal ; they never lived in the same house ; when *Swift* was absent, mrs. *Johnson* and her friend resided at the parsonage ; when he returned, they removed either to the house of doctor *Raymond*, vicar of *Trim*, a gentleman of great hospitality and *Swift's* intimate friend, or to a lodging provided for them in the neighbourhood, neither were they ever known to meet but in the presence of a third person. *Swift* made frequent excursions to *Dublin* and some to *London*, but mrs. *Johnson* was buried in solitude and obscurity, she was known only to a few of *Swift's* most intimate acquaintance, and had no female companion except mrs. *Dingley*.

D. S. 86,
87.

D. S. 89.

D. S. 90.

In 1701, *Swift* took his doctor's degree, and in 1702, soon after the death of king *William*, he went to *England* for the first time, after his settlement at *Laracor* ; a journey which he frequently repeated during the reign of queen *Anne*. Mrs. *Johnson* was once also in *England* in 1705, but returned in a few months, and never afterwards crossed the channel.

D. S. 90.

He soon became eminent as a writer, and in that

character at least was known to the great men in both the factions, which were distinguished by the names of whig and tory; he had been educated among the whigs, but he at length attached himself
Orrery, to the tories, because, as he said, the whigs
 27. had renounced their old principles and received others, which their forefathers held in utter abhorrence; he did not however write any
D.S. 148. political pamphlet from the year 1701 to the year 1708.

But though by his frequent excursions to *England* and a long absence from his cures, he appears to have delayed the execution of his purpose to excel as a preacher, yet he used to declare that he did not renounce it till his acquaintance with *Harley*,
J. R. nor did he ever mention his subsequent at-
 41, 42, tachment to politics without indubitable
 266. signs of penitence and regret.

It is probable that he hoped to exert himself more effectually in the church by acquiring some other preferment, and that with this view, he was solicitous to be near the court, for before his acquaintance with lord *Oxford*, a bishoprick was intended for him by the queen, but archbishop *Sharpe* and a certain great lady having misrepresented his principles and character, her majesty gave it to another; of this injury,
J.R. 271. however, the archbishop was afterwards truly sensible, expressed great sorrow for it, and desired his forgiveness.

After this disappointment it was not long before a new scene opened before him, for in 1710, being then in *England*, he was empowered by his grace the lord primate of *Ireland* to solicit the queen to exonerate the clergy of *Ireland* from paying the twentieth parts and first fruits. And upon this occasion his acquaintance with *Harley* commenced.
 See letters, Vol. XII.

As soon as he had received the bishop's letter, instructed.

structions, and authority, he resolved to apply to Mr. *Harley*, not only because he was a principal person in the queen's ministry, but because by his interest the same favour had been granted to the clergy of *England*. That he might not wait upon Mr. *Harley* to whom his name was well known wholly without recommendation, he got himself represented as a person who had been extreamly ill used by the last ministry, because he would not go certain lengths which they would have had him, this being in some sort Mr. *Harley*'s own case.

Letter to
King, vol.
XII.

Mr. *Harley* received him with the utmost kindness and respect, he sat with him two hours in company, and two hours he was with him alone; he not only ingaged in the doctor's immediate business with the utmost zeal and soon after accomplished it, but told him he must bring him acquainted with Mr. *St. John*, invited him to dine with him, charged him to come often, and, when the doctor proposed attending at his levy, told him that was no place for *friends*. The doctor soon after became personally acquainted with the rest of the ministers, who appear to have courted and caressed him with uncommon assiduity. He dined every *Saturday* at Mr. *Harley*'s, with the lord keeper, Mr. secretary *St. John*, and lord *Rivers*: on that day no other person was for some time admitted; but this select company was at length enlarged to sixteen, all men of the first class, *Swift* included; they dined once a week at the houses of each other by rotation, and went under the general denomination of brothers.

D.S. 227,
317.

From this time the doctor supported the interest of his new friends with all his power, in pamphlets, poems, and periodical papers; his intimacy with them was so remarkable that he was thought not only to defend, but in some degree to direct their measures; and such was his importance in the opinion of the

opposite party, that many speeches were made against him in both houses of parliament ; a reward was also offered for discovering the author of the *Public Spirit of the Whigs*.

See vol.
IX. p. 1.
and note.

Whatever excellence we possess, or whatever honours we obtain, the pleasure which they produce is all relative to some particular favourite with whom we are tenderly connected, either by friendship or by love ; or at most it terminates, like rays collected by a burning-glass, in a very small circle which is scarce more than a point, and like light becomes sensible only by reflection. Thus *Swift*, while he was courted and caressed by those whom others were making interest to approach, seems to have enjoyed his distinction only in proportion as it was participated with *Stella* ; for amidst all the business, and all the honours that crowded upon him, he wrote every day an account of whatever occurred, and sent her a journal regularly dated every fortnight during the whole time of his connexion with queen *Anne's* ministry. From these unrestrained effusions of his heart many particulars are known, which could have been known no other way. And by these it appears incontestably that he was not only employed, but trusted ; and that *Harley*, who is universally allowed to have been one of the most reserved and mysterious of all politicians, was to him in affairs of the utmost moment open and explicit. The result of one of their conferences so early as the year 1710, was to this effect, that the kingdom was as certainly ruined, as a bankrupt merchant, that a peace whether bad or good was absolutely necessary, that the confederacy must soon break, and factions increase ; and that the ministry was upon too narrow a bottom, and stood like an isthmus between the whigs on one side, and the violent tories on the other, a situation in which they could not subsist. These violent tories were formed into a society called the *October club*, of whom *Swift* says, " they are about

about an hundred parliament men of the country, who drink *October* beer at home, and meet every evening at a tavern near the parliament-house, to drive things on to extreams against the whigs, to call the old ministry to account and get off five or six heads.” D. S. 319,
320.

But, if *Swift* thought this party too precipitant, it is certain he thought lord *Oxford* too slow, and he once told him so in a manner that shews both his integrity and the freedom of his conversation with those who have a prescriptive right to servility and adulation: he had received a present of a fine tortoise-shell snuff-box lined with gold, and painted on the inside of the lid with a view of *Venice*. This present he shewed one day to *Harley*, who having admired the painting and the workmanship, at last spied a figure studied on the outside of the bottom, which he thought resembled a goose, upon which turning to the doctor, *Jonathan*, says he, I think they have made a goose of thee. Yes my lord, says the doctor, but, if your lordship will look a little farther, you will see that I am driving a snail before me, which indeed happened to be the device. To this the earl coolly replied, that is severe enough, *Jonathan*, but I deserve it. D. S. 146.

It is equally true, and equally evident, that *Swift* had no expectations of advantage from his connexion with these persons, that he knew they could not long preserve their power, that he did not honour it while it lasted, and that he disdained pecuniary obligations.

I use the ministry says he like dogs, because I expect they will use me so. — ‘I never knew a ministry do any thing for those whom they make companions of their pleasures, but I care not. D. S. 322.
Letters to
S.

In the summer of 1711, he foresaw the ruin of the ministry by those misunderstandings among themselves which at last effected it; and it was not only his opinion, but their own, that if they could not carry a peace, they would not D. S. 331.
Lett. to S.

be able to keep themselves out of the *Tower*, even though they should agree. In order therefore to facilitate this great event, *Swift* wrote the

D.S. 332.
Lett. to S.

Conduct of the Allies, a piece which he confesses cost him much pains, and which succeeded even beyond his expectation. It was published on the 27th of *November*, 1711, just ten days

D.S. 335.

before the parliament met, and, before the 28th of *January*, above eleven thousand were sold, seven editions having been printed in *England*, and three in *Ireland*. The tory members in both houses who spoke, drew all their arguments from

D.S. 337.
Lett. to
Stella.

it, and the resolutions which were printed in the votes, and which would never have passed but for the *Conduct of the Allies*, were little more than quotations from it.

From this time till the year 1713, he continued to exert himself with unwearied diligence in the service of the ministry, and while he was at *Windsor*, just at the conclusion of the peace of

D.S. 340.
Lett. to P.
10 Jan.
1721.

Utrecht, he drew the first sketch of *An History of the four last Years of Queen Anne*. The work would have been published soon after, if his friends in the ministry had not disagreed about it; and after the queen's death, he spent much time in improving and correcting it, but it has not yet appeared.

During all this time, he received no gratuity or reward till the year 1713, and then he accepted the deanery of *St. Patrick's, Dublin*.

It may perhaps be thought strange, that his friends did not rather procure him a bishoprick in *England*, and place him in the house of lords, where his political eloquence might have been employed with great

D.S. 343.
Lett. to
lord Oxf.

advantage; but this was not in their power, and they might be willing to secure to him such advantage as they could, knowing their own instability, and foreseeing their fall.

But

But with whatever view, or from whatever cause the deanery of *St. Patrick's* was given him, he received it with less pleasure than he would have done a settlement with much less power and profit in *England*.

He immediately crossed the channel to take possession of his new dignity, but did not stay in *Ireland* more than a fortnight, being urged by an hundred letters to hasten back, and reconcile lord *Oxford* and lord *Bolingbroke*, the consequences of whose misunderstanding were justly dreaded by their friends.

*D.S. 340.
Letter,
Swift to
Oxford.*

When he returned he found their quarrels and coldness increased, and having predicted their ruin from this very cause, he laboured to bring about a reconciliation, as that upon which the whole interest of their party depended.

With this view he contrived to bring them to lord *Masham's* at *St. James's*, and lord and lady *Masham* being acquainted with his purpose, left him alone with them; he then expostulated with them both, but to little effect, being able only to engage them to go to *Windſor* the next day, still hoping, that, if he could keep them together, they would come to some agreement, well knowing, that in absence the mind perpetually revolves the recent offences of a friend, and heightens them by every possible aggravation, but that, when the offended and offender meet, the dying sparks of esteem or kindness often brighten into a flame, the remembrance of past pleasure and confidence returns, and mutually inclines them to secure, by an accommodation, that which they feel they cannot lose without regret.

Swift soon after followed them, but was told by lord *Bolingbroke* that his scheme had come to nothing; and he had the mortification to observe that they grew more cold to each other every day. In the mean time lord *Oxford's* credit grew less and less, and the queen's health visibly declined.

Swift, however, contrived yet once more to meet them at lord *Masham's*, and was again left alone with them; this was the last time they ever met, and he spoke to them both with great freedom, but at length despairing of his purpose, he told them he would retire, for that all was gone; *Bolingbroke* whispered him that he was right, but *Oxford* said all would do well.

Swift still adhered to his opinion, and therefore went in a day or two to *Oxford* by the coach, and thence to the house of a friend in *Berkshire*, where he continued till the queen's death, which happened in about ten weeks.

While he was at this place, his mind was still busy for his friends, and he wrote a discourse called *Free Thoughts on the present State of Affairs*, which he thought might be useful at that juncture, and sent it up to *London*, but, some difference of opinion happening between him and lord *Bolingbroke* concerning it, the publication was delayed till the queen's death, and then he recalled his copy, which was afterwards deposited with the late alderman *Barber*, and having been since published, will be found

Lett. to
Pope,
10 Jan.
1721.

in Vol. III. p. 351.

A few weeks after the death of the queen, he went back to his station in *Ireland*, all his connexions with the court being broken, and all his expectations disappointed.

But it would be an injury to *Swift* not to stop a moment here, and, before we descend with him into the vale of private life, look back, as from an eminence, upon the country we have passed.

Few of those who have been permitted to associate with persons greatly superior in rank and fortune, who have climbed in the retinue of power, and been distinguished by reflected greatness, have been able to sustain the native dignity of their own character,

character, without stooping as they ascended the hill, or being blinded by the light that made them conspicuous to others.

Let it therefore be recorded to the honour of Dr. *Swift*, and to animate others by his example and reward, that during his connexion with those who were in the highest rank, and who in every rank would have been great, he would never suffer himself to be treated but as an equal, and repulsed every attempt to hold him in dependance, or keep him at a distance, with the utmost resentment and indignation.

It happened upon some occasion, that *Harley* sent him a bank bill of fifty pounds by his private secretary, Mr. *Lewis*, which *Swift* instantly returned, with a letter of expostulation and complaint; *Harley* invited him to dine, but he refused; he wrote to Mr. *Lewis* to mediate between them, desiring to be reconciled, but *Swift* sent word that he expected farther satisfaction. *Harley* replied, if he would but come and see him, he would make him easy; but *Swift* insisted that he should apologize by message, and declared, that, otherwise, *he would cast him off*.

D. S.

324-5,
Letter to
S.

It is possible that this favour might have been rejected as not worth his acceptance; but it is certain, that, if it had been of greater value, it would not have attoned for any indecorum in the offer, or have induced *Swift* to suffer an obligation from those whom he did not esteem, for he refused the place of historiographer with disdain, because it was in the disposal of a person whom he regarded with disgust and contempt*.

He would not suffer even negative incivilities from

* If *Swift* refused this place, he could not, as lord *Orrery* supposes, be mistaken in believing it intended for him; and that he did refuse it, we have his own express declaration in his letter to *Pope*, dated 10 Jan. 1721.

those

those who, if by their station they had not been his superiors, would have been his equals by learning and parts. It happened, that having one day dined with Mr. *St. John*, who was then secretary of state, and remarked that he appeared to be much out of temper, he took the first opportunity to see him alone, and warned him never to behave to him with silent reserve, for that he would not be treated like a school-boy. I expect, says he, that if you hear or see any thing to my disadvantage, you would let

D.S. 327.
Letter to
Stella.

me know it in plain words, and not put me in pain to guess by the change or coldness of your countenance or behaviour, for it is what I would hardly bear from a crowned head, and I think no subject's favour is worth it.

The secretary received the reproof like a friend, as it was given, and apologized for his behaviour by saying, that business had kept him up several whole nights, and drinking one more; and to make up matters, he pressed the doctor to stay to dinner, which, however, he declined, as well because he would not encourage a second offence by too easily passing over the first, as because he was engaged with another friend.

If in this representation of his behaviour, as it is in many particulars taken from his letters to *Stella*, he should be suspected of having somewhat exaggerated to gratify his vanity, he may be abundantly justified by a letter still extant which he wrote to lord *Oxford* after the connexion between them was broken. When I was with you, says he, I have said more than once, that I would never allow quality or station to make any difference between men.—I loved you just so much the worse for your station—in your publick capacity you have often *angered* me to the heart, but as a private man never.—I was too proud to be vain of the honour
you

you did me.—I was never afraid of offending you, nor am I now in any pain for the manner I write to you in.

Neither was this conduct the effect of pride and self-sufficiency, but of true dignity of mind, for he exacted nothing which, in his turn, he did not pay, nor asked more for himself than for others, whose pretensions or circumstances were the same.

When he was desired by lord *Oxford* to introduce doctor *Parnel* to his acquaintance, he refused upon this principle, that a man of genius was a character superior to that of a lord in a high station: He therefore obliged his lordship to walk with his treasurer's staff from room to room through his own levy, enquiring which was doctor *Parnel*, in order to introduce himself, and beg the honour of his acquaintance.

It was known by an accident, after his memory failed, that he allowed an annuity of fifty guineas to Mrs. *Dingley*, but instead of doing this with the parade of a benefactor, or gratifying his pride by making her feel her dependance, he always pretended that he acted only as her agent, and that the money he paid her, was the produce of a certain sum which she had in the funds; and the better to save appearances, he always took her receipt, and sometimes would pretend, with great seeming vexation, that she drew upon him before he had received her money from *London*.

As to his political principles, if his own account of them is to be believed, he abhorred whiggism only in those who made it consist in damning the church, reviling the clergy, abetting the dissenters, and speaking contemptibly of revealed religion. He always declared himself against a popish successor to the crown, whatever title he might have by proximity of blood; nor did he regard the right line, upon any other account, than as it was established by law,

law, and had much weight in the opinions of the people; he was of opinion, that when the grievances suffered under a present government, became greater than those which might probably be expected from changing it by violence, a revolution was justifiable, and this he believed to have been the case in that which was brought about by the prince of *Orange*. He had a mortal antipathy against standing armies in times of peace, and was of opinion that our liberty could never be placed upon a firm foundation till the ancient law should be revived, by which our parliaments were made annual; he abominated the political scheme of setting up a monied interest in opposition to the landed, and was an enemy to temporary suspensions of the habeas corpus act. If some asperities that cannot be justified have escaped his pen in papers, which were hastily written in the first ardour of his zeal, and often after great provocation from those who wrote against him, surely they may without the exertion of angelic benevolence be forgiven.

That he was not at any time a bigot to party, and that he did not indiscriminately transfer his resentments from principles to persons, was so evident by his conduct that it was a usual subject of raillery towards him, among the ministers, that he never came to them without a whig in his sleeve: and though he does not appear to have asked any thing for himself, yet he often pressed lord *Oxford* in favour of Mr. *Addison*, Mr. *Congreve*, Mr. *Row*, and Mr. *Steel*, with whom, except Mr. *Steel*, he frequently conversed, during all lord *Oxford*'s ministry, chusing his friends by their personal merit, without examining how far their notions agreed with the politics then in vogue; and, in particular, his friendship with Mr. *Addison* continued inviolable, and with as much kindness as when they used to meet at lord *Halifax*'s or lord *Sommers*'s,

Lett to
Pope of
Jan. 10,
1721.

Sommers's, who were leaders of the opposite party.

Among other persons with whom he was intimately acquainted during this gay part of his life, was Mrs. *Vanbomrigh*. She was a lady of good family, the daughter of Mr. *Stone*, the commissioner, and niece to the accomptant-general of Ireland. D.S. 258.

She was the widow of Mr. *Bartholomew Vanbomrigh*, first a merchant of *Amsterdam*, and afterwards of *Dublin*, who was appointed commissary of the stores by king *William*, upon his expedition into *Ireland*, a place which, during the war, was computed to be worth 6000 l. *per ann.* After the affairs of *Ireland* were settled, he was appointed muster-master-general, and a commissioner of the revenue, and laid out about 12,000 l. in the purchase of forfeited estates: but though he received the produce of this estate, and enjoyed his appointments thirteen years, yet when he died, in 1703, his expences had been so nearly equal to his revenue, that his whole fortune, the value of his estate included, amounted only to 16,000 l. This sum he directed, by his will, to be divided equally between his wife and four children, of which two were sons and two were daughters. The sons died soon after their father, and their share of his fortune fell to the daughters. D.S. 260, and following. Orrery 71, and following.

In 1709, the widow and the two young ladies came to *England*, where they were visited by persons of the first quality, and *Swift* lodging within a few doors of their house in *Bury-street*, *St. James's*, used to be much there, coming and going without ceremony, as if he had been one of the family. During this familiarity, he became insensibly a kind of preceptor to the young ladies, particularly the eldest, who was then about twenty years old, was much addicted to reading, and a great admirer of poetry. In a person of this disposition, it was natural for such a cha-

1689 to 1692

a character as that of *Swift* to excite admiration, a passion which by frequent converse was softened into complacency, and complacency was at length improved into love. Love itself, perhaps, was in this case complicated with vanity, which would have been highly gratified by an alliance with the first wit of the age; and thus what neither could have effected alone, was done by the joint effort of both, and she ventured to make the doctor a proposal of marriage. It is probable, that his connexions with Mrs. *Johnson* at this time were such, that he could not with honour accept this proposal, whatever pleasure or advantage it might promise; however, it is certain, he declined it, though without assigning any other engagement as the reason.

He appears first to have affected to believe her in jest, then to have rallied her on so whimsical a choice, and at last to have put her off without an absolute refusal, perhaps, partly, because he was unwilling to give her pain, and partly, because he could not refuse her with a good grace, otherwise than by discovering some particulars which he was willing to conceal. While he was in this situation, he wrote the poem called *Cadenus and Vanessa*, the principal view of which seems to have been at once to compliment and to rally her, to apologize for his conduct, and soften a tacit denial, by leaving the event undetermined.

This poem appears to have been written about the year 1713, a short time before he left *Vanessa* and the rest of his friends in *England*, and returned to the place of his exile, which he always mentioned with regret.

In the year 1714, Mrs. *Vanhomrigh* died, and having lived at an expence much greater than her fortune would bear, she left some debts unpaid.

Her two daughters, whose fortunes she had also lessened, she appointed joint executrixes of her will, an office which however troublesome the situation of
their

their affairs obliged them to accept; it appears too, that they had contracted some debts in their own right, which it was not in their power immediately to pay, and therefore to avoid an arrest they followed the dean into *Ireland*.

Upon his arrival to take possession of his deanery, and his return after the queen's death, he was received, according to the account of lord *Orrery* and Mr. *Deane Swift*, with every possible mark of contempt and indignation, especially by the populace, who not only reviled and cursed him, but pelted him with stones and dirt as he passed along the streets. The author of the observations, on the contrary, affirms, that he was received by all ranks of men, not only with kindness, but honour, the tories being then in full power, as well in *Ireland* as in *England*, and *Swift's* service to the church and credit at court being well known. This indeed was true, when he went to take possession; but when he returned to his deanery, the power of the tories and the dean's credit at court were at an end; circumstances which might well cause the rabble at least to forget his services to the church; it is certain that great clamour was then raised by the new men against the late ministry with whom *Swift* had been closely connected; they were charged with a design to bring in the pretender, and the same design was consequently imputed to *Swift*, whom it was therefore considered by some as a qualification for preferment to revile and oppose: which party the mob took, whose fault it has never been to coincide implicitly with a court, posterity must judge for themselves; but it seems probable that these accounts however contradictory may both be true, and that *Swift* at this time might be the *Sacheverel* of *Ireland*, followed by the mob of one faction with execrations, and by the other with shouts of applause.

D.S. 178,
183.

J. R. 87.

It

It is however agreed that the archbishop of *Dublin* and some of his old friends in the chapter set themselves against his measures with all their force, and laboured to disappoint him in the exercise of his power by every art of opposition and delay. But whatever prejudice they had conceived against him was soon removed, by the disinterested integrity of his conduct, which was so apparent and striking, that they soon regarded him with respect and veneration, and almost implicitly acquiesced in whatever he proposed.

This removal from *England* to *Ireland* was the great event which determined the colour of his life, bounded his views, and shewed him at once what he might possess, and for what he might hope.

There is a time when every man is struck with a sense of his mortality, and feels the force of a truth to which he has consented merely from custom without considering its certainty, or importance. This time seldom happens in the chearful simplicity of infancy, or in the first impatience of youth, when 'the world is all before us,' when every object has the force of novelty, and every desire of pleasure receives auxiliar strength from curiosity ; but after the first heat of the race, when we stop to recover from our fatigue, we naturally consider the ground before us, and then perceive that at the end of the course are clouds and darkness ; that the grave will soon intercept our pursuit of temporal felicity, and that, if we cannot stretch to the goal that is beyond it, we run in vain, and spend our strength for nought. Great disappointments which change our general plan, and make it necessary to enter the world as it were a second time, seldom fail to alarm us with the brevity of life, and repress our alacrity by precluding our hopes.

The dean whether by the vigour and activity of his imagination, the multitude of his ideas, or the ardour of his pursuits, escaped the force of this thought,

till his retreat to ⁰*Ireland* on the death of the queen ; and then indeed it came upon him with such influence that after fifteen years it constantly recurred when he first awaked in the morning, and was not dismissed till he again began to sleep.

Letter to
*Boling-
broke, Pope*
vol. IX. p.
105.

As soon as he was settled at *Dublin*, Mrs. *Johnson* removed from the country to be near him, but they still lived in separate houses ; his residence was at the deanery, and her's in lodgings, on the other side of the river *Liffy*.

The dean kept two publick days every week, and, though the circle of his visitors is said at first to have been small, yet, it soon increased, and always consisted of the best company. *D.S.* 108.

Those who were more particularly the companions of his choice, were such as would have done honour to any character ; they were the *Grattons*, seven brothers, the sons of doctor *Gratton*, a venerable and hospital clergyman, who gave them all a liberal education. The eldest was a justice of peace, and lived reputably on his patrimony in the country ; another was a physician, and another a merchant, both eminent in their professions ; three others were clergymen who had a competent provision in the church, and the youngest was fellow of *Dublin* college, and master of the great free-school at *Enniskilling* : They were all persons of great merit, as generally acquainted and as much beloved as any in the kingdom : The *Jacks*ons, a family of which both men and women were genteel, agreeable, and well bred, such companions as no wise man ever wanted, if they could be had : *George Rockford*, and *Peter Ludlow*, men of fortune, learning, wit, humour, and virtue : and Mr. *Matthew Lord*, deemed the best lay scholar of his time : These, with the fellows of the college, Dr. *Walmesley*, Dr. *Helsbam*, Dr. *Delany*, Dr. *Stopford*, now bishop of *Cloyne*, and Dr. *Sheridan*.

J. R. 99,
and fol-
lowing.

Lady *Eustace*, Mrs. *Moore*, lady *Betty Rockford*, and Mrs. *Ludlow*, with Mrs. *Johnson*, and her friends, were the persons with whom *Swift* spent his leisure hours, from the year 1714 to the year 1720, a period in which it has been injuriously said, that his

choice of companions shewed him of a depraved taste. There was indeed among his companions one person who could derive

Orrery, p.
45.

no honour from his lineage, a foundling, whom *Swift* therefore used to call *Melchisedeck*, because *Melchisedeck* is said to have had neither father nor mother ; this gentleman's name was *Worral*, he was a clergyman, a master of arts, a reader, and a vicar of his cathedral, and master of the song. He was nearly of the dean's own standing in the college, had good sense and much humour. He was married to a woman of great sprightliness, good-nature, and generosity, remarkably cleanly, and elegant in her person, in her house and at her table. But there is another particular in Mr. *Worral*'s character which greatly contributed to his intimacy with the dean. He was a good walker. The dean used this exercise in an immoderate degree, under the notion of its being absolutely necessary not to health only, but to cleanliness, by keeping the pores of the skin clear, and throwing off impurities by perspiration. Mr. *Worral*'s situation in the church naturally engaged his frequent attendance upon the dean ; this attendance commonly ended in a walk, and the walk in their dining together either at Mr. *Worral*'s or at the deanery ; the dean, being a single man, was oftener a guest to Mr. *Worral*, than Mr. *Worral* was a guest to him ; and this brought on an agreement, that the dean should dine with him whenever he would at a certain rate, and invite as many friends as he pleased upon the same terms. This gentleman is lately dead, and left a large sum of money to be disposed of to publick charities

D. S. 299.

J. R. 92.

at the discretion of his executors ; 500 l.

of which was appropriated to the dean's hospital.

The dean, when he first settled at *Dublin*, was in debt, a situation which ill suited his spirit, and determined him to a severe œconomy, with which this agreement with *Worral* well suited. On his publick days however the dignity of his station was sustained with the utmost elegance and decorum, under the direction of Mrs. *Johnson*, who yet appeared in the circle without any character distinct from the rest of the company. She was however frequently invited with the dean, whether to entertainments or parties of pleasures, though not so generally as if she had been his wife; she visited and received visits as far as the practice is a mere ritual of good breeding. Her friendships seem to have been still among the men, but she was treated with great politeness by the ladies. J. R. 92. D. S. 92.

The dean's mind had been now so filled with politics that he found it impracticable to excel as a preacher, his first and most laudable ambition; and frequently declared that, though he sometimes attempted to exert himself in the pulpit, yet he could never rise higher than preaching pamphlets. He was however still a good dean and a good priest; he applied himself to the care of his deanery, his cathedral, its regulations, its income and œconomy, with great diligence; he renewed the primitive practice of celebrating the holy communion every *Sunday*; and at this sacrament he was not only constantly present, but he consecrated and administered it with his own hands in a manner equally graceful and devout; he attended at church every morning, and generally preached in his turn; he also constantly attended the performance of the anthem on a *Sunday* night, though he did not understand music, to see that the choir did not neglect their duty. J. R. 42.

As to his imployment at home, he seems to have had no heart to apply himself to study of any kind,

but to have resigned himself wholly to such amusements as offered, that he might not think of his situation, the misfortune of his friends, and the disappointment of his hope ; such at least is the account that he gives to Mr. *Gay*, in his letter dated *January 8, 1722-3* : I was three years, says he, reconciling myself to the scene and business to which fortune hath condemned me, and stupidity was what I had recourse to.

It has been suggested that the acquaintance he fell into with men of learning, made it necessary for him

J. R. 101. about this time to review his *Greek* and *Latin*, and obtain some acquaintance with church history ; but surely he who had studied eight hours a day for seven years, or, according to Mr.

D. S. 271, 272, 276. *Deane Swift*, ten hours a day for nine years, he who had read and extracted the fathers more than sixteen years before, had little oc-

casian to review his *Latin* and *Greek*, or acquaint himself with church history, lest he should not sustain his character among learned men ; for, except it be pretended that others were able to acquire more knowledge in less time and with less labour, it must be allowed that *Swift* was likely to be always the most knowing of his company. Lord *Orrery* says, that he was little acquainted with the mathematics, and ne-

Orrery, 7, 101. ver considered the science except as an object of ridicule ; but the author of the *Observations* affirms on the contrary that he

had acquired considerable mathematical knowledge,

J. R. 101 and that he had seen him more than once undertake to solve an algebraic problem by arithmetic.

The first remarkable event of his life that occurred after his settlement at the deanery was his marriage to Mrs. *Johnson* after a most intimate friendship of more than sixteen years ; this was in the year 1716, and the ceremony was performed by Dr. *Ashe*, then bishop of *Clogher*, to whom the dean had been a pupil in *Tri-*

nity College, Dublin. But, whatever were the motives of this marriage, the dean and the lady continued to live afterwards just in the same manner as they had lived before. Mrs. *Dingley* was still the inseparable companion of *Stella*, wherever she went; and she never resided at the deanery except when the dean was seized with violent fits of giddiness, which sometimes lasted near a month. Pope's Let-
ters, 4.

Till this time he had continued his visits to *Vanessa*, who, though she had suffered very great pecuniary losses, had yet preserved her reputation and her friends, for she was visited by many persons of rank, character, and fortune of both sexes; particularly Mrs. *Conolly*, a lady of very high reputation, the late most excellent bishop of *Cloyne*, the late judge *Lindsay*, and the lord chief justice *Marley*. D. S. 262. The dean appears still to have preserved the character of her preceptor, to have directed her progress in literature, and explained and illustrated the authors she had read; but soon after his marriage he visited her on another account, he went as an advocate for Mr. dean *Winter*, whom he took with him, a gentleman who was a professed admirer of *Vanessa*, and had made her some overtures of marriage; but, though he had an estate of near eight hundred pounds a year, besides three hundred pounds a year preferment in the church, yet *Vanessa* rejected the proposal in such terms as that it was never repeated. D. S. 263,
265. She was also addressed by Dr. *Price*, who was afterwards archbishop of *Cashell*, but without success. From this time the dean's visits were much less frequent. In the year 1717, her sister died, and the whole remains of the family fortune being then centered in *Vanessa*, she retired to *Selbridge*, a small house and estate, about 12 miles distance from *Dublin*, which had been purchased by her father.

From this place she wrote frequently to the dean, and he answered her letters: in these letters she still

pressed him to marry her, and in his answers he still rallied, and still avoided a positive denial. At length, however, she insisted with great ardour and great tenderness upon his positive and immediate acceptance or refusal of her as a wife. The dean wrote an answer, and delivered it with his own hand.

As this letter of *Vanessa's*, which was written in 1723, is a demonstration that she was then utterly ignorant of the dean's marriage with *Stella*, and as she appears to have known it almost immediately afterwards, it is probable that the dean's answer communicated the fatal secret, which at once precluded all her hopes, and accounted for his former conduct; it is probable too, that the resentment which he felt

D.S. 264.
Orrery,
78.

at having it thus extorted from him, was the cause of the manner in which he delivered the letter, for having thrown it down upon her table, he hastened back to his horse, and returned immediately to *Dublin*.

This letter the unhappy lady did not survive many weeks; however, she was sufficiently composed to cancel a will that she had made in the dean's favour, and to make another, in which she left her fortune, which long retirement and frugality had in a great measure restored, to her two executors, Dr. *Berkeley*, the bishop of *Cloyne*, and Mr. *Marshall*, one of the king's serjeants at law, gentlemen whose characters are excellent in the highest degree.

Such was the fate of *Vanessa*, and surely those whom pity could not restrain from being diligent to load her memory with reproach, to contrive appearances in the worst sense, to aggravate folly into vice, and distress into infamy, have not much exalted their own character, or strengthened their claim to the candour of others. If *Vanessa*, by her fondness for the gaieties of life, encouraged by the example, and, perhaps, influenced by the authority of a mother, lessened her fortune at an age when few have been discreet,

discreet, it cannot be denied that she retrieved it by prudence and œconomy, at an age when many have continued dissolute, and was frugal after the habit of expence had made frugality difficult; if she could not subdue a passion which has tyrannised over the strongest and purest minds, she does not appear to have known that it was criminal, or to have desired that it might be unlawfully gratified. She pressed a person whom she believed single to marry her, but it does not therefore follow, that she was his concubine, much less that she desired to be reputed so, and was then solicitous to incur the infamy which has been since thrown upon her. It cannot surely be believed that the shameless and reputed concubine, even of *Swift*, would have been visited by ladies of credit and fashion, or solicited in marriage by two clergymen of eminence and fortune, to whom her story and character must have been well known: besides, Dr. *Berkeley*, after having carefully perused all the letters that passed between them which *Vanessa* directed to be published, with the poem, found that they contained nothing that could bring the least disgrace upon the dean; her's, indeed, were full of passionate declarations of her love; his contained only compliments, excuses, apologies, and thanks for trifling presents. There was not in either the least trace of a criminal commerce, which, if there had been any such, it would, in so long an intercourse, have been extremely difficult to avoid; and, if she desired to be reputed his concubine, it cannot be supposed that she concealed any letter which would have proved that she was so, especially as it would have gratified her resentment against him, for refusing to make her his wife.

O: 73.
J.R. 121.
122, 123.

If it appears, therefore, that there was no criminal commerce between them, and, that she did not desire the world should believe there had been any, it fol-

lows from her directing the publication of the poem, of which, perhaps, she possessed the only copy, that, in her sense of the verses, none of them implied a fact which would dishonour her memory. And this appears also to have been the opinion of
J.R. 123. her executors, who though they suppressed the letters, because they contained nothing that could do her honour, yet published the poem, by which, it must therefore be supposed, they did not think she would be disgraced.

It has indeed been said, that *Vanessa*, from the time she was deserted 'devoted herself, like *Ariadne*, to *Bacchus*' and perhaps it is true that in
J.R. 123. the anguish of disappointed desire she had recourse to that dreadful opiate which never fails to complicate disease with trouble, to leave the sufferer more wretched when its operation is at an end, to divide life into frenzy and despair, and at once to hasten the approach, and increase the terrors of death. But it cannot be thought, that when she made her will, she was either intoxicated or delirious, because the perfect exercise of reason is essential to the validity of the act. No particular of her distress, therefore, can weaken the arguments drawn from the direction in her will to publish the poem and the letters, of which the gratification of her vanity was so evidently the motive, that it is difficult to conceive how it could be overlooked.

From 1716 to 1720 is a chasm in the dean's life, which it has been found difficult to fill up. That he had no need to repeat his college exercises, has been
J.R. 101. shewn already; and that, in this interval, he went through a voluminous course of ecclesiastical history, seems farther improbable, by a letter to lord *Bolingbroke*, dated *April 5, 1729*, in which it appears, that he was then reading *Baronius*, and *Baronius* was the only piece of church history that was found in his library. Lord *Orrery* thinks,
 with

with great reason, that he employed this time upon *Gulliver's Travels*.

The author of the *Observations*, indeed, supposes the dean's genius to be verging towards a decline, in the year 1723, and that *Gulliver's Travels* were written after that time; but in both these suppositions he is probably mistaken; though in the former he seems to be favoured by a passage in a letter written by the dean himself to Mr. Pope, dated Sept. 20, 1723.

That his genius was not declining in 1723, appears by the *Draper's* letters, which were not written till 1724; and of these the *Observer* himself says, 'his genius never shone out in greater strength than on that and the subsequent occasions', a truth which is universally acknowledged. That *Gulliver's Travels* were written before that time is equally evident, for *Swift* went into the north of *Ireland* early in the spring of 1725, and, in a letter to doctor *Sheridan*, during his residence there he puts him in mind of his description of the *Yahoos*, so that *Sheridan* must have seen the *Travels* in manuscript, at least, in the year 1724. The dean also, in a letter to Mr. Pope, dated Sept. 29, 1725, says, O! if the world had but a dozen *Arbutnots* in it, I would burn my *Travels*. It may reasonably be concluded, therefore, that his *Travels* were then all written, and that at this time he was reviewing and retouching them for the press, especially as they were published in 1726; and as he was otherwise employed in 1724, they must have been written, at least, before 1723.

See vol.
xii. 190.

Upon the whole, perhaps, it is not an extravagant conjecture, that having, according to his own account, wholly neglected his studies for the first three years of his residence at the deanery, and indulged the resentment which his disappointments had produced till it could be contained no longer,
he

he conceived the first notion of expressing it in such a manner as might correct the enormities which he exposed ; and with this view immediately began his *Travels*, of which the first copy was, probably, finished before the year 1720.

About this time the dean, who had already acquired the character of a humourist and a wit, was first regarded with general kindness, as the patriot of *Ireland*. He wrote a proposal for the universal use of *Irish* manufactures ; a tract, which as it was apparently calculated for the service of *Ireland*, and zealously condemned a sacrifice of interest to *England*, made him very popular ; but this service would not, perhaps, have been so long and so zealously remembered, if a prosecution had not been commenced against the printer *. As soon as this measure was taken, the importance of the work was estimated by the diligence of the government to suppress it, and the zeal and integrity of the writer were measured by the danger he had incurred. No publick notice, however, was taken of the dean on this occasion ; and *Waters*, the printer, after having been long harassed and imprisoned, at length obtained a *noli prosequi*.

The dean did not again appear in his political character till the year 1724. A patent having been iniquitously procured by one *Wood* to coin 180,000 l. in copper, for the use of *Ireland*, by which he would have acquired exorbitant gain, and proportionably impoverished the nation, the dean, in the character of a *Draper*, wrote a series of letters to the people, urging them not to receive this copper money. These letters united the whole nation in his praise, filled every street with his effigies, and every voice with acclamations ; and *Wood*, though he was long supported by those who prostituted the highest delegated authority to the vilest purposes, was at length compel-

* See Vol. X. p. 1. See the letters and notes, Vol. X.

led to withdraw his patent, and his money was totally suppressed.

Upon the arrival of lord *Carteret*, soon after the publication of the fourth letter, several passages were selected as sufficient ground for a prosecution, and his excellency and council published a proclamation, offering 300 l. reward for a discovery of the author. This proclamation gave the dean a remarkable opportunity to illustrate his character. It happened that his butler, whom he had employed as his amanuensis, and who alone was trusted with the secret, went out in the afternoon of the day of the proclamation, without leave, and staid abroad the whole night and part of the next day. There was great reason to suspect that he had made an information, and having received his reward, would never return. The man, however, came home in the evening, and the dean was advised by his friends to take no notice of his fault; lest he should be provoked to a breach of trust, from the dread of which his return had just delivered them. But the dean rejected this counsel with the utmost disdain, and, commanding the man into his presence, ordered him immediately to strip off his livery and leave the house. You villain, said he, I know I am in your power, and for that very reason I will the less bear with your insolence or neglect.

The man, in very submissive terms, confessed that he had been drinking all night, and intreated to be forgiven, but *Swift* was inexorable; he then begged that he might be confined in some part of the house so long as the proclamation could intitle him to any reward, lest when he was driven from his service, and destitute of another, the temptation might be too strong for his virtue, and his distress might involve him in a crime which he most abhorred. *Swift*, however, was still inexorable, and the man was dismissed. During all the time of danger, *Swift* obstinate-
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ly refused to contribute one farthing towards his support, nor could he be persuaded to see his face; but when the time limited in the proclamation was expired, he was permitted to return to his service. Soon afterwards he was called hastily up by the dean, who, without any preface, again ordered him to strip off his livery, put on his own cloaths, and then come to him again. The poor fellow, though he was greatly astonished at this proceeding, knew *Swift* too well to expostulate, and therefore, with whatever reluctance, did as had been commanded. When he returned, the dean ordered the other servants to be called up, who immediately attended, expecting that the butler was to be dismissed *in terrorem*, and that they should be warned in very severe terms of his offence. *Swift*, as soon as they had ranged themselves before him, ordered them to take notice, that *Robert* was no longer his servant; he is now, said the dean, Mr. *Blakely*, the vergier of St. *Patrick's* cathedral, a place which I give him as a reward for his fidelity. The value of this place is between thirty and forty pounds a year; however, *Robert* would not quit his master, but continued to be his butler some years afterwards. In this instance the dean exercised his pride, his fortitude, and his equity, in a manner peculiar to himself; and though there are many who would equally have rewarded such fidelity, there are few who would have ventured to wait the issue of so severe and dangerous a probation.

From this time the dean's influence in *Ireland* was almost without bounds, he was consulted in whatever related to domestic policy, and in particular to trade. The weavers always considered him as their patron and legislator, after his proposal for the use of *Irish* manufactures, and came frequently in a body to receive his advice in settling the rates of their stuffs, and the wages of their journeymen; and when elections

tions were depending for the city of *Dublin*, many corporations refused to declare themselves, till they knew his sentiments and inclinations. Over the populace he was the most absolute monarch that ever governed men, and he was regarded by persons of every rank with veneration and esteem.

It appears by many of his writings, that he lived in great friendship and familiarity with lord *Carteret* during his lieutenancy, notwithstanding his lordship had signed the proclamation to discover him, as the writer of the *Draper's Letters*. *Swift*, indeed, remonstrated against this proceeding; and once asked his lordship how he could concur in the prosecution of a poor honest fellow, who had been guilty of no other crime than that of writing three or four letters for the instruction of his neighbours, and the good of his country; to this question his excellency elegantly replied, in the words of *Virgil*,

— *Regni novitas me talia cogit
Moliri.* —

He was equally diligent to recommend his friends to lord *Carteret* as he had been to recommend them to lord *Oxford*, and he did it with the same dignity and freedom. Pray, my lord, said he, one day, have you the honour to be acquainted with the *Grattons*? My lord answered he had not; Why then, pray, my lord, said *Swift*, take care to obtain it; it is of great consequence: the *Grattons*, my lord, can raise ten thousand men. He obtained a living for his friend Dr. *Sheridan*, and he recommended several others of whom he knew nothing but that they were good men.

D.S. 270.

J.R. 95.

See vol.
xii. 184.

He used also to remonstrate with great freedom against such measures as he disapproved, and lord *Carteret* having gained the advantage of him in some dispute concerning the distresses of *Ireland*, he cried out in a violent passion, What the vengeance brought you
among

among us ? Get you gone, get you gone ; pray God
J. R. 25. Almighty send us our boobies back again ;
 a reply which shewed at once the turn, the
 strength, and the virtue of his mind, as it was a fine
 compliment to the force of reason, by which he had
 been just foiled, and was expressed with all the vehe-
 mence of his temper, and all the peculiarity of his wit.

He was several times in *England* on a visit to Mr.
Pope, after his settlement at the deanery, particularly
 in the years 1726 and 1727.

There is a passage in one of his letters to Dr. *Sherri-*
dan, during his visit in 1726, by which it appears,
 that he then had such an offer of a settlement, in
 the midst of his friends, within twelve miles of *Lon-*
don, as, if he had been ten years younger, he would
 gladly have accepted : But I am now, says he, too
 old for new schemes, and especially such as would bri-
 dle me in my freedoms and liberalities. He

See vol.
 xii. 206,
 207.

had also an invitation from lord *Bolingbroke*
 to spend a winter with him at his house on
 the banks of the *Loire* in *France* ; and this
 he would have accepted, but that he received an ac-
 count from *Ireland*, that Mrs. *Johnson* was dangerou-
 sly ill.

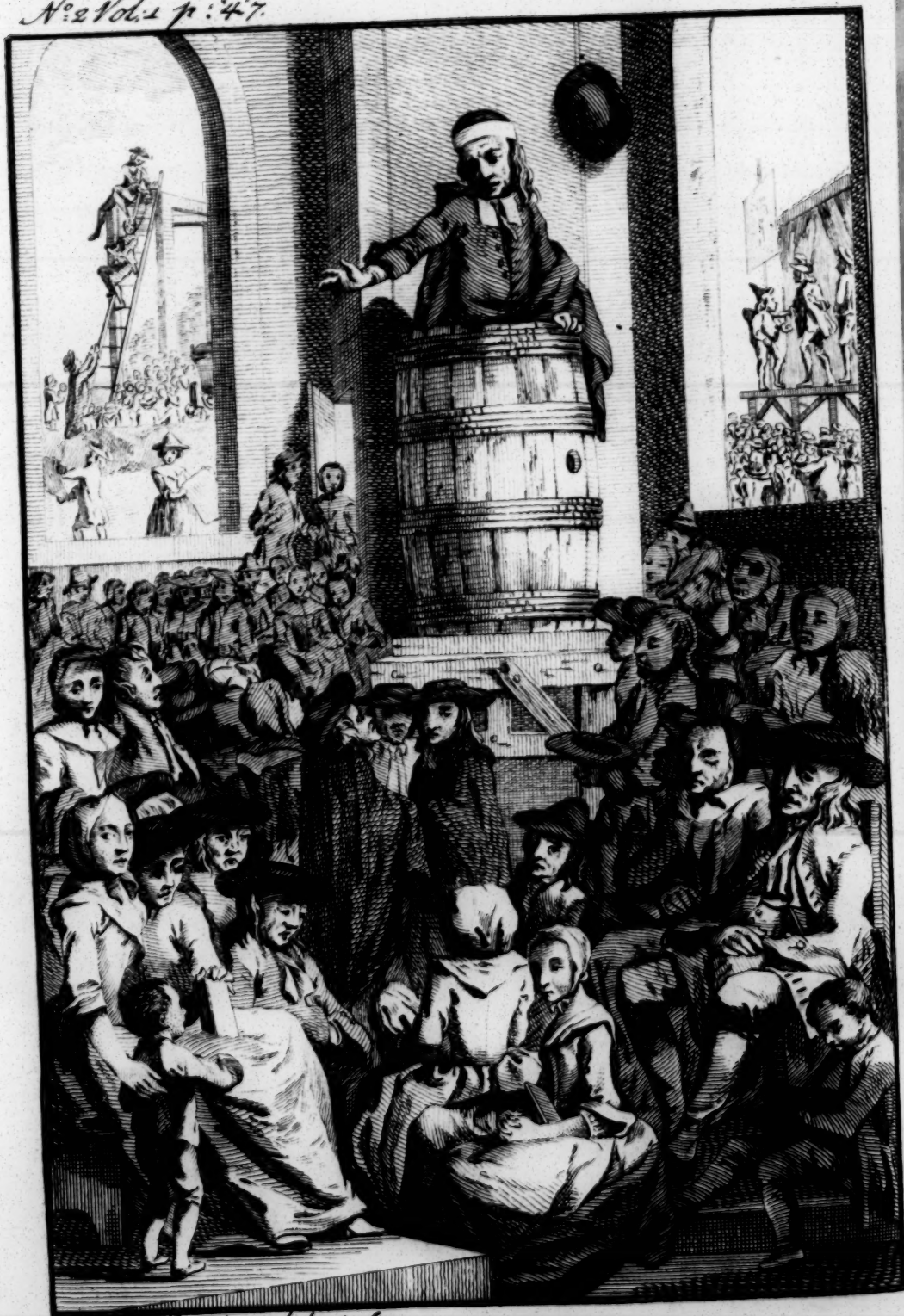
Mrs. *Johnson's* constitution was tender and deli-
 cate, and, as the dean himself says, she had not the
See Lett. *stamina vitæ* ; in the year 1724, she began
 xxi. vol. visibly to decay, and, in the year 1726, was
 xii. p. thought to be dying. The dean received
 208. the news with agonies not to be felt but
 by the tenderest and most ardent friendship, nor con-
 ceived but by the most lively imagination, and im-
 mediately hastened back into *Ireland*.

It happened, however, that Mrs. *Johnson*, contra-
 ry to the opinion of her physician, recovered a mo-
 derate share of health, and the dean, probably, to
 compleat some design which in his haste he had left
 unfinished, returned again to *England* in 1727.

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Nº 2 Vol. 1 p: 47.



J.S. Müller inv. del et sc.

From *England* he was once more about to set out for *France* upon lord *Bolingbroke's* invitation, when news arrived of the king's death.

See vol.
xii. 214.

He had attended the late queen while she was princess in his former excursions to *England*, and he had seen her twice in one week by her royal highness's command in this: she had always treated the dean with great civility, and the dean had treated her with his usual and peculiar frankness. The third day after the news of the late king's death, he attended at court, and kissed the king and the queen's hand upon their accession, and was blamed by his friends for deferring it so long.

What prospect he had of a change in publick affairs on this event, or of any advantage which such a change might produce to himself or his friends, does not appear, but he was earnestly intreated to delay his journey; and, when he had again determined to set out, he was upon some new incidents again prevailed upon not to go, by the vehement persuasion of some persons, whom, he says, he could not disobey. Many schemes were proposed, in which he was eagerly solicited to engage, but he received them coldly; not as it appears because he was determined no more to enter into publick life, but because the schemes themselves were such as he did not approve: however, in the same letter, in which he says, that, if the king had lived ten days longer, he should not have dated it from *London*, but *Paris*, he says, that his share in the hurry of the time would not be long, and that he should soon return.

He was soon after seized with one of his fits of giddiness and deafness, a calamity which was greatly aggravated by the news that Mrs. *Johnson* was again so ill, that the physicians despaired of her life. Upon this occasion he relapsed into the agonies of mind which he had felt the year before; he expected
by

by the next post to hear that she was dead, and intreated that he might be told no particulars, but the event in general, for that, his age being then within three months of sixty, his weakness and his friendship would bear no more. As he despaired of seeing her alive, he determined not to return to *Ireland* so soon as he had intended, but to pass the winter either near *Salisbury-Plain*, or in *France*. That he might not be interrupted by company, and condemned to the torment of suppressing his sorrow, to preserve the rules of good breeding, he quitted the house of Mr. *Pope* at *Twickenham*, and retired to a village near *London*, with a female relation for his nurse. The next letter that he received, he kept an hour in his pocket before he could sufficiently fortify himself against the shock which he expected when he should open it: however, as *Stella's* life ebbed by slow degrees, and sometimes seemed at a stand, if not to flow, his hope of a parting interview revived, and he set out for *Ireland* as soon as he was able to travel.

He found her alive, but, after having languished about two months longer, she expired on the 28th of *January*, 1727, in the 44th year of her age, regretted by the dean with such excess of affection and esteem as the keenest sensibility only could feel, and the most excellent character excite.

Beauty, which alone has been the object of universal admiration and desire, which alone has elevated the possessor from the lowest to the highest station, has given dominion to folly, and armed caprice with the power of life and death, was in *Stella* only the ornament of intellectual greatness; and wit, which has rendered deformity lovely, and conferred honour upon vice, was in her only the decoration of such virtue, as without either wit or beauty would have compelled affection, esteem, and reverence.

Her stature was tall, her hair and eyes black, her complexion fair and delicate, her features regular,
soft,

soft, and animated, her shape easy and elegant, and her manner feminine, polite, and graceful; there was a natural musick in her voice, and a pleasing complacency in her aspect when she spoke.

As to her wit, it was confessed by all her acquaintance, and particularly by the dean, that she never failed to say the best thing that was said whenever she was in company, though her companions were usually persons of the best understanding in the kingdom.

But this dangerous power was under the direction of such sweetness of temper, such general kindness, and reluctance to give pain, that she never indulged it at the expence of another.

Neither was her wit merely of the colloquial kind; she had great force of poetical fancy, could range her thoughts in a regular composition, and express them in correct and harmonious verse; of her wit in conversation some instances will be found in vol. xii. under the name of *Bons Mots*, and two specimens of her poetry are added as an appendix to this tract. Her virtue was founded upon humanity, and her religion upon reason; her morals were uniform, but not rigid, and her devotion was habitual, but not ostentatious.

Why the dean did not sooner marry this most excellent person; why he married her at all; why his marriage was so cautiously concealed, and why he was never known to meet her but in the presence of a third person, are enquiries which no man can answer, or has attempted to answer without absurdity, and are therefore unprofitable objects of speculation.

His peculiar connexion with Mrs. *Johnson* does, indeed, appear to have been suspected, if not known, by his particular acquaintance: One of whom had the courage, indirectly, to blame his conduct several times, by setting before him the example of a clergyman of distinguished merit, who married near-

ly in the same circumstances; but, instead of concealing his marriage, retired into thrifty lodgings till he had made a provision for his wife, and then returned to the world, and became eminent for his hospitality and charity.

The dean, whether moved by these representations, or whether by any other motive, did at length earnestly desire that she might be publicly owned as his wife; but as her health was then declining, and his œconomy become more severe, she said it was *too late*, and insisted that they should continue to live as they had lived before; to this the dean, in his turn, consented, and suffered her to dispose intirely of her own fortune by her own name to a publick charity when she died.

It appears by several little incidents, that *Stella* regretted and disapproved the dean's conduct, and that she sometimes reproached him with unkindness; for to such regret and reproach he certainly alludes in the following verses on her birth-day, in 1726:

O, then, whatever Heav'n intends,
Take pity on your pitying friends:
Nor let your ills *affect your mind*,
To fancy they can be *unkind*;
Me, surely, me you ought to spare,
Who gladly would your sufferings share.

It seems, indeed, to be generally agreed, that *Stella* was destroyed by the peculiarity of her circumstances, and that the fabrick, however weak by the delicacy of its composition, would not have fallen so soon, if the foundation had not been injured by the slow minings of regret and vexation.

But it is also generally allowed that, in this instance as in every other, the dean's intention was upright, though his judgment might be erroneous; and

and, whatever censure his behaviour to *Stella* may draw upon him, it must insure him some praise, and secure him against some calumny, for it is a demonstration that he was the absolute master of those passions, by which the greatest have been enslaved, and the best sometimes corrupted; and, if he could abstain from gratifying these passions with a lady whom he most admired, after the gratification was become lawful, he cannot with any appearance of reason be supposed to have indulged the same passion where there was less beauty to attract, and less affection to urge, where it would have been attended with guilt and infamy, where the motives were less and the obstacles more.

From the death of *Stella*, his life became much more retired, and the austerity of his temper naturally increased; he could not join in the social cheerfulness of his publick days, or bear such an intrusion upon his own melancholy as the cheerfulness of others; these entertainments therefore were discontinued, and he sometimes avoided the company of his most intimate friends. But, when the lenient hand of time had allayed the anguish of his mind, he seems to have regretted the effects of its first violence, and to wish for the return of those whom his impatience had banished. In the year 1732, he complains in a letter to Mr. *Gay*, that he had a large house and should hardly find one visitor, if he was not able to hire them with a bottle of wine. I generally, says he, dine alone, and am thankful if a friend will pass the evening with me. He complains also about the same time in a letter to Mr. *Pope*, that he was in danger of dying poor and *friendless*, even his female friends having forsaken him; which, as he says, was what vexed him most. These complaints were afterwards repeated in a strain of yet greater sensibility and self-pity: *All my friends*, says he, *have forsaken me.*

Vertiginosus, inops, surdus, malè gratus amicis.

Deaf, giddy, helpless, left alone,

To all my friends a burden grown.

Yet he confesses that, though he was less patient in solitude, he was harder to be pleased with company, so that even now perhaps his behaviour did not much invite those whom before it had driven away.

His complaint of being forsaken by his female friends shews that at this time his house was not a constant seraglio of very virtuous women, who attended him from morning till night as my lord Orrery has asserted; and it seems to imply that the *Observer* is also mistaken, when he says, that females were rarely admitted into his house, and never came but upon very particular invitations. The absence of persons whom he kept at such distance, and so rarely admitted, could scarce be supposed to vex him most; nor is it easy to conceive in what sense they could be said to forsake him, who never came but upon particular invitation. However, as to the seraglio, the *Observer* affirms in the most solemn manner, and from frequent intercourse with the dean and long intimacy with his most intimate friends, that lord Orrery was grossly misinformed, and that no such ever subsisted; Mrs. *Whiteway*, a near relation, who came to live with him some time after *Stella's* death, being the only female in his family except servants.

As he lived much in solitude, he frequently amused himself with writing, as appears by the dates of many of his pieces which are subsequent to this time; and it is very remarkable that although his mind was certainly greatly depressed, and his principal enjoyment at an end, when Mrs. *Johnson* died, yet there is an air of trifling and levity in some of the pieces which he wrote afterwards, that is not to be found

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in any other ; such in particular are his directions to servants, and several of his letters to Dr. *Sheridan*.

As he was undoubtedly much more tenderly and strictly connected with *Stella* than with any other woman, so his friendship seems to have been more intimate and unreserved with Dr. *Sheridan* than with any other man ; his letters to him are evidently the spontaneous effusions of his heart, whether he was chearful or sad, and seem to imply a perfect acquaintance with every peculiarity of his circumstances.

See his letters on *Stella's* sickness, and from *sir Arthur Acheson's*.

Dr. *Sheridan* was a clergyman of considerable parts and great learning ; he had in particular an extensive and critical knowledge of the language and history of the ancient *Greeks* and *Romans*, which he taught with great success in a grammar school of which he was master ; and it was remarked that his scholars brought to the university, not only much learning but good morals. This gentleman was by nature suited to *Swift* as a companion in the highest degree ; he had a vein of humour that was a constant occasion of merriment, he had an absence of mind, which rendered him a perpetual object of raillery, and an indolent good-nature which made him unapt to take offence ; he was always disposed to be chearful, and therefore readily concurred in the entertainment of *Swift's* hours of pleasantry ; and could without much pain or displeasure give way to his petulance, or his coldness, in his paroxysms of fretfulness and reserve ; he also greatly contributed to *Swift's* amusement by little sprightly pieces of the inferior kind of poetry, which he was always writing ; and yet more to his employment by hints and materials which he was every moment throwing out.

With this easy, negligent, contented creature *Swift* passed much of his time as well during Mrs. *Johnson's* life as afterwards ; and though there is in general an

air of superiority in his letters, and might be sometimes, in his behaviour, a want of that complacency which no familiarity should exclude ; yet it appears that the dean did not hold *Sheridan* cheap. *Sheridan* he loved for his own merit, and was content to have deserved his love by the interest of another ;

Vol. XII. “ *Stella*, says he, loved you well, and a great
209. share of the little merit I have with you is owing to her solicitations.”

In the year 1733, when an attempt was made to repeal the test act in *Ireland*, the dissenters often affected to call themselves brother protestants and fellow *Christians* with the members of the established church. Upon this occasion

See Vol. VII, p. 251. the dean wrote a short copy of verses, in which there is a passage that so provoked one *Bettesworth*, a lawyer, and member of the *Irish* parliament, that he swore in the hearing of many persons to revenge himself either by murdering or maiming the author : and, for this purpose, he engaged his footman with two ruffians to secure the dean wherever he could be found. As soon as this oath and attempt of *Bettesworth* were known, thirty of the nobility and gentry of the liberty of *St. Patrick's* waited upon the dean in form, and presented a paper subscribed with their names, in which they solemnly engaged, in behalf of themselves and the rest of the liberty, to defend his person and fortune, as the friend and benefactor of his country.

Such was the reverence and affection with which *Swift* was treated in his old age, not by domestics or dependants whom the hope of some future advantage might induce to dissemble, but by persons of rank and fortune, with whom he had no connexion, but as a benefactor to the publick, and who, as they had nothing future to hope, could be prompted only by gratitude for the past, such gratitude as was never yet

excited but by characters very different from actual misanthropy or sordid selfishness.

When this paper was delivered, *Swift* was in bed giddy and deaf, having been some time before seized with one of his fits; but he dictated an answer in which there is all the dignity of habitual pre-eminence, and all the resignation of humble piety; though he acknowledged the kindness of his friends, yet he declared his trust to be in God: he bewailed his incapacity to receive and thank them as in justice and gratitude he ought; and concluded with a short but pathetic prayer for their temporal and eternal happiness.

These fits of giddiness and deafness, which were the effects of his surfeit before he was twenty years old, became more frequent and more violent in proportion as he grew into years. And in 1736, while he was writing a satire on the *Irish* parliament, which he called the *Legion Club*, he was seized with one of these fits, the effect of which was so dreadful that he left the poem unfinished, and never afterwards attempted a composition either in verse or prose that required a course of thinking, or perhaps more than one sitting to finish.

From this time his memory was perceived gradually to decline, and his passions to pervert his understanding; a calamity to which many particulars seem to have concurred.

His solitude which has been already accounted for, prevented the diversion of his mind by conversation from brooding over his disappointments, and aggravating every injury that he had suffered by all the circumstances which ingenious resentment, if it does not find, is apt to create: a resolution which he had taken, and to which he obstinately adhered, not to wear spectacles, precluded the entertainment which he might otherwise have found in books, and his giddiness, though it was a mere corporal disorder, pre-

vented the employment of his mind in composition. In this situation his thoughts seem to have been confined to the contemplation of his own misery which he felt to be great, and which in this world he knew to be hopeless; the sense of his present condition was necessarily complicated with regret of the past, and with resentment both against those by whom he had been banished, and those who had deserted him in his exile. A fixed attention to one object long continued is known to destroy the ballance of the mind, and it is not therefore strange that *Swift* should by degrees become the victim of outrageous madness.

That he was weary of life, appears by many passages in his letters and expressions to his friends. In 1739, three years after his memory first declined, he had been standing with a clergyman under a very large heavy pier glass, which, just as they moved to another part of the room, fell down and broke to pieces; the clergyman, struck with a sense of the danger from which they had escaped, turned to *Swift* and cried out, What a mercy it is that we moved the moment we did; for, if we had not, we should certainly have been killed. The dean replied, that, as to himself, he was sorry he had changed ground, and wished the glass had fallen upon him.

Till about the time of this accident, though his memory was become very defective, and his passions more violent, yet his conversation was still sprightly and sensible, but mingled with more satire, and that satire was more bitter; he also continued to correspond by letter with his friends in *England*, particularly Mr. *Pope*, with whom he had contracted an early friendship which continued till his death. It has been said that towards the end of their lives it grew cold, but the dean in a letter to lord *Orrery*, which he wrote a short time before his incapacity, says, "When you see my dear friend *Pope*, tell him I will answer his letter soon: *I love him above all the rest of mankind.*"

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He has also called Mr. *Pope* his *dearest* friend in his will, and Mr. *Pope* in a letter which was written about the same time makes this request: "Assure him [the dean] the world has nothing in it I *admire* so much ; nothing the loss of which I should *regret* so much as his GENIUS and his VIRTUES."

In the beginning of the year 1741, his understanding was so much impaired, and his passions so much increased, that he was utterly incapable of conversation. Strangers were not permitted to approach him, and his friends found it necessary to have guardians appointed of his person and estate. Early in the year 1742, his rea-

Orrery, p.
98.

son was wholly subverted, and his rage became absolute madness. The last person whom he knew was Mrs. *Whiteway*, and the sight of her when he knew her no more threw him into fits of rage so violent and dreadful that she was forced to leave him, and the only act of kindness that remained in her power was to call once or twice a week at the deanery, inquire after his health, and see that proper care was taken of him ; sometimes she would steal a look at him when his back was towards her, but did not dare to venture into his sight. He would neither eat nor drink while the servant who brought him his provisions stayed in the room ; his meat, which was served up ready cut, he would sometimes suffer to stand an hour on the table before he would touch it, and at last he would eat it walking, for, during this deplorable state of his mind, it was his constant custom to walk ten hours a day.

Orrery,
94, 106.

In *October* 1742, after this phrensy had continued several months, his left eye swelled to the size of an egg, and the lid appeared to be so much inflamed and discoloured, that the surgeon expected it to mortify ; several large boils also broke out on his arms and his body. The extreme pain of this tumour kept him waking near a month, and during one week it was

with

with difficulty that five persons kept him, by mere force, from tearing out his own eyes.

It has been observed that corporal pain, whether by forcing the mind from that object which has engrossed it, or by whatever means, has restored lunatics to the use of reason; and this effect, in a great degree, it produced upon the dean, for just before the tumour perfectly subsided, and the pain left him, he knew Mrs. *Whiteway*, took her by the hand, and spoke to her with his former kindness; that day, and the following, he knew his physician and surgeon, and all his family, and appeared to have so far recovered his understanding and temper, that the surgeon was not without hopes he might once more enjoy society, and be amused by the company of his old friends. This hope, however, was but of short duration, for a few days afterwards he sunk into a state of total insensibility, slept much, and could not, without great difficulty, be prevailed upon to walk cross the room. This was the effect of another bodily disease, his brain being loaded with water. Mr. *Stevens*, an ingenious clergyman of *Dublin*, pronounced this to be the case during his illness, *Orrery*, 94, 95, 96, and, upon opening his body, it appeared 97, 98. that he was not mistaken; but, though he *J.R.* 149. often entreated the dean's friends and physicians that his head might be trepanned and the water discharged, no regard was paid to his opinion or his entreaty.

After the dean had continued silent a whole year, in this state of helpless idiocy, his house-keeper went into his room on the 30th of *November*, in the morning, and told him that it was his birth-day, and that bonfires and illuminations were preparing to celebrate it as usual; to this he immediately replied, It is all folly, they had better let it alone.

Some other instances of short intervals of sensibility

lity and reason, after his madness had ended in stupor, seem to prove that his disorder, whatever it was, had not destroyed, but only suspended the powers of his mind.

He was sometimes visited by Mr. *Deane Swift*, a relation ; and about *Christmas*, 1743, he seemed desirous to speak to him. Mr. *Swift* then told him he came to dine with him, and Mrs. *Ridgeway*, the house-keeper, immediately said, *Won't you give Mr. Swift a glass of wine, sir ?* To this he made no answer, but shewed that he understood the question, by shrugging up his shoulders, as he had been used to do when he had a mind a friend should spend the evening with him, and which was as much as to say, *You will ruin me in wine.* Soon after he again endeavoured, with a good deal of pain, to find words, but at last, after many efforts, not being able, he fetched a deep sigh, and was afterwards silent. A few months afterwards, upon his house-keeper's removing a knife, as he was going to catch at it, he shrugged up his shoulders, and said, "I am what I am, I am what I am," and, in about six minutes, repeated the same words two or three times.

In the year 1744, he now and then called his servant by his name, and once attempting to speak to him, but not being able to express his meaning, he shewed signs of much uneasiness, and at last said, 'I am a fool.' Once, afterwards, as his servant was taking away his watch, he said, *Bring it here* ; and, when the same servant was breaking a large hard coal, he said, 'That is a stone, you blockhead.'

From this time he was perfectly silent, till the latter end of *October*, 1745, and then died, without the least pang or convulsion, in the 78th year of his age.

By his will, which is dated in *May*, 1740, just before he ceased to be a reasonable being, he left about 1200 l. in specifick legacies, and the rest of his fortune,

tune, which amounted to about 11000 l. to erect and endow an hospital for idiots and lunaticks.

He was buried in the great isle of St. *Patrick's* cathedral, under a stone of black marble, inscribed with an epitaph in *Latin*, written by himself.

See vol.
xii. 367.

From this narrative of his life, and from his works, to which it is prefixed, the striking peculiarities of his character may easily be collected; but there are some incidents which relate to his conversation, and some which respect his person and private œconomy, which should by no means be omitted.

In company, he neither wrapped himself up in his own importance, without deigning to communicate his knowledge, or exert his wit; nor did he engross the conversation by perpetual and overbearing loquacity. His rule was never to speak more than a minute at a time, and then to wait, at least, as long for others to take up the conversation, after which he had a right to speak again. His colloquial stile, like that of his writings, was clear, forcible, and concise. He greatly excelled in punning; a talent, which, he said, no man affected to despise, but those that were without it; and his conversation would have furnished a more excellent compendium of this species of wit, than was ever yet compiled, or, perhaps, ever will; some of these sallies of his imagination are still remembered, and, among others, the following, which may serve for examples.

D.S. 366.
J.R. 203.

He happened to be at the castle, in the lieutenantcy of the earl of *Pembroke*, when a learned physician was haranguing his excellency upon the nature and qualities of bees, which he was perpetually calling a nation and commonwealth: Yes, my lord, says *Swift*, they are a nation, and of great antiquity; you know

know, my lord, *Moses* takes notice of them ; he numbers the *Hivites* among the nations which *Joshua* was appointed to conquer.

He was another time in company with a lady, whose long train happened to sweep down a fine fiddle, and break it, upon which he immediately cried out,

Mantua vae miseræ nimium vicina Cremonæ.

But his conversation abounded with turns of wit of an higher kind ; being one day at a sheriff's feast, who, after several other toasts had been drank, called out to him, Mr. dean, *The* J.R. 214. *trade of Ireland* : the dean turned about, and immediately answered, Sir, *I drink no memories* *.

He greatly admired the talents of the late duke of *Wharton*, and hearing him, one day, recount many of his frolicks : Aye, my lord, said he, you J.R. 216. have had many frolicks, but let me recommend one more to you, *take a frolick to be virtuous*. I assure you it will do you more honour than all the rest.

The dean also greatly excelled in telling a story ; and though in the latter part of his life he was very apt to tell his stories too often, J.R. 218. yet his wit, as well as his virtue, was always superior to the wretched expedients of those despicable babblers, who are perpetually attempting to put off double entendre and prophaneness for humour and wit. His conversation was in the highest degree chaste, and wholly free from the least tincture of irreligion.

As he was zealous to preserve all the delicacies of conversation, he was always best pleased when some of the company were ladies ; and in one of his

* Dr. Brown, bishop of *Cork*, had just then printed two pamphlets and preached several sermons, in which drinking to memories was zealously condemned.

letters to lord *Oxford*, he says, since women have been left out of all our meetings, except parties of play, or where worse designs are carried on, our conversation has very much degenerated.

D.S. 366.

And, in this instance, his example is a reproof to those pedants, who suppose that women are never in their proper sphere, but in the dressing room or the nursery.

If the conversation turned upon serious subjects, he was neither petulant in the debate, nor

D.S. 368.

negligent of the issue. He would listen with great attention to the arguments of others, and whether he was or was not engaged as a disputant himself, he would recapitulate what had been said, state the question with great clearness and precision, point out the controverted particular, and appeal to the opinion either of some neutral person, or of the majority.

It is, however, true, that he kept his friends in some degree of awe, and yet he was more open to admonition than flattery, if it was offered without arrogance, and by persons of whose ability and honesty he had no doubt. In his poem of *J. R.* 19. *Baucis and Philemon*, which does not consist of quite two hundred verses, Mr. *Addison* made him blot out fourscore, add fourscore, and alter fourscore. It was customary with his friends to make him some little annual present on his birth-day, something, according to his own definition of a present, which was of no great value, but which could not be bought; and Dr. *Delany*, soon after he was admitted to some degree of intimacy, sent him, with such a memorial of his esteem, some verses, in which he upbraids him, though with great delicacy, for misapplying his talents; and admonishes him to turn the force of ridicule of which he was so great a master, upon those who had laboured to employ it against the sacred doctrines of *Christianity*. The dean,

as he had suffered *Addison's* correction with approbation, received this admonition with kindness; he sighed, and said, with great appearances of regret, that it was *too late*, and from that day took all occasions to distinguish *Delany* by the name of *Friend*.

He had, indeed, no skill in musick, and so was not able to entertain his company with a song, to which some men of great dignity, and great parts, have condescended: but his power of ridicule extended even to musick, of which he gave an instance too singular to be forgotten:

Dr. *Pratt*, who was then provost of *Dublin* college, had acquired much of the *Italian* taste for musick in his travels, and *Tom Rossengrave*, a celebrated performer, being just returned from *Italy*, played a voluntary at *St. Patrick's* cathedral, where Dr. *Pratt* heard him, and *Swift* was also present: the doctor happened to dine at the deanery the same day, and was so extravagant in his encomiums on *Rossengrave's* voluntary, that several of the company said, they wished they had heard it: Do you, said *Swift*, then you shall hear it still, and immediately he sung out so lively, and yet so ridiculous an imitation of it, that all the company were kept in continual laughter till it was over, except one old gentleman, who sat with great composure, and, though he listened, yet shewed neither curiosity nor approbation. After the entertainment, he was asked, by some of the company, How it happened that he had been no more affected by the musick? To which he answered with great gravity, That he had heard Mr. *Rossengrave* himself play it before.

Such was *Swift* as a companion; as a master, he was not less remarkable or meritorious.

As he expected punctual, ready, and implicit obedience, he always tried his servants when he hired them by some test of their humility. Among other questions, he always asked whether they understood
cleaning

cleaning shoes ; because, said he, my kitchen-wench has a scullion that does her drudgery, and one part of the business of my groom and footman is constantly to clean her shoes by turns : if they scrupled this, the treaty was at an end ; if not, he gave them a farther hearing.

His kitchen-wench, however, was his cook, a woman of a large size, robust constitution, and coarse features, whose face was very much seamed with the small-pox, and furrowed by age : this woman he always distinguished by the name of *Sweetheart*.

It happened one day that *Sweetheart* greatly over-roasted the only joint he had for dinner ; upon which he sent for her up, and, with great coolness and gravity, *Sweetheart*, says he, take this down into the kitchen and do it less. She replied, that was impossible. Pray then, said he, if you had roasted it too little, could you have done it more ? Yes, she said, she could easily have done that : Why then, *Sweetheart*, replied the dean, let me advise you, if you must commit a fault, commit a fault that can be mended.

To the rest of his servants, indeed, he appeared to be churlish and austere, but, in reality, was one of the best masters in the world : he allowed them board-wages at the highest rate then known ; and if he employed them about any thing out of the ordinary course of their service, he always paid them to the full value of the work, as he would have paid another : with these emoluments, and the fragments from his table, he expected they should find themselves in victuals, and all other necessaries, except the liveries which he gave them ; if in this situation their expences were greater than their income, it was judged a sufficient reason to discharge them ; but, on the contrary, as soon as they had saved a full year's wages, he constantly paid them legal interest for it, and took great pleasure in seeing it accumulate to a sum, which might settle them in some employment

ployment if he should die, or if they found it advisable to quit his service, which seldom happened; and he with whom his servants live long, has indubitable witnesses that he is a good master.

It is also certain, that, notwithstanding the apparent austerity of his temper, he did not consider his servants as *poor slaves*, to whose service he had a right, in consideration merely of his money, and owed them no reciprocal obligation.

Orrery,
200.

He had a servant whom he used to call *Saunders*, that lived long with him, and at length fell sick and died. In his sickness, which lasted many months, *Swift* took care that all possible relief and assistance should be afforded him, and when he died, he buried him in the south isle of his cathedral, and erected a small piece of statuary to his memory, with this inscription:

Here lieth the body of
Alexander Magee, servant to doctor *Swift*,
dean of *St. Patrick's*.

His *grateful* master caused this monument to be erected in memory of his discretion, fidelity, and diligence in that humble station.

Ob. Mar. 24, 1721, Ætat. 29.

In the original copy, which the author of the *Observations* saw in the dean's own hand, the expression was still stronger, and more to the dean's honour, thus:

His grateful *friend* and master.

But a person of the dean's acquaintance, who is much more distinguished for vanity than wisdom, prevailed upon him to leave out *friend*, even in opposition to his own well known maxim, that a faithful servant should always be considered not as a *poor slave*, but an *humble friend*. Of this person the name

is not told ; but to conceal it is rather injustice than mercy, for he ought, on this occasion, to inherit a disgrace, at least, proportionate to the honour which he found means to with-hold from *Swift*.

As a member of civil society, he was a zealous advocate for liberty, the detector of fraud, and the scourge of oppression. In his private capacity, he was not only charitable but generous ; and whatever misanthropy may be found in his writings, there does not appear to have been any in his life.

His writings in defence of the poor infatuated people of *Ireland* are well known ; and that he might not be wanting himself while he pleaded their cause with others, he constantly lent out a large sum of money in small portions to honest, diligent, and necessitous tradesmen, who paid it with a small gratuity by way of interest to the person who kept the account of the disbursements and weekly payments, for he received back these loans by a certain
J.R. 203, sum out of the weekly profit of the bor-
 4. rowers trade, in such proportions as that the whole should be repaid in a year.

Besides this he frequently gave away 5 and 10 l. when proper objects offered, without any parade. He was indeed diligent to relieve the poor, and at the same time to encourage industry, even in the lowest station, and used regularly to visit a great number of poor, chiefly women, as well in the public streets as in the bye allies ; and, under the arches of *Dublin*, some of these sold plums, some hobnails, others tape, and others gingerbread ; some knitted, some darned stockings, and others cobbled shoes ; these women were most of them old, deformed, or crippled, and some were all three. He saluted them with great kindness, asked how they throve, and what stock they had ; if the ware of any of them was such as he could possibly use, or pretend to use, he bought some, and paid

paid for every half-penny worth six pence ;
 if not, he always added something to their
 stock, and strictly charged them to be indu-
 strious and honest.

J. R. 132,
 133.

It must be confessed that these acts of bounty did not appear to be the effects of compassion, for of the soft sympathy with distress that sometimes sparkles in the eye, and sometimes glows upon the cheek, he shewed no sign, and he may therefore be supposed to have wanted it ; however, it is certain, that he was wholly free from ill-nature, for a man can have no complacence in that evil which he is continually busy to remove.

His bounty had not indeed the indiscriminating ardour of blind instinct, and, if it had, it would not have been the instrument of equal happiness : to feed idleness is to propagate misery, and discourage virtue ; but to insure the reward of industry is to bestow a benefit at once upon the individual and the publick ; it is to preserve from despair those who struggle with difficulty and disappointment, it is to supply food and rest to that labour which alone can make food tasteful and rest sweet, and to invigorate the community by the full use of those members which would otherwise become not only useless but hurtful, as a limb in which the vital fluid ceases to circulate will not only wither but corrupt. In this view then the bounty of *Swift* was, like every other *Christian* duty, a reasonable service ; and that he felt no secret pleasure in the calamities of others, may be fairly concluded not only from his general practice, but from many particular facts in which he appears to have been watchful and zealous to alleviate distress by unsolicited and unexpected liberality.

It happened that a young gentleman of his choir, being abroad with his gun, suffered irreparable hurt by its going off accidentally. When the dean heard of it, he expressed great concern, and, having paused

a little, Well, said he, this will be a good time at once to reward merit and alleviate distress; I will make him a vicar, which he did accordingly the same hour.

There are some infirmities to which the mind as well as the body naturally becomes subject in the decline of life. The desire of accumulating wealth almost always increases in proportion as it becomes more absurd, and those are most tenacious of money, to whom money can be of least use. It has been generally said that this weakness is the effect of long acquaintance with mankind, who are found to deserve less confidence and less kindness, as they are more known; and indeed, though this opinion should not hastily be admitted, it must yet be confessed, that the first article in which men lessen their expences, is generally the money they have been used to give away, and that they gradually lose the inclination to do good as they acquire the power. But *Swift*, if he was not exempt from the infirmity, was yet clear of the vice. If his œconomy degenerated into avarice, it must be confessed that his avarice did not contract his bounty, and he suffers no degradation in his moral character, who, when the practice of any virtue is become more difficult, is yet able to exert it in the same degree.

Swift turned all the evil of excessive frugality upon himself. It induced him to walk when he had been used to ride, and he would then say he had earned a shilling or eighteen-pence, which he had a right to do what he pleased with, and which he constantly applied to his usual charities, which by this expedient he could continue, and yet expend less upon the whole than before. But the distribution even of this charity was marked with the peculiarity of his character, for that he might proportion his bounty to the necessities and the merit of various objects, and yet give but one
 7. R. 13. piece of money at a time, he constantly kept a pocket full of all sorts of coin, from a silver three-pence to a crown-piece.

But as his desire of immediate gain was not gratified at the expence of the poor, to whose distress he was a witness ; neither was it gratified at the expence of those whom it was impossible he should know, though he had many opportunities of doing it.

He once resolved never to renew a certain lease belonging to the deanery without raising the rent thirty pounds a year. The tenant had often solicited him, instead of raising the rent, to take a larger fine ; and, this man, a very short time before the dean lost his memory, urged him with a very large sum, supposing that as raising the rent could only enrich the dean's successor, and a large fine would come into his own coffer, he should certainly succeed. The dean however maintained his integrity, refused the offer with indignation, and fulfilled his purpose of raising the rent, though at this time his memory was so bad, *J.R. 208.* that the next day he did not remember what he had done, and his love of money so predominant over every thing but his virtue, *J.R. 145.* that, though he complained of being deserted, yet he banished his best friends, merely to save the expence of entertaining them, and would sometimes refuse them a single bottle of wine.

As an ecclesiastic, he was scrupulously exact in the exercise of his function, as well with regard to spiritual as temporal things. As to his cathedral he expended more money to support and adorn it than had been applied to the same use in any period since it was first built. He was extremely exact and continuous in promoting the members of his choir according to their merit, and never advanced any person to a vicarage who was not qualified in all respects, and in the highest degree, whatever their interest, or however recommended ; and he once refused a vicarage to a person for whom the lady *Carteret* was very importunate, though he declared to her ladyship, that, if it

had been in his power to have made the gentleman a dean or a bishop, he would have obliged her willingly, because he said deaneries and bishopricks were preferments in which merit had no concern, though the

J.R. 192. merit of a vicar would be brought to the test every day. Nor would he suffer one shilling of the cathedral money to be alienated from its proper use, even for the purpose of charity; when any person solicited such an alienation, he used to tell them that this money was appropriated, but, says he, as you declare the person to be relieved is an object of *Christian* charity, I will give out of my private purse any sum proportioned to my revenue, if you will contribute a sum in the same proportion to yours; my deanery is worth seven hundred pounds, your income is two; if you will give two shillings, I will give seven, or any larger sum after the same rate.

As to the poor in the liberty of his own cathedral, they were better regulated than any other in the kingdom; they were all badged, and were never found

J.R. 8. begging out of their district; for these he built and furnished a little alms-house, being assisted by some voluntary contributions, and preserved among them uncommon cleanliness and decency by constantly visiting them in person.

It has already been remarked, that, though he did not himself understand music, yet he always attended at the performance of the anthem, that the choir might do their duty; but he had another practice yet more singular and more useful. As soon as the preacher mounted the pulpit, he pulled out a pencil and piece of paper, and carefully noted whatever was wrong both in the expressions and the manner in which they were delivered, whether they were too scholastic to be generally understood, or so coarse and vulgar as to lose their dignity; and he never failed to make these the subject of an admonition to the preacher as soon as he came into the chapter-house.

He improved even his living of *Laracor*, though he continued there but a short time, and left both the house and glebe a convenient and agreeable retreat to his successor at a considerable expence, for which he knew no return would be made to his executors ; and he determined to assert his right of absence against the archbishop of *Dublin*, at the expence of several hundred pounds, at a time when he did not believe he should ever more claim the privilege for himself, because he would not endanger the liberty of his successor by an injurious precedent.

See his
letter,
vol. XII.

There is no act of virtue, which men have so often substituted for the peculiar positive duties of *Christians* as liberality to the poor, nor any by which they have so often hoped to atone for the breach of every other moral obligation.

But the dean, though he abounded in charity, was not less diligent in the practice of other virtues, or less devout and constant in the solemnities of religion. He was remarkably temperate both in eating and drinking ; he was not only just, but punctual in his dealings, and he had an inviolable regard for truth. As he constantly attended divine worship when he was at home, so he used always to go early to church when he was in *London*, and never to sleep without assembling his family in his own chamber to prayers.

It has often been remarked, that virtue in excess becomes vicious, and not only precludes the reward of the possessor, but produces rather mischief than good to others. An abhorrence of hypocrisy was a striking particular in *Swift's* character, but it is difficult to determine whether it was more a virtue than a vice, for it brought upon him the charge of irreligion, and encouraged others to be irreligious. In proportion as he abhorred hypocrisy, he dreaded the imputation of it, and therefore concealed his piety

with as much diligence as others conceal those vices, which custom has not made reputable. His constant attendance at church, when he was at the deanery, he knew would be considered as the duty of his station, but whatever had the appearance of voluntary devotion he always took care to hide; when he went to church in *London*, it was early in the morning, so that, though he was constantly at prayers, and at the sacrament, yet he appeared to neglect both, as he was at home when others were at church; and, when he went to prayers in his family, the servants assembled at the appointed hour as it were by stealth, without any notice from a bell, or any other call except the striking of the clock; so that Dr. *Delany* was six months in his family before he suspected him of this unfashionable practice. The same principle upon which he thus studiously avoided appearances of good, made him frequently incur appearances of evil, especially when an opportunity offered of indulging his peculiar vein of humour, and gratifying his natural disposition. One instance of this has already been given in his solemn address to his clerk from the pulpit by the name of *Roger*, but there are others which are less excusable. Soon after he was made dean of St. *Patrick's*, he had dined one *Sunday* with Dr. *Raymond*, vicar of *Trim*, and when the bell had rung, and the people were assembled to evening prayers at the church which was not distant more than two hundred yards, *Raymond*, said he, I will lay you a crown that I begin prayers before you this afternoon; Dr. *Raymond* accepted the wager, and immediately both run as fast as they could towards the church. *Raymond* who was much nimbler than *Swift*, arrived first at the door, and when he entered the church, walked decently towards the reading desk; *Swift* never slackened his pace, but, running up the aisle, left Dr. *Raymond* behind him in the middle of it, and, stepping in-

to

to the desk without putting on a surplice or opening the book, began the service in an audible voice, and thus won his wager.

It has been common, among pretenders to wit, to affect great contempt for every kind of regularity, to live, or pretend to live, in a state of continual dissipation, without regard to the return of those seasons which have been generally allotted to particular purposes, without sleeping or waking, or eating or drinking, like the rest of mankind. To recover these unhappy wretches from a condition so deplorable as to suppress indignation, and yet so contemptible as scarce to excite pity, it is here recorded that the life of *Swift* was in the highest degree uniform and regular, his hours of walking and reading, of exercise and amusement, never varied; and that he might keep the revolution of his employments with greater exactness, his watch was almost constantly either in his hand or on the table before him.

As his abhorrence of hypocrisy exempted him from affectation, the natural equity of his mind secured him against envy; envy seems to be a desire of equality gratified by degrading others; as emulation is a desire of equality gratified by advancing ourselves. It does not appear that *Swift*, upon a supposition that he had no superior, was without emulation, but by his ready assistance to advance the reputation and circumstances of others, he appears to have been free from envy.

He cultivated genius wherever he found it, and in whatever degree, with great zeal and assiduity, and would cheerfully spend much time in correcting and improving any literary composition that had the least appearance of ingenuity; nor was this kindness confined to those whose parts could never come in competition with his own, he started many hints to Mr. *Gay* which he pursued with great success, and he recommended

mended *Congreve*, *Addison*, *Parnel*, and many others, to those whose favour was most likely to render them conspicuous.

Among his singularities were his resolution never to wear spectacles, and his obstinate perseverance in the use of too much exercise. His want of spectacles made it difficult to read, and his immoderate exercise wasted his flesh and produced a poorness in his blood, as he was often told by his friends and physicians, Dr. *Hellsham* and Dr. *Grattan*, and as afterwards appeared by experiment, for, when he was reduced to a state of idiotism and ceased from walking, he recovered his flesh in a short time.

He was cleanly even to superstition, his nails were always pared to the quick to prevent the least gathering of dirt under them, and he never dressed without a basin of water by him, with which he carefully cleansed his feet. In his person he was robust and masculine, his deportment was commanding, and his walk erect. His voice was sharp and high-toned, especially when he read prayers, but not effeminate, and there was a natural severity in his aspect, which even his smiles could scarce soften, nor his utmost gaiety relax.

His manner was without ceremony, but not rustic, for he had a perfect knowledge of all the modes and variations of politeness and complaisance which he practised in a manner peculiar to himself; and the respect, that was due to him by these rules, he took care to exact without the least abatement.

It will readily be admitted that every man has some appetite, affection, or disposition, which either in kind or in degree is irregular, and which it is the province of reason to order and restrain. As it will always happen that in some instances passion will predominate and reason in others, it follows that there must be some diffimi-

Orrery,
78.

D. S. 360,
365.

diffimilitude in every character, from which *Swift's* could not therefore be exempt ; but upon the whole it will be found uncommonly steady and uniform, though some, to screen their own scattered and inconsistent representations of it from censure, have pretended that it was capricious, various, and contradictory.

Swift appears to have been naturally temperate and chaste, it was therefore easy for him to be frugal ; but he was also naturally high-spirited, and therefore, as wealth is the pledge of independence, it is not strange his frugality should verge towards excess. However, as he acted upon principles, not only of general virtue, but of the noblest moral system of *Christianity*, he did not deliver himself up to natural propensities, when they were contrary to his duty, and therefore his love of money did not contract his charity to the poor, or defraud his successors to enrich himself. The same spirit which secured his integrity by disdaining the meanness of a lye, produced that dread of hypocrisy which concealed his piety, and betrayed him into appearances of evil ; and the same want of natural tenderness which made him appear obdurate and austere, transferred the distribution of his liberality from instinct to religion, and made that, which in others is an exercise of self-love, in him an act of obedience to God.

Such was Dr. *Jonathan Swift*, whose writings either stimulate mankind to sustain their dignity as rational and moral beings, by shewing how low they stand in mere animal nature, or fright them from indecency by holding up its picture before them in its native deformity : and whose life, with all the advantages of genius and learning, was a scale of infelicity gradually ascending till pain and anguish destroyed the faculties.

culties by which they were felt ; while he was viewed at a distance with envy, he became a burden to himself ; he was forsaken by his friends, and his memory has been loaded with unmerited reproach : his life therefore does not afford less instruction than his writings, since to the wise it may teach humility, and to the simple content.



VERSES, &c. referred to from the LIFE
of Dr. SWIFT.

STELLA *to Dr. SWIFT on his birth-day,*
November 30, 1721.

The Dean declared that these verses had undergone no correction. [D. S. p. 81.

ST. PATRICK's dean, your country's pride,
My early and my only guide,
Let me among the rest attend,
Your pupil and your humble friend,
To celebrate in female strains
The day that paid your mother's pains;
Descend to take that tribute due
In gratitude alone to you.

When men began to call me fair,
You interpos'd your timely care;
You early taught me to despise
The ogling of a coxcomb's eyes;
Shew'd where my judgment was misplac'd;
Refin'd my fancy and my taste.

Behold that beauty just decay'd,
Invoking art to nature's aid;
Forsook by her admiring train
She spreads her tatter'd nets in vain;
Short was her part upon the stage;
Went smoothly on for half a page;
Her bloom was gone, she wanted art,
As the scene chang'd, to change her part;
She, whom no lover could resist,
Before the second act was hiss'd.
Such is the fate of female race
With no endowments but a face;
Before the thirtieth year of life
A maid forlorn, or hated wife.

STELLA to you, her tutor, owes
That she has ne'er resembled those;
Nor was a burthen to mankind
With half her course of years behind.

F

You

You taught how I might youth prolong
 By knowing what was right and wrong;
 How from my heart to bring supplies
 Of lustre to my fading eyes;
 How soon a beauteous mind repairs
 The loss of chang'd or falling hairs;
 How wit and virtue from within
 Send out a smoothness o'er the skin:
 Your lectures cou'd my fancy fix,
 And I can please at thirty-six.
 The sight of CHLOE at fifteen
 Coquetting, gives not me the spleen;
 The idol now of every fool
 'Till time shall make their passions cool;
 Then tumbling down time's steepy hill,
 While STELLA holds her station still.
 Oh! turn your precepts into laws,
 Redeem the women's ruin'd cause,
 Retrieve lost empire to our sex,
 That men may bow their rebel necks.

Long be the day that gave you birth
 Sacred to friendship, wit, and mirth;
 Late dying may you cast a shred
 Of your rich mantle o'er my head;
 To bear with dignity my sorrow,
 One day *alone, then die to-morrow.*

An elegy upon *Demar* the miser, was a subject
 started and partly executed in company consisting of
Swift and *Stella* and a few friends; every one threw
 in a hint, and *Stella's* was the following.

But as he weighed his gold, grim death in spite
 Cast in his dart, which made three moidores light:
 And when he saw his darling money fail,
 Blew his last breath, to sink the lighter scale.

*Address of the Inhabitants of the Liberty of the Dean
and Chapter of St. Patrick's, Dublin.*

WE the inhabitants of the liberty of the Dean and Chapter of *St. Patrick's, Dublin*, and the neighbourhood of the same, having been inform'd, by universal report, that a certain man of this city hath openly threatned and sworn before many hundred people, as well persons of quality as others, that he resolves upon the first opportunity, by the help of several ruffians, to murder or maim the Reverend the Dean of *St. Patrick's* our neighbour, benefactor, and head of the liberty of *St. Patrick's*, upon a frivolous unproved suspicion, of the said Dean's having written some lines in verse reflecting on the said man :

Therefore we the said inhabitants of the said liberty, and in the neighbourhood thereof, from our great love and respect to the said Dean, to whom the whole kingdom hath so many obligations, as well as we of the liberty, do unanimously declare, that we will endeavour to defend the life and limbs of the said Dean against the said man, and all his ruffians and murderers, as far as the law will allow; if he or any of them presume to come into the said liberty with any wicked malicious intent against the house, or family, or person, or goods of the said Dean. To which we have chearfully, sincerely, and heartily, set our hands.

The Dean being in bed, very much indisposed, and not able to receive the said persons, dictated the following answer.

Gentlemen,

I receive with great thankfulness these many kind expressions of your concern for my safety, as well as your declared resolution to defend me (as far as the laws of God and man will allow) against all murderers

derers and ruffians, who shall attempt to enter into the liberty with any bloody or wicked designs, upon my life, my limbs, my house, or my goods. Gentlemen, my life is in the hands of God, and whether it may be cut off by treachery or open violence, or by the common way of other men; as long as it continues I shall ever bear a grateful memory for this favour you have shewn, beyond my expectation, and almost exceeding my wishes. The inhabitants of the liberty as well as those of the neighbourhood, have lived with me in great amity for near twenty years; which I am confident will never diminish during my life. I am chiefly sorry that by two cruel disorders of deafness and giddiness, which have pursued me for four months, I am not in a condition either to hear, or to receive you, much less to return my most sincere acknowledgments, which in justice and gratitude I ought to do. May God bless you and your families in this world, and make you for ever happy in the next.

A
T A L E O F A T U B.

Written for the
UNIVERSAL IMPROVEMENT
O F
M A N K I N D.

Diu multumque desideratum.

To which is added,
An Account of a Battle between the
Antient and Modern Books in St.
James's Library. .

Bafyma cacabafa eanaa, irraumifta diarbada caëota
bafobor camelanthi. *Iren. Lib. 1. C. 18.*

— *Juvatque novos decerpere flores,
Insignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam,
Unde prius nulli velarunt tempora Musæ.* Lucret.

With the Author's Apology ;
And Explanatory Notes, by *W. Wotton*, B. D.
and others.

L O N D O N :
Printed for CHARLES BATHURST, at the
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M D C C L I V.

THE AUTHOR'S
A P O L O G Y.

IF good and ill nature equally operated upon mankind, I might have saved myself the trouble of this apology; for it is manifest by the reception the following discourse hath met with, that those, who approve it, are a great majority among the men of taste: yet there have been two or three treatises written expressly against it, besides many others that have flirted at it occasionally, without one syllable having been ever published in its defence, or even quotation to its advantage, that I can remember, except by the polite author of a late discourse between a *Deist* and a *Socinian*.

Therefore, since the book seems calculated to live at least as long as our language, and our taste admit no great alterations, I am content to convey some apology along with it.

The greatest part of that book was finished about thirteen years since, 1696, which is eight years before it was published.

ed. The author was then young, his invention at the height, and his reading fresh in his head. By the assistance of some thinking, and much conversation, he had endeavoured to strip himself of as many real prejudices as he could; I say real ones, because, under the notion of prejudices, he knew to what dangerous heights some men have proceeded. Thus prepared, he thought the numerous and gross corruptions in religion and learning might furnish matter for a satyr, that would be useful and diverting. He resolved to proceed in a manner, that should be altogether new, the world having been already too long nauseated with endless repetitions upon every subject. The abuses in religion he proposed to set forth in the allegory of the coats, and the three brothers, which was to make up the body of the discourse: those in learning he chose to introduce by way of digressions. He was then a young gentleman much in the world, and wrote to the taste of those who were like himself; therefore, in order to allure them, he gave a liberty to his pen, which might not suit with maturer years, or graver characters,

characters, and which he could have easily corrected with a very few blots, had he been master of his papers for a year or two before their publication.

Not that he would have governed his judgment by the ill-placed cavils of the sour, the envious, the stupid, and the tasteless, which he mentions with disdain. He acknowledges there are several youthful fallies, which from the grave and the wise may deserve a rebuke. But he desires to be answerable no farther than he is guilty, and that his faults may not be multiplied by the ignorant, the unnatural, and uncharitable applications of those, who have neither candor to suppose good meanings, nor palate to distinguish true ones. After which, he will forfeit his life, if any one opinion can be fairly deduced from that book, which is contrary to religion or morality.

Why should any clergyman of our church be angry to see the follies of fanaticism and superstition exposed, though in the most ridiculous manner; since that is perhaps the most probable way to cure them, or at least to hinder them from farther spreading? Besides, though it was not

intended for their perusal, it rallies nothing but what they preach against. It contains nothing to provoke them by the least scurrility upon their persons or their functions. It celebrates the church of *England* as the most perfect of all others in discipline and doctrine; it advances no opinion they reject, nor condemns any they receive. If the clergy's resentments lay upon their hands, in my humble opinion, they might have found more proper objects to employ them on: *nondum tibi defuit hostis*; I mean those heavy, illiterate scriblers, prostitute in their reputations, vicious in their lives, and ruined in their fortunes, who, to the shame of good sense as well as piety, are greedily read, merely upon the strength of bold, false, impious assertions, mixed with unmannerly reflections upon the priesthood, and openly intended against all religion; in short, full of such principles as are kindly received, because they are levelled to remove those terrors, that religion tells men will be the consequence of immoral lives. Nothing like which is to be met with in this discourse, though some of them are pleased so freely to censure it. And I wish, there

there were no other instance of what I have too frequently observed, that many of that reverend body are not always very nice in distinguishing between their enemies and their friends.

Had the author's intentions met with a more candid interpretation from some, whom out of respect he forbears to name, he might have been encouraged to an examination of books written by some of those authors above described, whose errors, ignorance, dulness, and villany he thinks he could have detected and exposed in such a manner, that the persons, who are most conceived to be infected by them, would soon lay them aside and be ashamed: but he has now given over those thoughts; since the *weightiest* men † in the *weightiest* stations are pleased to think it a more dangerous point to laugh at those corruptions in religion, which they themselves must disapprove, than to endeavour pulling up those very foundations, wherein all christians have agreed.

He thinks it no fair proceeding, that any

† Alluding to Dr. Sharp the archbishop of York's representation of the author.

person should offer determinately to fix a name upon the author of this discourse, who hath all along concealed himself from most of his nearest friends: yet several have gone a farther step, and pronounced another book * to have been the work of the same hand with this: which the author directly affirms to be a thorough mistake; he having yet never so much as read that discourse: a plain instance how little truth there often is in general surmises, or in conjectures drawn from a similitude of style, or way of thinking.

Had the author written a book to expose the abuses in law, or in physic, he believes the learned professors in either faculty would have been so far from resenting it, as to have given him thanks for his pains, especially if he had made an honourable reservation for the true practice of either science: but religion, they tell us, ought not to be ridiculed; and, they tell us truth: yet surely the corruptions in it may; for we are taught by the tritest maxim in the world, that, religion being

* Letter of enthusiasm, letter to him, in the last of supposed to have been written these volumes.
by Col. Hunter: see *Swift's*

the best of things, its corruptions are likely to be the worst.

There is one thing which the judicious reader cannot but have observed, that some of those passages in this discourse, which appear most liable to objection, are what they call parodies, where the author personates the style and manner of other writers, whom he has a mind to expose. I shall produce one instance; it is in the 61st page. *Dryden*, *L' Estrange*, and some others I shall not name, are here levelled at, who having spent their lives in faction, and apostacies, and all manner of vice, pretended to be sufferers for loyalty and religion. So *Dryden* tells us in one of his prefaces of his merits and sufferings, thanks God that he *possesses his soul in patience*; in other places he talks at the same rate; and *L' Estrange* often uses the like style; and I believe, the reader may find more persons to give that passage an application: but this is enough to direct those, who may have overlooked the author's intention.

There are three or four other passages, which prejudiced or ignorant readers have drawn by great force to hint at ill meanings;

ings; as if they glanced at some tenets in religion. In answer to all which, the author solemnly protests, he is intirely innocent; and never had it once in his thoughts, that any thing he said would in the least be capable of such interpretations, which he will engage to deduce full as fairly from the most innocent book in the world. And it will be obvious to every reader, that this was not any part of his scheme or design, the abuses he notes being such as all Church-of-*England* men agree in; nor was it proper for his subject to meddle with other points, than such as have been perpetually controverted since the reformation.

To instance only in that passage about the three wooden machines mentioned in the introduction: in the original manuscript there was a description of a fourth, which those, who had the papers in their power, blotted out, as having something in it of satyr, that I suppose they thought was too particular; and therefore they were forced to change it to the number *three*, from whence some have endeavoured to squeeze out a dangerous meaning,
that

that was never thought on. And indeed the conceit was half spoiled by changing the numbers; that of *four* being much more cabalistic, and therefore better exposing the pretended virtue of numbers, a superstition there intended to be ridiculed.

Another thing to be observed is, that there generally runs an irony through the thread of the whole book, which the men of taste will observe and distinguish, and which will render some objections, that have been made, very weak and insignificant.

This apology being chiefly intended for the satisfaction of future readers, it may be thought unnecessary to take any notice of such treatises as have been written against the ensuing discourse, which are already sunk into waste paper and oblivion, after the usual fate of common answerers to books, which are allowed to have any merit: they are indeed like annuals, that grow about a young tree, and seem to vie with it for a summer, but fall and die with the leaves in autumn, and are never heard of any more. When Dr. *Eachard* writ his book about the contempt of the clergy,

clergy, numbers of those answerers immediately started up, whose memory if he had not kept alive by his replies, it would now be utterly unknown, that he were ever answered at all. There is indeed an exception, when any great genius thinks it worth his while to expose a foolish piece; so we still read *Marvel's* answer to *Parker* † with pleasure, though the book it answers be sunk long ago; so the Earl of *Orrery's* remarks will be read with delight, when the dissertation he exposes will neither be sought nor found ‡: but these are no enterprizes for common hands, nor to be hoped for above once or twice in an age. Men would be more cautious of losing their time in such an undertaking, if they did but consider, that to answer a book effectually, requires more pains and skill, more wit, learning, and judgment, than were employed in the writing it. And the author assures those gentlemen, who

† *Parker*, afterwards bishop of *Oxford*, wrote many treatises against the dissenters, with insolence and contempt, says *Burnet*, that enraged them beyond measure; for which he was chastised by *Andrew Marvel*, under secre-

tary to *Milton*, in a little book called the *Rehearsal* transposed.

‡ *Boyle's* remarks upon *Bentley's* dissertation on the epistles of *Phalaris*, see page 243.

have given themselves that trouble with him, that his discourse is the product of the study, the observation, and the invention of several years; that he often blotted out much more than he left, and, if his papers had not been a long time out of his possession, they must have still undergone more severe corrections: and, do they think such a building is to be battered with dirt-pellets, however envenomed the mouths may be that discharge them? He hath seen the productions but of two answerers, one of which at first appeared as from an unknown hand, but since avowed by a person, * who upon some occasions hath discovered no ill vein of humour. It is a pity any occasion should put him under a necessity of being so hasty in his productions, which otherwise might often be entertaining. But there were other reasons obvious enough for his miscarriage in this; he writ against the conviction of his talent, and entered upon one of the wrongest at-

* Supposed to be Doctor *William King*, the civilian, author of an account of *Denmark*, a dissertation on samplers and other pieces of bur-

lesque on the Royal Society, and the art of cookery in imitation of *Horace's* art of poetry, &c.

tempts in nature, to turn into ridicule by a week's labour a work, which had cost so much time, and met with so much success in ridiculing others: the manner how he handled his *subject* I have now forgot, having just looked it over, when it first came out, as others did, merely for the sake of the † title.

The other answer is from a person of a graver character, and is made up of half invective, and half annotation; † in the latter of which he hath generally succeeded well enough. And the project at that time was not amiss to draw in readers to his pamphlet, several having appeared desirous, that there might be some explication of the more difficult passages. Neither can he be altogether blamed for offering at the invective part, because it is agreed on all hands, that the author had

† This we cannot recover at present, it being so absolutely forgotten, the oldest book-sellers in trade remember nothing of it.

† *Wotton's* defence of his reflections upon ancient and modern learning: from the annotation are selected the notes signed *W. Wotton*; thus *Wotton*

appears busied to illustrate a work, which he laboured to condemn, and adds force to a satire pointed against himself: as captives were bound to the chariot-wheel of the victor, and compelled to increase the pomp of his triumph, whom they had in vain attempted to defeat.

given

given him sufficient provocation. The great objection is against his manner of treating it, very unfuitable to one of his function. It was determined by a fair majority, that this answerer had, in a way not to be pardoned, drawn his pen against a certain great man then alive, and universally revered for every good quality that could possibly enter into the composition of the most accomplished person; it was observed, how he was pleased, and affected to have that noble writer called his adversary; and it was a point of satyr well directed; for I have been told, Sir *William Temple* was sufficiently mortified at the term. All the men of wit and politeness were immediately up in arms through indignation, which prevailed over their contempt by the consequences they apprehended from such an example; and it grew *Porfenna's* case; *idem trecenti juravimus*. In short, things were ripe for a general insurrection, till my lord *Orrery* had a little laid the spirit, and settled the ferment. But, his lordship being principally engaged with another antagonist *, it was

* *Bentley*, concerning *Phalaris* and *Æsop*.

thought

thought necessary, in order to quiet the minds of men, that this opposer should receive a reprimand, which partly occasioned that discourse of the Battle of the Books, and the author was farther at the pains to insert one or two remarks on him in the body of the book.

This answerer has been pleased to find fault with about a dozen passages, which the author will not be at the trouble of defending, farther than by assuring the reader, that, for the greater part the reflecter is intirely mistaken, and forces interpretations which never once entered into the writer's head, nor will (he is sure) into that of any reader of taste and candor; he allows two or three at most, there produced, to have been delivered unwarily; for which he desires to plead the excuse offered already, of his youth, and frankness of speech, and his papers being out of his power at the time they were published.

But this answerer insists, and says, what he chiefly dislikes, is the *design*; what that was, I have already told, and I believe there is not a person in *England* who
can

can understand that book, that ever imagined it to have been any thing else, but to expose the abuses and corruptions in learning and religion.

But it would be good to know what *design* this reflecter was serving, when he concludes his pamphlet with a caution to the reader, to beware of thinking the author's wit was intirely his own: surely this must have had some allay of personal animosity at least mixt with the *design* of serving the public by so useful a discovery; and it indeed touches the author in a tender point; who insists upon it, that through the whole book he has not borrowed one single hint from any writer in the world; and he thought, of all criticisms, that would never have been one. He conceived, it was never disputed to be an original, whatever faults it might have. However, this answerer produces three instances to prove *this author's wit is not his own in many places*. The first is, that the names of *Peter*, *Martin*, and *Jack* are borrowed from a letter of the late † Duke of *Buckingham*. Whatever wit

† *Villers.*

is contained in those three names, the author is content to give it up, and desires his readers will subtract as much as they placed upon that account; at the same time protesting solemnly, that he never once heard of that letter, except in this passage of the answerer: so that the names were not borrowed, as he affirms, though they should happen to be the same; which however is odd enough, and what he hardly believes; that of *Jack* being not quite so obvious as the other two. The second instance to shew *the author's wit is not his own*, is *Peter's Banter* (as he calls it in his *Alsatia* phrase) upon transubstantiation, which is taken from the same duke's conference with an *irish* priest, where a cork is turned into a horse. This the author confesses to have seen about ten years after his book was written, and a year or two after it was published. Nay, the answerer overthrows this himself; for he allows the *tale* was written in 1697; and, I think, that pamphlet was not printed in many years after. It was necessary, that corruption should have some allegory as well as the rest; and the

the author invented the properest he could, without enquiring what other people had written; and the commonest reader will find, there is not the least resemblance between the two stories. The third instance is in these words; *I have been assured, that the battle in St. James's library is, mutatis mutandis, taken out of a french book, entitled, Combat des livres, if I misremember not.* In which passage there are two clauses observable: *I have been assured*; and, *if I misremember not.* I desire first to know whether, if that conjecture proves an utter falshood, those two clauses will be a sufficient excuse for this worthy critic. The matter is a trifle; but, would he venture to pronounce at this rate upon one of greater moment? I know nothing more contemptible in a writer, than the character of a plagiary; which he here fixes at a venture; and this not for a passage, but a whole discourse, taken out from another book, only *mutatis mutandis.* The author is as much in the dark about this, as the answerer; and will imitate him by an affirmation at random; that if there be a word of truth in this reflection, he is a

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paultry, imitating pedant, and the answerer is a person of wit, manners, and truth. He takes his boldness, from never having seen any such treatise in his life, nor heard of it before; and he is sure it is impossible for two writers of different times and countries to agree in their thoughts after such a manner, that two continued discourses shall be the same, only *mutatis mutandis*. Neither will he insist upon the mistake in the title; but let the answerer and his friend produce any book they please, he defies them to shew one single particular, where the judicious reader will affirm he has been obliged for the smallest hint; giving only allowance for the accidental encountering of a single thought, which he knows may sometimes happen; though he has never yet found it in that discourse, nor has heard it objected by any body else.

So that if ever any *design* was unfortunately executed, it must be that of this answerer; who, when he would have it observed, that the author's wit is none of his own, is able to produce but three instances, two of them mere trifles, and all
three

three manifestly false. If this be the way these gentlemen deal with the world in those criticisms, where we have not leisure to defeat them, their readers had need be cautious, how they rely upon their credit; and whether this proceeding can be reconciled to humanity or truth, let those, who think it worth their while, determine.

It is agreed, this answerer would have succeeded much better, if he had stuck wholly to his business, as a commentator upon the *Tale of a tub*, wherein it cannot be denied that he hath been of some service to the public, and hath given very fair conjectures towards clearing up some difficult passages; but, it is the frequent error of those men (otherwise very commendable for their labours) to make excursions beyond their talent and their office, by pretending to point out the beauties and the faults; which is no part of their trade, which they always fail in, which the world never expected from them, nor give them any thanks for endeavouring at. The part of *Minellius*, or *Farnaby* † would have

† Low commentators, who wrote notes upon classick authors for the use of schoolboys.

fallen in with his genius, and might have been serviceable to many readers, who cannot enter into the abstruser parts of that discourse; but *Optat ephippia bos piger*: the dull, unwieldy, ill-shaped ox would needs put on the furniture of a horse, not considering he was born to labour, to plow the ground for the sake of superior beings, and that he has neither the shape, mettle, nor speed of that noble animal he would affect to personate.

It is another pattern of this answerer's fair dealing, to give us hints that the author is dead, and yet to lay the suspicion upon some-body, I know not who, in the country; to which can only be returned, that he is absolutely mistaken in all his conjectures; and surely conjectures are, at best, too light a pretence to allow a man to assign a name in public. He condemns a book, and consequently the author, of whom he is utterly ignorant, yet at the same time fixes, in print, what he thinks a disadvantageous character upon those who never deserved it. A man, who receives a buffet in the dark, may be allowed to be vexed; but it is an odd kind
of

of revenge to go to cuffs in broad day with the first he meets, and lay the last night's injury at his door. And thus much for this *discreet, candid, pious, and ingenious* answerer.

How the author came to be without his papers, is a story not proper to be told, and of very little use, being a private fact, of which the reader would believe as little, or as much, as he thought good. He had however a blotted copy by him, which he intended to have written over with many alterations, and this the publishers were well aware of, having put it into the bookseller's preface, that they *apprehended a surreptitious copy, which was to be altered, &c.* This, though not regarded by readers, was a real truth, only the surreptitious copy was rather that, which was printed; and they made all the haste they could, which indeed was needless, the author not being at all prepared: but he has been told, the bookseller was in much pain, having given a good sum of money for the copy.

In the author's original copy there were not so many chasms as appear in the

book ; and why some of them were left, he knows not: had the publication been trusted to him, he would have made several corrections of passages, against which nothing hath been ever objected. He would likewise have altered a few of those, that seem with any reason to be excepted against ; but, to deal freely, the greatest number he should have left untouched, as never suspecting it possible any wrong interpretations could be made of them.

The author observes, at the end of the book there is a discourse, called, *a fragment* ; which he more wondered to see in print, than all the rest ; having been a most imperfect sketch, with the addition of a few loose hints, which he once lent a gentleman, who had designed a discourse on somewhat the same subject ; he never thought of it afterwards ; and it was a sufficient surprize to see it pieced up together, wholly out of the method and scheme he had intended, for it was the ground-work of a much larger discourse ; and he was sorry to observe the materials so foolishly employed.

There is one farther objection made by
those

those who have answered this book, as well as by some others, that *Peter* is frequently made to repeat oaths and curses. Every reader observes, it was necessary to know that *Peter* did swear and curse. The oaths are not printed out, but only supposed; and the idea of an oath is not immoral, like the idea of a prophane or immodest speech. A man may laugh at the popish folly of cursing people to hell, and imagine them swearing, without any crime; but lewd words, or dangerous opinions, though printed by halves, fill the reader's mind with ill ideas; and of these the author cannot be accused. For the judicious reader will find, that the severest strokes of satyr, in his book, are levelled against the modern custom of employing wit upon those topics, of which there is a remarkable instance in the 156, 157th *pages*, as well as in several others, though perhaps once or twice expressed in too free a manner, excusable only for the reasons already alledged. Some overtures have been made by a third hand to the bookseller for the author's altering those passages, which he thought might require it:

it: but it seems the bookseller will not hear of any such thing, being apprehensive it might spoil the sale of the book.

The author cannot conclude this apology without making this one reflection; that, as wit is the noblest and most useful gift of human nature, so humour is the most agreeable; and where these two enter far into the composition of any work, they will render it always acceptable to the world. Now, the great part of those who have no share or taste of either, but by their pride, pedantry, and ill manners lay themselves bare to the lashes of both, think the blow is weak, because they are insensible; and where wit hath any mixture of raillery, it is but calling it *banter*, and the work is done. This polite word of theirs was first borrowed from the bullies in *White-Friers*, then fell among the footmen, and at last retired to the pedants, by whom it is applied as properly to the productions of wit, as if I should apply it to Sir *Isaac Newton's* mathematics: but, if this *bantering*, as they call it, be so despiseable a thing, whence comes it to pass they have such a perpetual itch towards

wards it themselves? to instance only in the answerer already mentioned: it is grievous to see him in some of his writings at every turn going out of his way to be waggish, to tell us of *a cow that pricked up her tail*; and, in his answer to this discourse he says, *it's all a farce and a ladle*; with other passages equally shining. One may say of these *impedimenta literarum*, that wit owes them a shame; and they cannot take wiser counsel, than to keep out of harm's way, or at least not to come till they are sure they are called.

To conclude; with those allowances above required this book should be read: after which, the author conceives, few things will remain, which may not be excused in a young writer. He wrote only to the men of wit and taste; and he thinks he is not mistaken in his accounts, when he says they have been all of his side, enough to give him the vanity of telling his name, wherein the world, with all its wise conjectures, is yet very much in the dark; which circumstance is no disagreeable amusement either to the public or himself.

The

The author is informed, that the book-feller has prevailed on several gentlemen to write some explanatory notes; for the goodness of which he is not to answer, having never seen any of them, nor intending it till they appear in print; when it is not unlikely he may have the pleasure to find twenty meanings, which never entered into his imagination.

June 3, 1709.

P O S T S C R I P T.

SINCE the writing of this, which was about a year ago, a prostitute book-feller hath published a foolish paper, under the name of *Notes on the Tale of a tub, with some account of the author*; and with an insolence, which I suppose is punishable by law, hath presumed to assign certain names. It will be enough for the author to assure the world, that the writer of that paper is utterly wrong in all his conjectures upon that affair. The author farther asserts, that the whole work is entirely of one hand, which every reader of judgment will easily discover: the gentleman,

man, who gave the copy to the book-feller, being a friend of the author, and using no other liberties, besides that of expunging certain passages, where now the chasms appear under the name of *desiderata*. But, if any person will prove his claim to three lines in the whole book, let him step forth and tell his name and titles; upon which, the bookseller shall have orders to prefix them to the next edition, and the claimant shall from henceforward be acknowledged the undisputed author.

Treatises

Treatises written by the same author, most of them mentioned in the following discourses; which will be speedily published.

A Character of the present set of *wits* in this island.

A panegyrical essay upon the number
THREE.

A dissertation upon the principal productions of *Grub-street*.

Lectures upon a dissection of human nature.

A panegyric upon the world.

An analytical discourse upon zeal, *histori-theo-physi-logically* considered.

A general history of *ears*.

A modest defence of the proceedings of the rabble in all ages.

A description of the kingdom of *absurdities*.

A voyage into *England*, by a person of quality in *terra australis incognita*, translated from the original.

A critical essay upon the art of *canting*, philosophically, physically, and musically considered.

T O

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

J O H N

L O R D S O M M E R S.

MY LORD,

ALTHOUGH the author has written a large dedication, yet that being address'd to a prince, whom I am never likely to have the honour of being known to; a person besides, as far as I can observe, not at all regarded, or thought on by any of our present writers; and being wholly free from that slavery, which bookfellers usually lie under, to the caprices of authors; I think it a wise piece of presumption to inscribe these papers to your lordship, and to implore your lordship's protection of them. God and your lordship know their faults, and their merits; for, as to my own particular, I am altogether a stranger to the matter; and though every body else

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should be equally ignorant, I do not fear the sale of the book, at all the worse, upon that score. Your lordship's name on the front in capital letters will at any time get off one edition: neither would I desire any other help to grow an alderman, than a patent for the sole privilege of dedicating to your lordship.

I should now, in right of a dedicatory, give your lordship a list of your own virtues, and at the same time be very unwilling to offend your modesty; but chiefly, I should celebrate your liberality towards men of great parts and small fortunes, and give you broad hints, that I mean myself. And I was just going on, in the usual method, to peruse a hundred or two of dedications, and transcribe an abstract to be applied to your lordship; but I was diverted by a certain accident: for, upon the covers of these papers, I casually observed written in large letters the two following words, DETUR DIGNISSIMO; which, for aught I knew, might contain some important meaning. But it unluckily fell out, that none of the authors I employ understood

Latin;

Latin; (though I have them often in pay to tranſlate out of that language) I was therefore compelled to have recourſe to the curate of our pariſh, who engliſhed it thus, *Let it be given to the wortheſt*: and his comment was, that the author meant his works ſhould be dedicated to the ſublimeſt genius of the age for wit, learning, judgment, eloquence, and wiſdom. I called at a poet's chamber (who works for my ſhop) in an alley hard by, ſhewed him the tranſlation, and deſired his opinion, who it was that the author could mean: he told me, after ſome conſideration, that vanity was a thing he abhorr'd; but, by the deſcription he thought himſelf to be the perſon aimed at; and, at the ſame time, he very kindly offer'd his own aſſiſtance *gratis* towards penning a dedication to himſelf. I deſired him however to give a ſecond gueſs; why then, ſaid he, it muſt be I, or my lord *Sommers*. From thence I went to ſeveral other wits of my acquaintance, with no ſmall hazard and wearineſs to my perſon from a prodigious number of dark, winding ſtairs; but found them all in the ſame

B 2

ſtory,

story, both of your lordship and themselves. Now your lordship is to understand, that this proceeding was not of my own invention; for I have somewhere heard, it is a maxim, that those, to whom every body allows the second place, have an undoubted title to the first.

This infallibly convinced me, that your lordship was the person intended by the author. But, being very unacquainted in the style and form of dedications, I employ'd those wits aforesaid to furnish me with hints and materials towards a panegyric upon your lordship's virtues.

In two days they brought me ten sheets of paper fill'd up on every side. They swore to me, that they had ransack'd whatever could be found in the characters of *Socrates*, *Aristides*, *Epaminondas*, *Cato*, *Tully*, *Atticus*, and other hard names, which I cannot now recollect. However, I have reason to believe, they impos'd upon my ignorance; because, when I came to read over their collections, there was not a syllable there, but what I and every body else knew as well as themselves:

ſelves : therefore I grievouſly ſuſpect a cheat ; and that theſe authors of mine ſtole and tranſcribed every word from the univerſal report of mankind. So that I look upon myſelf, as fifty ſhillings out of pocket to no manner of purpoſe.

If, by altering the title, I could make the ſame materials ſerve for another dedication (as my betters have done) it would help to make up my loſs ; but, I have made ſeveral perſons dip here and there in thoſe papers, and, before they read three lines, they have all aſſured me plainly, that they cannot poſſibly be applied to any perſon beſides your lordſhip.

I expected, indeed, to have heard of your lordſhip's bravery at the head of an army ; of your undaunted courage in mounting a breach, or ſcaling a wall ; or, to have had your pedigree trac'd in a lineal deſcent from the houſe of *Auſtria* ; or, of your wonderful talent at drefs and dancing ; or, your profound knowledge in *algebra*, *metaphyſics*, and the *oriental* tongues. But to ply the world with an old beaten ſtory of your wit, and eloquence, and learning, and wiſdom, and
B 3 justice,

justice, and politeness, and candor, and evenness of temper in all scenes of life; of that great discernment in discovering, and readiness in favouring deserving men; with forty other common topics: I confess, I have neither conscience, nor countenance to do it. Because, there is no virtue, either of a public or private life, which some circumstances of your own have not often produced upon the stage of the world; and those few, which, for want of occasions to exert them, might otherwise have passed unseen or unobserved by your *friends*, your * *enemies* have at length brought to light.

It is true, I should be very loth, the bright example of your lordship's virtues should be lost to after-ages, both for their sake and your own; but chiefly, because they will be so very necessary to adorn the history of a *late* † *reign*; and that is another reason, why I would forbear to

* In 1701 lord *Sommers* was impeached by the commons, who either finding their proofs defective, or for other reasons, delay'd coming to a trial, and the lords thereupon proceeded to the

trial without them, and acquitted him.

† K. *William's*; whose memory he defended in the H. of Lords against some invidious reflexions of the E. of *Nottingham*.

make a recital of them here ; because I have been told by wise men, that, as dedications have run for some years past, a good historian will not be apt to have recourse thither in search of characters.

There is one point, wherein I think we dedicators would do well to change our measures ; I mean, instead of running on so far upon the praise of our patrons *liberality*, to spend a word or two in admiring their *patience*. I can put no greater compliment on your lordship's, than by giving you so ample an occasion to exercise it at present. Though perhaps I shall not be apt to reckon much merit to your lordship upon that score, who having been formerly used to tedious harangues *, and sometimes to as little purpose, will be the readier to pardon this ; especially, when it is offered by one, who is with all respect and veneration,

MY LORD,

Your lordship's most obedient,

and most faithful servant,

The Bookseller.

* Sir John Sommers was 1692, and lord high chancellor and baron of *Evesham* lord keeper of the seals in *April* 1697.

IT is now * six years since these papers came first to my hand, which seems to have been about a twelve-month after they were written: for, the author tells us in his preface to the first treatise, that he hath calculated it for the year 1697, and in several passages of that discourse, as well as the second, it appears, they were written about that time.

As to the author, I can give no manner of satisfaction; however, I am credibly informed that this publication is without his knowledge; for he concludes the copy is lost, having lent it to a person, since dead, and being never in possession of it after: so that, whether the work received his last hand, or, whether he intended to fill up the defective places, is like to remain a secret.

If I should go about to tell the reader, by what accident I became master of these papers, it would in this unbelieving age pass for little more than the cant, or jar-

* The Tale of a Tub was first published in 1704.

gon of the trade. I therefore gladly spare both him and myself so unnecessary a trouble. There yet remains a difficult question, why I published them no sooner. I forbore upon two accounts : first, because I thought I had better work upon my hands ; and secondly, because I was not without some hope of hearing from the author, and receiving his directions. But, I have been lately alarmed with intelligence of a surreptitious copy †, which a certain great wit had new polished and refined, or as our present writers express themselves, *fitted to the humour of the age*; as they have already done, with great felicity, to *Don Quixote*, *Boccalini*, *la Bruyere*, and other authors. However, I thought it fairer dealing to offer the whole work in its naturals. If any gentleman will please to furnish me with a key, in order to explain the more difficult parts, I shall very gratefully acknowledge the favour, and print it by itself.

† See the Apology.

THE
EPISTLE DEDICATORY,
TO
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
PRINCE POSTERITY.

S I R,

I HERE present *your highness* with the fruits of a very few leisure hours, stolen from the short intervals of a world of business, and of an employment quite alien from such amusements as this: the poor production of that refuse of time, which has lain heavy upon my hands, during a long prorogation of parliament, a great dearth of foreign news, and a

The citation out of *Iræneus* in the *title-page*, which seems to be all *Gibberish*, is a form of initiation used antiently by the *Marcosian* heretics. *W. Wotton.*

It is the usual style of decried writers to appeal to Posterity, who is here represented as a

prince in his nonage, and *Time* as his governor; and the author begins in a way very frequent with him, by personating other writers, who sometimes offer such reasons and excuses for publishing their works, as they ought chiefly to conceal and be ashamed of.

tedious

tedious fit of rainy weather : for which, and other reasons, it cannot chuse extremely to deserve such a patronage as that of *your highness*, whose numberless virtues, in so few years, make the world look upon you as the future example to all princes : for although *your highness* is hardly got clear of infancy, yet has the universal learned world already resolved upon appealing to your future dictates with the lowest and most resigned submission ; fate having decreed you sole arbiter of the productions of human wit in this polite and most accomplished age. Methinks, the number of appellants were enough to shock and startle any judge of a genius less unlimited than yours : but, in order to prevent such glorious trials, the *person*, it seems, to whose care the education of *your highness* is committed, has resolved (as I am told) to keep you in almost an universal ignorance of our studies, which it is your inherent birthright to inspect.

It is amazing to me, that this *person* should have assurance in the face of the sun to go about persuading *your highness*,
that

that our age is almost wholly illiterate, and has hardly produced one writer upon any subject. I know very well, that when *your highness* shall come to riper years, and have gone through the learning of antiquity, you will be too curious to neglect enquiring into the authors of the very age before you: and to think that this *insolent*, in the account he is preparing for your view, designs to reduce them to a number so insignificant as I am ashamed to mention; it moves my zeal and my spleen for the honour and interest of our vast flourishing body, as well as of myself, for whom I know by long experience, he has professed, and still continues, a peculiar malice.

It is not unlikely, that, when *your highness* will one day peruse what I am now writing, you may be ready to expostulate with your *governor* upon the credit of what I here affirm, and command him to shew you some of our productions. To which he will answer, (for I am well informed of his designs) by asking *your highness*, where they are? and what is become of them? and pretend

tend it a demonstration that there never were any, because they are not then to be found: not to be found! who has mislaid them? are they sunk in the abyſs of things? it is certain, that in their own nature they were *light* enough to ſwim upon the ſurface for all eternity. Therefore the fault is in him, who tied weights ſo heavy to their heels, as to depreſs them to the center. Is their very eſſence deſtroyed? who has annihilated them? were they drowned by *purges*, or martyred by *pipes*? who adminiſtered them to the poſteriors of —? But that it may no longer be a doubt with *your highneſs*, who is to be the author of this univerſal ruin; I beſeech you to obſerve that large and terrible *ſcythe*, which your *governor* affects to bear continually about him. Be pleaſed to remark the length and ſtrength, the ſharpneſs and hardneſs of his *nails* and *teeth*: conſider his baneful, abominable *breath*, enemy to life and matter, infectious and corrupting: and then reflect, whether it be poſſible for any mortal ink and paper of this generation to make a ſuitable reſiſtance. Oh! that *your highneſs*

ness would one day resolve to disarm this usurping * *maitre du palais*, of his furious engines, and bring your empire † *hors de page*.

It were endless to recount the several methods of tyranny and destruction, which your *gouverneur* is pleased to practise upon this occasion. His inveterate malice is such to the writings of our age, that of several thousands produced yearly from this renowned city, before the next revolution of the sun there is not one to be heard of: unhappy infants, many of them barbarously destroyed, before they have so much as learnt their *mother tongue* to beg for pity. Some he stifles in their cradles, others he frights into convulsions, whereof they suddenly die: some he flays alive, others he tears limb from limb. Great numbers are offered to *Moloch*, and the rest, tainted by his breath, die of a languishing consumption.

* *Comptroller*. The kingdom of *France* had a race of kings, which they call *les roys faineans* (from their doing nothing) who lived lazily in their apartments, while the

kingdom was administered by the *mayor de palais*, till *Charles Martel* the last mayor put his master to death, and took the kingdom into his own hand.

† *Out of guardianship*.

But

But the concern I have most at heart, is for our corporation of *poets*, from whom I am preparing a petition to *your highness*, to be subscribed with the names of one hundred thirty-six of the first rate, but whose immortal productions are never likely to reach your eyes, though each of them is now an humble and an earnest appellant for the laurel, and has large comely volumes ready to shew for a support to his pretensions. The *never-dying* works of these illustrious persons your *governor*, sir, has devoted to unavoidable death; and *your highness* is to be made believe, that our age has never arrived at the honour to produce one single poet.

We confess *immortality* to be a great and powerful goddess; but in vain we offer up to her our devotions and our sacrifices, if *your highness's governor*, who has usurped the *priesthood*, must by an unparallel'd ambition and avarice wholly intercept and devour them.

To affirm that our age is altogether unlearned, and devoid of writers in any kind, seems to be an assertion so bold and so false, that I have been sometime thinking,

ing, the contrary may almost be proved by uncontrollable demonstration. It is true indeed, that altho' their numbers be vast, and their productions numerous in proportion, yet are they hurried so hastily off the scene, that they escape our memory, and elude our sight. When I first thought of this address, I had prepared a copious list of *titles* to present *your highness*, as an undisputed argument for what I affirm. The originals were posted fresh upon all gates and corners of streets; but, returning in a very few hours to take a review, they were all torn down, and fresh ones in their places: I enquired after them among readers and booksellers, but I enquired in vain, the *memorial of them was lost among men, their place was no more to be found*: and I was laughed to scorn for a *clown* and a *pedant*, without all taste and refinement, little versed in the course of *present* affairs, and that knew nothing of what had passed in the best companies of court and town. So that I can only avow in general to *your highness*, that we do abound in learning and wit; but to fix upon particulars, is a task too slippery for my slender abilities.

If I should venture in a windy day to affirm to *your highness*, that there is a large cloud near the *horizon* in the form of a *bear*, another in the *zenith* with the head of an *ass*, a third to the westward with claws like a *dragon*; and *your highness* should in a few minutes think fit to examine the truth, it is certain, they would all be changed in figure and position, new ones would arise, and all we could agree upon would be, that clouds there were, but that I was grossly mistaken in the *zoography* and *topography* of them.

But your *governor* perhaps may still insist, and put the question: What is then become of those immense bales of paper, which must needs have been employed in such numbers of books? can these also be wholly annihilate, and so of a sudden, as I pretend? What shall I say in return of so invidious an objection? it ill befits the distance between *your highness* and me, to send you for ocular conviction to a *jakes*, or an *oven*; to the windows of a *bawdy-house*, or to a sordid *lanthorn*. Books, like men their authors, have no more than one way of coming into the world,
but

but there are ten thousand to go out of it, and return no more.

I profess to *your highness* in the integrity of my heart, that what I am going to say is literally true this minute I am writing: what revolutions may happen before it shall be ready for your perusal, I can by no means warrant: however, I beg you to accept it as a specimen of our learning, our politeness, and our wit. I do therefore affirm upon the word of a sincere man, that there is now actually in being a certain poet, called *John Dryden*, whose translation of *Virgil* was lately printed in a large folio, well bound, and if diligent search were made, for aught I know, is yet to be seen. There is another, called *Nabum Tate*, who is ready to make oath, that he has caused many reams of verse to be published, whereof both himself and his bookseller (if lawfully required) can still produce authentic copies, and therefore wonders why the world is pleased to make such a secret of it. There is a third, known by the name of *Tom Durfey*, a poet of a vast comprehension, an universal genius, and most profound learning. There are also

one Mr. *Rymer*, and one Mr. *Dennis*, most profound critics. There is a person styled Dr. *Bentley*, who has written near a thousand pages of immense erudition, *giving a full and true account* of a certain *squabble* of wonderful importance between himself and a bookseller *: he is a writer of infinite wit and humour; no man raillies with a better grace, and in more sprightly turns. Farther I avow to *your highness*, that with these eyes I have beheld the person of *William Wotton*, B. D. who has written a good fizeable volume against a *friend of your governor* † (from whom alas he must therefore look for little favour) in a most gentlemanly stile, adorned with the utmost politeness and civility; replete with discoveries equally valuable for their novelty and use; and embellished with *traits* of wit so poignant and so apposite, that he is a worthy yokemate to his fore-mention'd *friend*.

Why should I go upon farther particulars, which might fill a volume with

* *Bentley* in his controversy with lord *Orrery* upon the genuineness of *Phalaris's* epistles has given, in a preface, a long

account of his dialogues with a bookseller about the loan and restitution of a MS.

† Sir *William Temple*.

the just elogies of my contemporary brethren? I shall bequeath this piece of justice to a larger work; wherein I intend to write a character of the present set of *wits* in our nation: their persons I shall describe particularly and at length, their genius and understandings in *mignature*.

In the mean time, I do here make bold to present *your highness* with a faithful abstract drawn from the universal body of all arts and sciences, intended wholly for your service and instruction: nor do I doubt in the least, but *your highness* will peruse it as carefully, and make as considerable improvements, as *other* young *princes* have already done by the many volumes of late years written for a help to their studies *.

That *your highness* may advance in wisdom and virtue, as well as years, and at last out-shine all your royal ancestors, shall be the daily prayer of,

S I R,

Decemb.
1697.

Your Highness's

Most devoted, &c.

* There were innumerable books printed for the use of the *Dauphine* of France.

T H E

P R E F A C E.

TH E wits of the present age being so very numerous and penetrating, it seems, the grandees of *church* and *state* begin to fall under horrible apprehensions, lest these gentlemen, during the intervals of a long peace, should find leisure to pick holes in the weak sides of religion and government. To prevent which, there has been much thought employed of late upon certain projects for taking off the force, and edge of those formidable enquirers, from canvassing and reasoning upon such delicate points. They have at length fixed upon one, which will require some time as well as cost to perfect. Mean while, the danger hourly encreasing by new levies of wits all appointed (as there is reason to fear) with pen, ink, and paper, which may at an hour's warning be drawn out into pamphlets, and other offensive weapons, ready for immediate execution; it was judged of absolute necessity, that some present expedient be thought on, 'till

the main design can be brought to maturity. To this end, at a grand committee some days ago this important discovery was made by a certain curious and refined observer: that seamen have a custom, when they meet a *whale*, to fling him out an empty tub by way of amusement, to divert him from laying violent hands upon the ship. This parable was immediately mythologised: the *whale* was interpreted to be *Hobbes's Leviathan*, which tosses and plays with all schemes of religion and government, whereof a great many are hollow, and dry, and empty, and noisy, and wooden, and given to rotation: this is the *leviathan*, from whence the terrible wits of our age are said to borrow their weapons. The *ship* in danger is easily understood to be its old antitype the *commonwealth*. But how to analyse the *tub*, was a matter of difficulty: when, after long enquiry and debate, the literal meaning was preserved; and it was decreed, that in order to prevent these *leviathans* from tossing and sporting with the *commonwealth*, which of itself is too apt to *fluctuate*, they should be diverted from that
game

game by a *Tale of a Tub*. And, my genius being conceived to lie not unhappily that way, I had the honour done me to be engaged in the performance.

This is the sole design in publishing the following treatise, which I hope will serve for an *interim* of some months to employ those unquiet spirits, 'till the perfecting of that great work; into the secret of which, it is reasonable the courteous reader should have some little light.

It is intended, that a large academy be erected, capable of containing nine thousand seven hundred forty and three persons: which by modest computation is reckoned to be pretty near the current number of *wits* in this island. These are to be disposed into the several schools of this academy, and there pursue those studies to which their genius most inclines them. The undertaker himself will publish his proposals with all convenient speed, to which I shall refer the curious reader for a more particular account, mentioning at present only a few of the principal schools: there is, first, a large *pæderastic* school, with *French* and *Italian* masters. There is, also, the

the *spelling* school, a *very spacious building*: the school of *looking-glasses*: the school of *swearing*: the school of *critics*: the school of *salivation*: the school of *hobby-horses*: the school of *poetry*: * the school of *tops*: the school of *spleen*: the school of *gaming*: with many others, too tedious to recount. No person to be admitted member into any of these schools without an attestation under two sufficient persons hands, certifying him to be a *wit*.

But, to return: I am sufficiently instructed in the principal duty of a preface, if my genius were capable of arriving at it. Thrice have I forced my imagination to make the *tour* of my invention, and thrice it has returned empty; the latter having been wholly drained by the following treatise. Not so my more successful brethren the *moderns*, who will by no means let slip a preface or dedication, without some notable distinguishing stroke to surprise the reader at the entry, and kindle a wonderful expectation of what is to

* This I think the author should have omitted, it being of the very same nature with the *school of hobby-horses*, if one may venture to censure one, who is so severe a censurer of others, perhaps with too little distinction.

ensue.

enfue. Such was that of a most ingenious poet, who, solliciting his brain for something new, compared himself to the *hang-man*, and his patron to the *patient*: this was * *insigne, recens, indictum ore alio*. When I went through that necessary and noble † course of study, I had the happiness to observe many such egregious touches, which I shall not injure the authors by transplanting: because I have remarked, that nothing is so very tender as a *modern* piece of wit, and which is apt to suffer so much in the carriage. Some things are extreamly witty *to-day*, or *fasting*, or *in this place*, or *at eight a clock*, or *over a bottle*, or *spoke by Mr. Whatd'y'call'm*, or *in a summer's morning*: any of the which, by the smallest transposal or misapplication, is utterly annihilate. Thus, *wit* has its walks and purlieus, out of which it may not stray the breadth of an hair, upon peril of being lost. The *moderns* have artfully fixed this *mercury*, and reduced it to the circumstances of time, place, and person. Such a jest there is,

* *Hor.* Something extraordinary, new, and never hit

upon before.

† Reading prefaces, &c.

that

that will not pass out of *Covent-Garden*; and such a one, that is no where intelligible but at *Hyde-Park* corner. Now, though it sometimes tenderly affects me to consider, that all the toward'y passages I shall deliver in the following treatise, will grow quite out of date and relish with the first shifting of the present scene, yet I must needs subscribe to the justice of this proceeding; because, I cannot imagine why we should be at expence to furnish wit for succeeding ages, when the former have made no sort of provision for ours: wherein I speak the sentiment of the very newest, and consequently the most orthodox refiners, as well as my own. However, being extreamly solicitous, that every accomplished person, who has got into the taste of wit calculated for this present month of *August*, 1697, should descend to the very *bottom* of all the *sublime* throughout this treatise; I hold fit to lay down this general maxim: whatever reader desires to have a thorough comprehension of an author's thoughts, cannot take a better method, than by putting himself into the circumstances and postures
of

of life, that the writer was in upon every important passage, as it flowed from his pen: for this will introduce a parity and strict correspondence of ideas between the reader and the author. Now, to assist the diligent reader in so delicate an affair, as far as brevity will permit, I have recollected, that the shrewdest pieces of this treatise were conceived in bed, in a garret: at other times, for a reason best known to myself, I thought fit to sharpen my invention with hunger; and in general, the whole work was begun, continued, and ended, under a long course of physic, and a great want of money. Now, I do affirm, it will be absolutely impossible for the candid peruser to go along with me in a great many bright passages, unless, upon the several difficulties emergent, he will please to capacitate and prepare himself by these directions. And this I lay down as my principal *postulatum*.

Because I have professed to be a most devoted servant of all *modern* forms, I apprehend some curious *wit* may object against me, for proceeding thus far in a preface without declaiming, according to
the

the custom, against the multitude of writers, whereof the whole multitude of writers most reasonably complain. I am just come from perusing some hundreds of prefaces, wherein the authors do at the very beginning address the gentle reader concerning this enormous grievance. Of these I have preserved a few examples, and shall set them down as near as my memory has been able to retain them.

One begins thus ;

For a man to set up for a writer, when the press swarms with, &c.

Another ;

The tax upon paper does not lessen the number of scriblers, who daily pester, &c.

Another ;

When every little would-be-wit takes pen in hand, 'tis in vain to enter the lists, &c.

Another ;

To observe what trash the press swarms with, &c.

Another ;

Another ;

Sir, *It is meerly in obedience to your commands, that I venture into the public ; for who upon a less consideration would be of a party with such a rabble of scriblers, &c.*

Now, I have two words in my own defence against this objection. First, I am far from granting the number of writers a nuisance to our nation, having strenuously maintained the contrary in several parts of the following discourse. Secondly, I do not well understand the justice of this proceeding ; because I observe many of these polite prefaces to be not only from the same hand, but from those, who are most voluminous in their several productions. Upon which, I shall tell the reader a short tale :

A mountebank, in *Leicester-Fields*, had drawn a huge assembly about him. Among the rest, a fat unwieldy fellow, half stifled in the press, would be every fit crying out, Lord ! what a filthy croud is here ? pray, good people, give way a little. Bless me ! what a devil has raked this rabble together : z—ds, what squeezing is this !

honest friend, remove your elbow. At last a *weaver*, that stood next him, could hold no longer : A plague confound you (*said he*) for an overgrown sloven ; and who, in the devil's name, I wonder, helps to make up the croud half so much as yourself ? Don't you consider, with a pox, that you take up more room with that carcass than any five here ? is not the place as free for us as for you ? bring your own guts to a reasonable compass, and be d—n'd, and then I'll engage we shall have room enough for us all.

There are certain common privileges of a writer, the benefit whereof, I hope, there will be no reason to doubt ; particularly, that, where I am not understood, it shall be concluded, that something very useful and profound is couched underneath : and again, that whatever word or sentence is printed in a different character, shall be judged to contain something extraordinary either of *wit* or *sublime*.

As for the liberty I have thought fit to take of praising myself, upon some occasions or none ; I am sure it will need no excuse, if a multitude of great examples be

be allowed sufficient authority: for it is here to be noted, that *praise* was originally a pension paid by the world; but the *moderns*, finding the trouble and charge too great in collecting it, have lately bought out the *fee-simple*; since which time, the right of presentation is wholly in ourselves. For this reason it is, that, when an author makes his own elogy, he uses a certain form to declare and insist upon his title, which is commonly in these or the like words, *I speak without vanity*; which I think plainly shews it to be a matter of right and justice. Now, I do here once for all declare, that in every encounter of this nature through the following treatise the form aforesaid is implied; which I mention, to save the trouble of repeating it on so many occasions.

It is a great ease to my conscience, that I have written so elaborate and useful a discourse without one grain of satyr intermixed; which is the sole point, wherein I have taken leave to dissent from the famous originals of our age and country. I have observed some satyrists to use the public much at the rate, that

pedants do a naughty boy ready horfed for discipline: first, expostulate the case, then plead the necessity of the rod from great provocations, and conclude every period with a lash. Now, if I know any thing of mankind, these gentlemen might very well spare their reproof and correction: for there is not, through all nature, another so callous and insensible a member as the *world's posteriors*, whether you apply to it the *toe* or the *birch*. Besides, most of our late satyrists seem to lie under a sort of mistake; that, because *nettles* have the prerogative to sting, therefore all *other weeds* must do so too. I make not this comparison out of the least design to detract from these worthy writers: for it is well known among *mythologists*, that *weeds* have the preheminance over all other vegetables; and therefore the first *monarch* of this island, whose taste and judgment were so acute and refined, did very wisely root out the *roses* from the collar of the *order*, and plant the *thistles* in their stead, as the nobler flower of the two. For which reason it is conjectured by profounder antiquaries, that the saty-
rical

rical itch, so prevalent in this part of our island, was first brought among us from beyond the *Tweed*. Here may it long flourish and abound: may it survive and neglect the scorn of the world, with as much ease and contempt, as the world is insensible to the lashes of it. May their own dulness, or that of their party, be no discouragement for the authors to proceed; but let them remember, it is with *wits* as with *razors*, which are never so apt to *cut* those they are employ'd on, as when they have *lost their edge*. Besides, those, whose teeth are too rotten to bite, are best, of all others, qualified to revenge that defect with their breath.

I am not like other men, to envy or undervalue the talents I cannot reach; for which reason I must needs bear a true honour to this large eminent sect of our *British* writers. And I hope, this little panegyric will not be offensive to their ears, since it has the advantage of being only designed for themselves. Indeed, nature herself has taken order, that fame and honour should be purchased at a better penny-worth by *fatyr*, than by any other

productions of the brain, the world being soonest provoked to *praise* by *lashes*, as men are to *love*. There is a problem in an ancient author, why dedications, and other bundles of flattery, run all upon stale musty topics without the smallest tincture of any thing new, not only to the torment and nauseating of the *christian* reader, but, if not suddenly prevented, to the universal spreading of that pestilent disease, the lethargy, in this island: whereas there is very little satyr, which has not something in it untouched before. The defects of the former are usually imputed to the want of invention among those, who are dealers in that kind; but, I think, with a great deal of injustice, the solution being easy and natural: for, the materials of panegyric, being very few in number, have been long since exhausted. For, as health is but one thing, and has been always the same, whereas diseases are by thousands, besides new and daily additions; so, all the virtues that have been ever in mankind, are to be counted upon a few fingers; but his follies and vices are innumerable, and time adds hourly

hourly to the heap. Now the utmost a poor poet can do, is to get by heart a list of the cardinal virtues, and deal them with his utmost liberality to his hero or his patron: he may ring the changes as far as it will go, and vary his phrase 'till he has talked round: but the reader quickly finds it is all * *pork*, with a little variety of sauce. For there is no inventing terms of art beyond our ideas; and, when our ideas are exhausted, terms of art must be so too.

But, though the matter for panegyric were as fruitful as the topics of satyr, yet would it not be hard to find out a sufficient reason, why the latter will be always better received than the first. For, this being bestowed only upon one, or a few persons at a time, is sure to raise envy, and consequently ill words from the rest, who have no share in the blessing: but satyr, being levelled at all, is never resented for an offence by any, since every individual person makes bold to understand it of others, and very wisely removes his particular part of the burthen

* *Plutarch.*

upon the shoulders of the world, which are broad enough, and able to bear it. To this purpose, I have sometimes reflected upon the difference between *Athens* and *England* with respect to the point before us. In the † *Attic* commonwealth it was the privilege and birth-right of every citizen and poet to rail aloud, and in public, or to expose upon the stage, by name, any person they pleased, though of the greatest figure, whether a *Creon*, an *Hyperbolus*, an *Alcibiades*, or a *Demosthenes*: but, on the other side, the least reflecting word let fall against the *people* in general, was immediately caught up, and revenged upon the authors, however considerable for their quality or their merits. Whereas in *England* it is just the reverse of all this. Here, you may securely display your utmost *rhetoric* against mankind, in the face of the world; tell them, “ *That all are gone astray; that*
 “ *there is none that doth good, no not one;*
 “ *that we live in the very dregs of time;*
 “ *that knavery and atheism are epidemic*
 “ *as the pox; that honesty is fled with As-*

† Vid. *Xen.*

“ *træa;*”

“ *træa* ;” with any other common places, *equally* new and eloquent, which are furnished by the * *splendida bilis*. And when you have done, the whole audience, far from being offended, shall return you thanks, as a deliverer of precious and useful truths. Nay farther; it is but to venture your lungs, and you may preach in *Covent-Garden* against foppery and fornication, and *something else* : against pride, and dissimulation, and bribery, at *White-Hall* : you may expose rapine and injustice in the *inns of court* chapel : and in a *city* pulpit, be as fierce as you please against avarice, hypocrisy, and extortion. 'Tis but a *ball* bandied to and fro, and every man carries a *racket* about him to strike it from himself among the rest of the company. But, on the other side, whoever should mistake the nature of things so far, as to drop but a single hint in public, how *such a one* starved half the fleet, and half poisoned the rest : how *such a one*, from a true principle of *love* and *honour*, pays no debts but for *wenches* and *play* : how *such a one* has got a clap,

* *Hor. Spleen.*

and runs out of his estate: † how *Paris*, bribed by *Juno* and *Venus*, loth to offend either party, slept out the whole cause on the bench: or, how *such an orator* makes long speeches in the senate with much thought, little sense, and to no purpose; whoever, I say, should venture to be thus particular, must expect to be imprisoned for *scandalum magnatum*; to have *challenges* sent him; to be sued for *defamation*; and to be brought before the bar of the house.

But I forget that I am expatiating on a subject, wherein I have no concern, having neither a talent nor an inclination for satyr! on the other side, I am so intirely satisfied with the whole present procedure of human things, that I have been some years preparing materials towards *A panegyric upon the world*; to which I intended to add a second part, entitled, *A modest defence of the proceedings of the rabble in all ages*. Both these I had thoughts to publish, by way of appendix to the

† *Juno* and *Venus*, are money and a mistress; very powerful bribes to a judge, if scandal says true. I remember

such reflections were cast about that time, but I cannot fix the person intended here.

following

following treatise; but, finding my common-place book fill much slower than I had reason to expect, I have chosen to defer them to another occasion. Besides, I have been unhappily prevented in that design by a certain domestic misfortune, in the particulars whereof, tho' it would be very seasonable, and much in the *modern* way, to inform the *gentle reader*, and would also be of great assistance towards extending this preface into the size now in vogue, which by rule ought to be *large* in proportion as the subsequent volume is *small*; yet I shall now dismiss our impatient reader from any farther attendance at the *porch*; and, having duly prepared his mind by a preliminary discourse, shall gladly introduce him to the sublime mysteries, that ensue.

A

TALE of a TUB.

S E C T. I.

THE INTRODUCTION.

WHOEVER hath an ambition to be heard in a croud, must press, and squeeze, and thrust, and climb, with indefatigable pains, 'till he has exalted himself to a certain degree of altitude above them. Now in all assemblies, though you wedge them ever so close, we may observe this peculiar property, that over their heads there is room enough, but how to reach it is the difficult point; it being as hard to get quit of *number*, as of *bell*;

* ——— *evadere ad auras,*
Hoc opus, hic labor est.

To this end the philosopher's way in all ages has been by erecting certain *edi-*

* But to return, and view the cheerful skies;
In this the task and mighty labour lies.

fices

fices in the air: but, whatever practice and reputation these kind of structures have formerly possessed, or may still continue in, not excepting even that of *Socrates*, when he was suspended in a basket to help contemplation; I think, with due submission, they seem to labour under two inconveniences. *First*, That the foundations being laid too high, they have been often out of *sight*, and ever out of *hearing*. *Secondly*, That the materials, being very transitory, have suffered much from inclemencies of air, especially in these north-west regions.

Therefore, towards the just performance of this great work there remain but three methods, that I can think on; whereof the wisdom of our ancestors being highly sensible, has, to encourage all aspiring adventurers, thought fit to erect three wooden machines for the use of those orators, who desire to talk much without interruption. These are, the *pulpit*, the *ladder*, and the *stage-itinerant*. For, as to the *bar*, though it be compounded of the same matter, and designed for the same use, it cannot however be well allowed the honour of a fourth,

fourth, by reason of its level or inferior situation exposing it to perpetual interruption from collaterals. Neither can the *bench* itself, though raised to a proper eminency, put in a better claim, whatever its advocates insist on. For, if they please to look into the original design of its erection, and the circumstances or adjuncts subservient to that design, they will soon acknowledge the present practice exactly correspondent to the primitive institution, and both to answer the etymology of the name, which in the *Phœnician* tongue is a word of great signification, importing, if literally interpreted, *the place of sleep*; but in common acceptation, *a seat well bolstered and cushioned, for the repose of old and gouty limbs: senes ut in otia tuta recedant*. Fortune being indebted to them this part of retaliation, that, as formerly they have long *talked*, whilst others *slept*, so now they may *sleep* as long, whilst others *talk*.

But if no other argument could occur to exclude the *bench* and the *bar* from the list of oratorical machines, it were sufficient, that the admission of them would
overthrow

overthrow a number, which I was resolved to establish, whatever argument it might cost me; in imitation of that prudent method observed by many other philosophers and great clerks, whose chief art in division has been to grow fond of some proper mystical number, which their imaginations have rendered sacred, to a degree, that they force common reason to find room for it in every part of nature; reducing, including, and adjusting every *genus* and *species* within that compass, by coupling some against their wills, and banishing others at any rate. Now, among all the rest, the profound number THREE is that, which hath most employed my sublimest speculations, nor ever without wonderful delight. There is now in the press, and will be published next term, a panegyric essay of mine upon this number, wherein I have by most convincing proofs not only reduced the *senses* and the *elements* under its banner, but brought over several deserters from its two great rivals, SEVEN and NINE.

Now, the first of these oratorical machines in place, as well as dignity, is the
pulpit.

pulpit. Of *pulpits* there are in this island several sorts; but I esteẽm only that made of timber from the *sylva Caledonia*, which agrees very well with our climate. If it be upon its decay, it is the better both for conveyance of sound, and for other reasons to be mentioned by and by. The degree of perfection in shape and size I take to consist in being extreamly narrow, with litle ornament, and best of all without a cover (for, by antient rule it ought to be the only uncovered *vessel* in every assembly, where it is rightfully used) by which means, from its near resemblance to a pillory, it will ever have a mighty influence on human ears.

Of *ladders* I need say nothing: it is observed by foreigners themselves, to the honour of our country, that we excel all nations in our practice and understanding of this machine. The ascending orators do not only oblige their audience in the agreeable delivery, but the whole world in the *early* publication of their speeches; which I look upon as the choicest treasury of our *British* eloquence, and whereof, I am informed, that worthy citizen and
book-

bookseller, Mr. *John Dunton*, hath made a faithful and a painful collection, which he shortly designs to publish in twelve volumes in folio, illustrated with copper-plates. A work highly useful and curious, and altogether worthy of such a hand.

The last engine of orators is the * *stage itinerant*, erected with much sagacity, † *sub Jove pluvio, in triviis & quadriiviis*. It is the great seminary of the two former, and its orators are sometimes preferred to the one, and sometimes to the other, in proportion to their deservings, there being a strict and perpetual intercourse between all three.

From this accurate deduction it is manifest, that for obtaining attention in public there is of necessity required a *superior position of place*. But, although this point be generallly granted, yet the cause is little agreed in; and it seems to me, that very few philosophers have fallen into a true, natural solution of this *phænomemon*. The deepest account, and the most fairly

* Is the *mountebank's stage*, whose orators the author determines either to the *galleys* or a *conventicle*.

† In the open air, and in streets where the greatest resort is.

digested of any I have yet met with, is this; that air being a heavy body, and therefore, according to the system of * *Epicurus*, continually descending, must needs be more so, when loaden and pressed down by words; which are also bodies of much weight and gravity, as it is manifest from those deep *impressions* they make and leave upon us; and therefore must be delivered from a due altitude, or else they will neither carry a good aim, nor fall down with a sufficient force.

† *Corpoream quoque enim vocem constare
fatendum est,
Et sonitum, quoniam possunt impellere
sensus.* Lucr. Lib. 4.

And I am the readier to favour this conjecture from a common observation; that in the several assemblies of these orators, nature itself hath instructed the hearers to stand with their mouths open, and erected parallel to the horizon, so as they may be intersected by a perpendicu-

* *Lucret. Lib. 2.*

† 'Tis certain then, that *voice* that thus can wound,
Is all *material*; *body* every *sound*.

lar line from the zenith to the center of the earth. In which position, if the audience be well compact, every one carries home a share, and little or nothing is lost.

I confess, there is something yet more refined in the contrivance and structure of our modern theatres. For, first, the pit is sunk below the stage with due regard to the institution above-deduced; that whatever *weighty* matter shall be delivered thence, whether it be *lead* or *gold*, may fall plum into the jaws of certain *critics*, as I think they are called, which stand ready opened to devour them. Then, the boxes are built round, and raised to a level with the scene, in deference to the ladies; because, that large portion of wit, laid out in raising pruriences and protuberances, is observed to run much upon a line, and ever in a circle. The whining passions, and little starved conceits are gently waisted up by their own extreme levity to the middle region, and there fix and are frozen by the frigid understandings of the inhabitants. Bombastry and buffoonry, by nature lofty and light, soar highest of all,
and

and would be lost in the roof, if the prudent architect had not with much foresight contrived for them a fourth place, called *the twelve-penny-gallery*, and there planted a suitable colony, who greedily intercept them in their passage.

Now this physico-logical scheme of oratorical receptacles or machines contains a great mystery, being a type, a sign, an emblem, a shadow, a symbol, bearing analogy to the spacious commonwealth of writers, and to those methods by which they must exalt themselves to a certain eminency above the inferior world. By the *pulpit* are adumbrated the writings of our *modern saints* in *Great-Britain*, as they have spiritualised and refined them from the dross and grossness of *sense* and *human reason*. The matter, as we have said, is of rotten wood; and that upon two considerations; because it is the quality of rotten wood to give *light* in the dark: and secondly, because its cavities are full of worms; which is a * type with a pair of

* The two principal qualifications of a fanatic preacher are, his inward light, and his head full of maggots; and the

two different fates of his writings are, to be burnt or worm-eaten.

handles, having a respect to the two principal qualifications of the orator, and the two different fates attending upon his works.

The *ladder* is an adequate symbol of *faction*, and of *poetry*, to both of which so noble a number of authors are indebted for their fame. † Of *faction*, because *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

*Hiatus in
MS.*

Of *poetry*, because its orators do *perorare* with a song; and because climbing up by slow degrees, fate is sure to turn them off before they can reach within many steps of the top: and because it is a preferment attained by transferring of propriety, and a confounding of *meum* and *tuum*.

Under the *stage itinerant* are couched those productions designed for the pleasure and delight of mortal man; such as, *six-penny-worth of wit*, *Westminster drolleries*, *delightful tales*, *compleat jesters*, and the

† Here is pretended a defect in the manuscript; and this is very frequent with our author, either when he thinks he cannot say any thing worth reading, or when he has no mind

to enter on the subject, or when it is a matter of little moment, or perhaps to amuse his reader, whereof he is frequently very fond; or, lastly, with some satyrical intention.

like;

like; by which the writers of and for GRUB-STREET have in these latter ages so nobly triumphed over *time*; have clipped his wings, pared his nails, filed his teeth, turned back his hourglass, blunted his scythe, and drawn the hobnails out of his shoes. It's under this class, I have presumed to list my present treatise, being just come from having the honour conferred upon me, to be adopted a member of that illustrious fraternity.

Now, I am not unaware, how the productions of the *Grub-street* brotherhood have of late years fallen under many prejudices, nor how it has been the perpetual employment of two *junior* start-up societies to ridicule them and their authors, as unworthy their established post in the commonwealth of wit and learning. Their own consciences will easily inform them, whom I mean; nor has the world been so negligent a looker-on, as not to observe the continual efforts made by the societies of *Gresham* * and of † *Will's* to edify a
name

* *Gresham* college was the place where the Royal Society then met, from whence they removed to *Crane - Court* in *Fleet-Street*.
† *Will's* coffee-house in *Covent*.

name and reputation upon the ruin of OURS. And this is yet a more feeling grief to us, upon the regards of tenderness as well as of justice, when we reflect on their proceedings not only as unjust, but as ungrateful, undutiful, and unnatural. For how can it be forgot by the world or themselves, to say nothing of our own records, which are full and clear in the point, that they both are seminaries not only of our *planting*, but our *watering* too? I am informed, our two *rivals* have lately made an offer to enter into the lists with united forces, and challenge us to a comparison of books, both as to *weight* and *number*. In return to which, with licence from our *president*, I humbly offer two answers: first, we say, the proposal is like that which *Archimedes* made upon a * *smaller* affair, including an impossibility in the practice; for, where can they find scales of *capacity* enough for the first, or an arithmetician of *capacity* enough for the second. Secondly, we are ready to accept the chal-

vent-Garden was formerly the place where the poets usually met, which, though it be yet fresh in memory, in some years

may be forgotten, and want this explanation.

* *Viz.* About moving the earth.

lenge ;

lenge ; but with this condition, that a third indifferent person be assigned, to whose impartial judgment it should be left to decide, which society each book, treatise or pamphlet do most properly belong to. This point, God knows, is very far from being fixed at present : for, we are ready to produce a catalogue of some thousands, which in all common justice ought to be entitled to our fraternity, but by the revolted and new-fangled writers most perfidiously ascribed to the others. Upon all which, we think it very unbecoming our prudence, that the determination should be remitted to the authors themselves ; when our adversaries by briguing and caballing have caused so universal a defection from us, that the greatest part of our society hath already deserted to them, and our nearest friends begin to stand aloof, as if they were half-ashamed to own us.

This is the utmost I am authorised to say upon so ungrateful and melancholy a subject ; because we are extreme unwilling to inflame a controversy, whose continuance may be so fatal to the interests of us all, desiring much rather that things

be amicably composed; and we shall so far advance on our side, as to be ready to receive the two *prodigals* with open arms whenever they shall think fit to return from their *busks* and their *barlots*; which, I think, from the * present course of their studies they most properly may be said to be engaged in; and like an indulgent parent continue to them our affection and our blessing.

But the greatest maim given to that general reception, which the writings of our society have formerly received (next to the transitory state of all sublunary things) hath been a superficial vein among many readers of the present age, who will by no means be persuaded to inspect beyond the surface and the rind of things; whereas, *wisdom* is a *fox*, who, after long hunting, will at last cost you the pains to dig out: it is a *cheese*, which, by how much the richer, has the thicker, the homelier, and the coarser coat; and whereof to a judicious palate the *maggots* are the best: it is a *sack-posset*, wherein the deeper you go, you will find it the sweeter.

* Virtuoso experiments, and modern comedies.

Wisdom is a *hen*, whose *cackling* we must value and consider, because it is attended with an *egg* : but, then lastly, it is a *nut*, which, unless you chuse with judgment, may cost you a tooth, and pay you with nothing but a *worm*. In consequence of these momentous truths, the *grubæan* sages have always chosen to convey their precepts and their arts shut up within the vehicles of types and fables, which having been perhaps more careful and curious in adorning, than was altogether necessary, it has fared with these vehicles, after the usual fate of coaches over finely painted and gilt ; that the transitory gazers have so dazzled their eyes, and filled their imaginations with the outward lustre, as neither to regard or consider the person or the parts of the owner within. A misfortune we undergo with somewhat less reluctance, because it has been common to us with *Pythagoras*, *Æsop*, *Socrates*, and other of our predecessors.

However, that neither the world, nor ourselves, may any longer suffer by such misunderstandings, I have been prevailed on, after much importunity from my friends,

friends, to travel in a compleat and laborious dissertation upon the prime productions of our society, which, besides their beautiful externals for the gratification of superficial readers, have darkly and deeply couched under them the most finished and refined systems of all sciences and arts ; as I do not doubt to lay open by untwisting or unwinding, and either to draw up by exantlation, or display by incision.

This great work was entered upon some years ago by one of our most eminent members : he began with the history of † *Reynard the fox*, but neither lived to publish his essay, nor to proceed farther in so useful an attempt, which is very much to be lamented, because the discovery he made, and communicated with his friends, is now universally received ; nor do I think, any of the learned will dispute that famous treatise to be a compleat body of civil knowledge, and the *revelation*, or rather the *apocalypse* of all state *arcana*. But the progress I have made is much greater,

† The author seems here to be mistaken, for I have seen a *Latin* edition of *Reynard the fox* above a hundred years old, which I take to be the origi-

nal ; for the rest, it has been thought by many people to contain some satyrical design in it.

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The first piece I have handled is that of *Tom Thumb*, whose author was a *Pythagorean* philosopher. This dark treatise contains the whole scheme of the *Metempsychosis*, deducing the progress of the soul through all her stages.

The next is *Dr. Faustus*, penned by *Artephius*, an author *bonæ notæ*, and an *adeptus*; he published it in the * nine-hundred-eighty-fourth year of his age; this writer proceeds wholly by *reincrudation*, or in the *via humida*: and the marriage between *Faustus* and *Helen* does most conspicuously dilucidate the fermenting of the *male* and *female dragon*.

Whittington and his cat is the work of that mysterious *rabbi*, *Jebuda Hannasi*, containing a defence of the † *gemara* of the *Jerusalem misna*, and its just preference to that

* The chymists say of him in their books, that he prolonged his life to a thousand years, and then died voluntarily.

† The *gemara* is the deci-

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of

of *Babylon*, contrary to the vulgar opinion.

The *hind and panther*. This is the master-piece of a famous * writer now living, intended for a compleat abstract of sixteen thousand school-men from *Scotus* to *Bellarmin*.

Tommy Pots. Another piece supposed by the same hand, by way of supplement to the former.

The *wise men of Goatham, cum appendice*. This is a treatise of immense erudition, being the great original and fountain of those arguments, bandied about both in *France* and *England*, for a just defence of the *moderns* learning and wit against the presumption, the pride, and ignorance of the *antients*. This unknown author hath so exhausted the subject, that a penetrating reader will easily discover whatever hath been written since upon that dispute to be little more than repetition. † An abstract of this treatise hath been lately published by a *worthy member* of our society.

These notices may serve to give the learned reader an idea, as well as a taste, of what

* *Viz.* In the year 1698.

† This I suppose to be understood of Mr. *Wotton's* dis-

course of ancient and modern learning.

the whole work is likely to produce; wherein I have now altogether circumscribed my thoughts and my studies; and, if I can bring it to a perfection before I die, shall reckon I have well employed the * poor remains of an unfortunate life. This indeed is more than I can justly expect from a quill worn to the pith in the service of the state, in *pro's* and *con's* upon *popish plots*, and † *meal tubs*, and *exclusion bills*, and *passive obedience*, and *addresses of lives and fortunes*; and *prerogative*, and *property*, and *liberty of conscience*, and *letters to a friend*: from an understanding and a conscience thread-bare and ragged with perpetual turning; from a head broken in a hundred places by the malignants of the opposite factions; and from a body spent with poxes ill cured, by trusting to bawds and surgeons, who, as it afterwards appeared, were professed enemies to me and the government, and revenged their party's quarrel upon my nose and shins. Four-score and eleven pamphlets have I written

* Here the author seems to personate *L'Estrange*, *Dryden*, and some others, who, after having past their lives in vices, faction and falshood, have the impudence to talk of merit

and innocence and sufferings.

† In king *Charles* the Second's time, there was an account of a *presbyterian* plot, found in a tub, which then made much noise.

under

under three reigns, and for the service of six and thirty factions. But, finding the state has no farther occasion for me and my ink, I retire willingly to draw it out into speculations more becoming a philosopher; having, to my unspeakable comfort, passed a long life with a conscience void of offence.

But to return. I am assured from the reader's candor, that the brief specimen I have given, will easily clear all the rest of our society's productions from an aspersions grown, as it is manifest, out of envy and ignorance; that they are of little farther use or value to mankind beyond the common entertainments of their wit and their style; for these I am sure have never yet been disputed by our keenest adversaries: in both which, as well as the more profound and mystical part, I have throughout this treatise closely followed the most applauded originals. And to render all compleat, I have with much thought and application of mind so ordered, that the chief title prefixed to it, I mean, that under which I design it shall pass in the common conversations of court and town,

is

is modelled exactly after the manner peculiar to *our* society.

I confess to have been somewhat liberal in the business of * titles, having observed the humour of multiplying them to bear great vogue among certain writers, whom I exceedingly reverence. And indeed it seems not unreasonable, that books, the children of the brain, should have the honour to be christened with variety of names, as well as other infants of quality. Our famous *Dryden* has ventured to proceed a point farther, endeavouring to introduce also a multiplicity of † *god-fathers*; which is an improvement of much more advantage upon a very obvious account. It is a pity this admirable invention has not been better cultivated, so as to grow by this time into general imitation, when such an authority serves it for a precedent. Nor have my endeavours been wanting to second so useful an example: but it seems, there is an unhappy expence usually annexed to the calling of a god-father, which

* The title-page in the original was so torn, that it was not possible to recover several titles, which the author here

speaks of.

† See *Virgil* translated, &c. he dedicated the different parts of *Virgil* to different patrons.

was clearly out of my head, as it is very reasonable to believe. Where the pinch lay, I cannot certainly affirm; but having employed a world of thoughts and pains to split my treatise into forty sections, and having intreated forty lords of my acquaintance, that they would do me the honour to stand, they all made it a matter of conscience, and sent me their excuses.

S E C T. II.

ONCE upon a time, there was a man who had three * sons by one wife, and all at a birth, neither could the midwife tell certainly which was the eldest. Their father died while they were young; and upon his death-bed, calling the lads to him, spoke thus:

Sons; because I have purchased no estate, nor was born to any, I have long considered of some good legacies to bequeath you; and at last, with much care as well as expence, have provided each of you (here they are)

* By these three sons, *Peter*, *Martin*, and *Jack*, *Poper*y, the Church of England, and our *Protestant Dissenters* are designed. *W. Wotton.*

a new * coat. Now, you are to understand, that these coats have two virtues contained in them: one is, that with good wearing they will last you fresh and sound as long as you live: the other is, that they will grow in the same proportion with your bodies, lengthening and widening of themselves, so as to be always fit. Here; let me see them on you before I die. So; very well; pray children wear them clean, and brush them often. You will find in my † will (here it is) full instructions in every particular concerning the wearing and management of your coats; wherein you must be very exact, to avoid the penalties I have appointed for every transgression or neglect, upon which your future fortunes will intirely depend. I have also commanded in my will, that you should live together in one house like brethren and friends, for then you will be sure to thrive, and not otherwise.

Here the story says, this good father

* By his coats; which he gave his sons, the garment of the Israelites. *W. Wotton.*

An error (with submission) of the learned commentator; for by the coats are meant the

doctrine and faith of christianity, by the wisdom of the divine founder fitted to all times, places, and circumstances. *Lambin.*

† The new testament.

died, and the three sons went all together to seek their fortunes.

I shall not trouble you with recounting what adventures they met for the first seven years, any farther than by taking notice, that they carefully observed their father's will, and kept their coats in very good order: that they travelled through several countries, encountered a reasonable quantity of giants, and slew certain dragons.

Being now arrived at the proper age for producing themselves, they came up to town, and fell in love with the ladies, but especially three, who about that time were in chief reputation: the * duchess *d' Argent*, *madame de Grands Titres*, and the countess *d' Orgueil*. On their first appearance our three adventurers met with a very bad reception; and soon with great sagacity guessing out the reason, they quickly began to improve in the good qualities of the town: they writ and raillied, and

* Their mistresses are the *duchess d' Argent*, *mademoiselle de Grands Titres*, and the *countess d' Orgueil*, i. e. covetousness, ambition, and pride;

which were the three great vices that the ancient fathers inveighed against, as the first corruptions of christianity. *W. Wotton.*

rhymed,

rhymed, and sung, and said, and said nothing: they drank, and fought, and whored, and slept, and swore, and took snuff: they went to new plays on the first night, haunted the *chocolate* houses, beat the watch, lay on bulks, and got claps: they bilked hackney coachmen, ran in debt with shopkeepers, and lay with their wives: they killed bayliffs, kicked fiddlers down stairs, eat at *Locket's*, loitered at *Will's*: they talked of the drawing-room, and never came there: dined with lords they never saw: whispered a duchess, and spoke never a word: exposed the scrawls of their laundresses for billetdoux of quality: came ever just from court, and were never seen in it: attended the levee *sub dio*: got a list of peers by heart in one company, and with great familiarity retailed them in another. Above all, they constantly attended those committies of senators, who are silent in the *house*, and loud in the *coffee house*, where they nightly adjourn to chew the cud of politics, and are encompassed with a ring of disciples, who lie in wait to catch up their droppings. The three brothers had acquired forty other

qualifications of the like stamp, too tedious to recount, and by consequence were justly reckoned the most accomplished persons in the town: but all would not suffice, and the ladies aforesaid continued still inflexible. To clear up which difficulty I must, with the reader's good leave and patience, have recourse to some points of weight, which the authors of that age have not sufficiently illustrated.

For, * about this time it happened a sect arose, whose tenets obtained and spread very far, especially in the *grand monde*, and among every body of good fashion. They worshipped a sort of † *idol*, who, as their doctrine delivered, did daily create men by a kind of manufactory operation. This *idol* they placed in the highest parts of the house, on an altar erected about three foot: he was shewn in the posture of a *Persian* emperor, sitting on a *superficies*, with his legs interwoven under him. This god had a *goose* for his ensign; whence it is, that some learned

* This is an occasional satyr upon dress and fashion in order to introduce what follows.

† By this *idol* is meant taylor.

men pretend to deduce his original from *Jupiter Capitolinus*. At his left-hand, beneath the altar, *hell* seemed to open, and catch at the animals the *idol* was creating; to prevent which, certain of his priests hourly flung in, pieces of the uninformed mass, or substance, and sometimes whole limbs already enlivened, which that horrid gulph insatiably swallowed, terrible to behold. The *goose* was also held a subaltern divinity, or *deus minorum gentium*, before whose shrine was sacrificed that creature, whose hourly food is human gore, and who is in so great renown abroad for being the delight and favourite of the * *Ægyptian Cercopithecus*. Millions of these animals were cruelly slaughtered every day to appease the hunger of that consuming deity. The chief *idol* was also worshipped as the inventor of the *yard* and *needle*, whether as the god of seamen, or on account of certain other mystical attributes, hath not been sufficiently cleared.

The worshippers of this deity had also

* The *Ægyptians* worshipped a monkey, which animal is very fond of eating lice, styled here creatures that feed on human gore.

a system of their belief, which seemed to turn upon the following fundamentals. They held the universe to be a large *suit of cloaths*, which *invests* every thing: that the earth is *invested* by the air; the air is *invested* by the stars; and the stars are *invested* by the *primum mobile*. Look on this globe of earth, you will find it to be a very compleat and fashionable *dress*. What is that which some call *land*, but a fine coat faced with green? or the *sea*, but a waistcoat of water-tabby? proceed to the particular works of the creation, you will find how curious *journeyman* nature hath been to trim up the *vegetable* beaux: observe how sparkish a periwig adorns the head of a *beech*, and what a fine doublet of white satin is worn by the *birch*. To conclude from all, what is man himself but a * *micro-coat*, or rather a compleat suit of cloaths with all its trimmings? as to his body there can be no dispute: but examine even the acquirements of his mind, you will find them all contribute in their order towards furnishing

* Alluding to the word as man hath been called by *microcosm*, or a little world, philosophers.

out an exact dress: to instance no more; is not religion a *cloak*, honesty a *pair of shoes* worn out in the dirt, self-love a *sur-tout*, vanity a *shirt*, and conscience a *pair of breeches*, which, though a cover for lewdness as well as nastiness, is easily flipt down for the service of both?

These *postulata* being admitted, it will follow in due course of reasoning, that those beings, which the world calls improperly *suits of cloaths*, are in reality the most refined species of animals; or to proceed higher, that they are rational creatures, or men. For, is it not manifest, that they live, and move, and talk, and perform all other offices of human life? are not beauty, and wit, and mien, and breeding their inseparable proprieties? in short we see nothing but them, hear nothing but them. Is it not they, who walk the streets, fill up *parliament*——, *coffee*——, *play*——, *bawdy-houses*? It is true indeed, that these animals, which are vulgarly called *suits of cloaths*, or *dresses*, do according to certain compositions receive different appellations. If one of them be trimmed up with a gold chain,

and a red gown, and a white rod, and a great horse, it is called a *lord-mayor*: if certain ermins and furs be placed in a certain position, we style them a *judge*; and so an apt conjunction of lawn and black sattin we intitle a *bishop*.

Others of these professors, though agreeing in the main system, were yet more refined upon certain branches of it; and held, that man was an animal compounded of two *dressess*, the *natural* and *celestial suit*, which were the body and the soul: that the soul was the outward, and the body the inward cloathing; that the latter was *ex traduce*; but the former of daily creation and circumfufion; this last they proved by *scripture*, because, *in them we live, and move, and have our being*: as likewise by philosophy, because they are *all in all, and all in every part*. Besides, said they, separate these two, and you will find the body to be only a senseless unfavoury carcass. By all which it is manifest, that the outward dress must needs be the soul.

To this system of religion, were tagged several

several subaltern * doctrines, which were entertained with great vogue; as particularly, the faculties of the mind were deduced by the learned among them in this manner: *embroidery*, was *sheer wit*; *gold fringe*, was *agreeable conversation*; *gold lace*, was *repartee*; a huge long *periwig*, was *humour*; and a *coat full of powder*, was very good *raillery*: all which required abundance of *finesse* and *delicatsse* to manage with advantage, as well as a strict observance after times and fashions.

I have, with much pains and reading, collected out of antient authors this short summary of a body of philosophy and divinity, which seems to have been composed by a vein and race of thinking, very

* The first part of the *Tale* is the history of *Peter*; thereby *popery* is exposed: every body knows the *papists* have made great additions to christianity, that indeed is the great exception which the *church of England* makes against them; accordingly *Peter* begins his pranks with adding a *shoulder-knot* to his coat. *W. Wotton.*

His description of the cloth, of which the coat was made, has a farther meaning than the words may seem to import;

“ The coats their father had
“ left them, were of very good
“ cloth, and besides, so neatly
“ sown, you would swear they
“ were all of a piece; but at
“ the same time very plain,
“ with little or no ornament.”

This is the distinguishing character of the christian religion: *christiana religio absoluta & simplex*, was *Ammianus Marcellinus*’s description of it, who was himself a heathen. *W. Wotton.*

different

different from any other systems either *antient* or *modern*. And it was not merely to entertain or satisfy the reader's curiosity, but rather to give him light into several circumstances of the following story; that, knowing the state of dispositions and opinions in an age so remote, he may better comprehend those great events, which were the issue of them. I advise therefore the courteous reader to peruse with a world of application, again and again, whatever I have written upon this matter. And leaving these broken ends, I carefully gather up the chief thread of my story, and proceed.

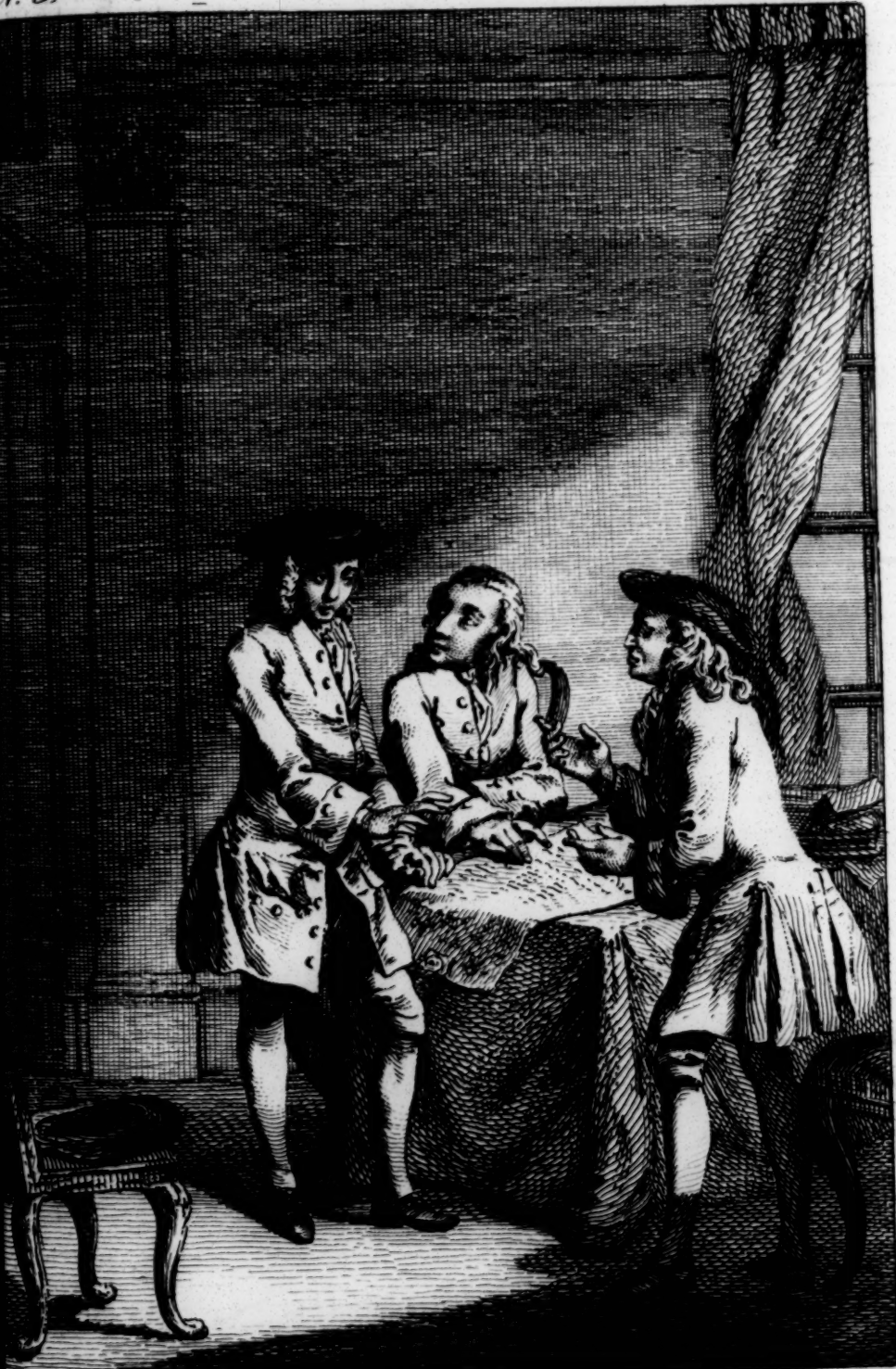
These opinions therefore were so universal, as well as the practices of them, among the refined part of court and town; that our three brother-adventurers, as their circumstances then stood, were strangely at a loss. For, on the one side, the three ladies they addressed themselves to, whom we have named already, were ever at the very top of the fashion, and abhorred all that were below it but the breadth of a hair. On the other side, their father's will was very precise, and it was the

the main precept in it, with the greatest penalties annexed, not to add to, or diminish from their coats one thread without a positive command in the will. Now the coats their father had left them, were, 'tis true, of very good cloth, and besides, so neatly sown, you would swear they were all of a piece; but at the same time very plain, and with little or no ornament: and it happened, that before they were a month in town, great * *shoulder-knots* came up: strait all the world was *shoulder-knots*; no approaching the ladies *ruelles* without the *quota* of *shoulder-knots*. That fellow, cries one, *has no soul; where is his shoulder-knot?* Our three brethren soon discovered their want by sad experience, meeting in their walks with forty mortifications and indignities. If they went to the *play-house*, the door-keeper shewed them into the twelve-penny gallery. If they called a boat, says a waterman, *I am first sculler*. If they stepped to the *rose* to take a bottle, the drawer would cry, *Friend, we sell no*

* By this is understood the first introducing of pageantry, and unnecessary ornaments in the church, such as were nei-

ther for convenience nor edification, as a *shoulder-knot*, in which there is neither symmetry nor use.

ale. If they went to visit a lady, a footman met them at the door, with *pray send up your message.* In this unhapy case they went immediately to consult their father's will, read it over and over, but not a word of the *shoulder-knot*: what should they do? what temper should they find? obedience was absolutely necessary, and yet *shoulder-knots* appeared extremely requisite. After much thought one of the brothers, who happened to be more *book learned* than the other two, said, he had found an expedient. *It is true,* said he, *there is nothing here in this will, totidem verbis, making mention of shoulder-knots: but I dare conjecture, we may find them inclusivè, or, totidem syllabis.* This distinction was immediately approved by all; and so they fell again to examine; but their evil star had so directed the matter, that the first syllable was not to be found in the whole writings. Upon which disappointment he, who found the former evasion, took heart, and said, *Brothers, there is yet hopes; for though we cannot find them totidem verbis, nor totidem syllabis, I dare engage we shall make them out tertio modo,*



modo, *or* totidem literis. This discovery was also highly commended, upon which they fell once more to the scrutiny, and picked out S, H, O, U, L, D, E, R; when the same planet, enemy to their repose, had wonderfully contrived, that a K was not to be found. Here was a weighty difficulty! but the distinguishing brother, for whom we shall hereafter find a name, now his hand was in, proved by a very good argument, that K was a modern illegitimate letter, unknown to the learned ages, nor any where to be found in antient manuscripts. *Calendæ* hath in ‡ Q. V. C. been sometimes written with a K, but erroneously; for in the best copies it has been ever spelt with a C. And by consequence it was a gross mistake in our language to spell knot with a K; but that from henceforward, he would take care it should be written with a C. Upon this all farther difficulty vanished; *shoulder-knots* were made clearly out to be *jure paterno*; and our three gentlemen swaggered with as large and as flaunting ones as the best.

‡ Quibusdam veteribus codicibus. Some ancient manuscripts.

But,

But, as human happiness is of a very short duration, so in those days were human fashions, upon which it intirely depends. *Shoulder-knots* had their time, and we must now imagine them in their decline; for a certain lord came just from *Paris* with fifty yards of *gold-lace* upon his coat, exactly trimmed after the court-fashion of that *month*. In two days all mankind appeared closed up in bars of * *gold-lace*: whoever durst peep abroad without his compliment of *gold-lace*, was as scandalous as a — and as ill received among the women: what should our three knights do in this momentous affair? they had sufficiently strained a point already in the affair of *shoulder-knots*: upon recourse to the will, nothing appeared there, but *altum silentium*. That of the *shoulder-knots* was a loose, flying, circumstantial point; but this of *gold-lace* seemed too considerable an alteration without better warrant; it did *aliquo modo essentiæ adhærere*, and therefore required a positive precept. But

* I cannot tell whether the author means any new innovation by this word, or whether it be only to introduce the new methods of forcing and perverting scripture.

about this time it fell out, that the learned brother aforefaid, had read *Aristotelis dialectica*, and efpecially that wonderful piece *de interpretatione*, which has the faculty of teaching its readers to find out a meaning in every thing but itfelf; like commentators on the *revelations*, who proceed prophets without understanding a fyllable of the text. *Brothers*, faid he, *you are to be informed, that of wills duo funt genera, * nuncupatory and fcriptory; that in the fcriptory will here before us, there is no precept or mention about gold-lace, conceditur: but, fi idem affirmetur de nuncupatoria, negatur. For, brothers, if you remember, we heard a fellow fay, when we were boys, that he heard my father's man fay, that he heard my father fay, that he would advife his fons to get gold-lace on their coats, as foon as ever they could procure money to buy it. † By G—that is very true, cries the other; I re-*

* By this is meant *tradition*, allowed to have equal authority with the fcripture, or rather greater.

† When the papifts cannot find any thing which they want in Scripture, they go to *oral tradition*: Thus *Peter* is intro-

duced difatisfied with the tedious way of looking for all the letters of any word, which he has occafion for in the *will*; when neither the conftituent fyllables, nor much lefs the whole word, were there in *terminis*. *W. Wotton.*

member

member it perfectly well, said the third. And so without more ado they got the largest gold-lace in the parish, and walked about as fine as lords.

A while after there came up *all in fashion* a pretty sort of *† flame-coloured satin* for linings; and the *mercier* brought a pattern of it immediately to our three gentlemen: *An please your worships, said he, my lord C—, and sir J. W. had linings out of this very piece last night; it takes wonderfully, and I shall not have a remnant left, enough to make my wife a pin-cushion, by to morrow morning at ten a clock.* Upon this they fell again to rummage the will, because the present case also required a positive precept, the lining being held by

* This is purgatory, where-
of he speaks more particularly
hereafter; but here, only to
shew how scripture was per-
verted to prove it, which was
done, by giving equal autho-
rity with the *canon* to *apocry-
pha*, called here a *codicil an-
nexed*.

It is likely the author, in
every one of these changes
in the brother's dresses, refers
to some particular error in the
church of Rome, though it is
not easy, I think, to apply

them all: but by this of *flame-
coloured sattin*, is manifestly
intended *purgatory*; by *gold-
lace* may perhaps be under-
stood, the lofty ornaments and
plate in the churches; the
shoulder-knots and *silver fringe*
are not so obvious, at least to
me; but the *Indian* figures of
men, women, and children,
plainly relate to the pictures in
the *Romish* churches, of God
like an old man, of the virgin
Mary, and our Saviour as a
child.

orthodox

orthodox writers to be of the essence of the coat. After long search they could fix upon nothing to the matter in hand, except a short advice of their father in the will * to take care of *fire*, and put out their *candles* before they went to sleep. This, though a good deal for the purpose, and helping very far towards self-conviction, yet not seeming wholly of force to establish a command ; (being resolved to avoid farther scruple, as well as future occasion for scandal,) says he that was the scholar, *I remember to have read in wills of a codicil annexed, which is indeed a part of the will, and what it contains hath equal authority with the rest. Now, I have been considering of this same will here before us, and I cannot reckon it to be compleat for want of such a codicil : I will therefore fasten one in its proper place very dextrously ; I have had it by me some time ; it was written by a dog-keeper of † my grand father's, and talks a great deal, as good luck would have it, of this very flame-coloured satin.*

* That is, to take care of hell ; and, in order to do that, to subdue and extinguish their lusts.

† I believe this refers to that part of the *apocrypha*, where mention is made of *Tobit* and his dog.

The project was immediately approved by the other two; an old parchment scrawl was tagged on according to art in the form of a *codicil annexed*, and the *satin* bought and worn.

Next winter a *player*, hired for the purpose by the corporation of *fringe-makers*, acted his part in a new comedy all covered with * *silver fringe*, and according to the laudable custom gave rise to that fashion. Upon which the brothers consulting their father's will, to their great astonishment found these words; item, *I charge and command my said three sons to wear no sort of silver fringe upon or about their said coats, &c.* with a penalty, in case of disobedience, too long here to insert. However, after some pause the brother so often mentioned for his erudition, who was well skilled in criticisms, had found in a certain author, which he said should be nameless, that the same word, which in the will is called *fringe*, does also signify a *broom-stick* †:

* This is certainly the farther introducing the pomps of habit and ornament.

† The next subject of our author's wit, is the glosses and

interpretations of scripture, very many absurd ones of which are allowed in the most authentic books of the church of Rome. *W. Wotton.*

and doubtless ought to have the same interpretation in this paragraph. This another of the brothers disliked, because of that epithet *silver*, which could not, he humbly conceived, in propriety of speech be reasonably applied to a *broom-stick*: but it was replied upon him, that this epithet was understood in a *mythological* and *allegorical* sense. However, he objected again, why their father should forbid them to wear a *broom-stick* on their coats, a caution that seemed unnatural and impertinent; upon which he was taken up short, as one that spoke irreverently of a *mystery*, which doubtless was very useful and significant, but ought not to be over-curiously pried into, or nicely reasoned upon. And in short, their father's authority being now considerably sunk, this expedient was allowed to serve as a lawful dispensation for wearing their full proportion of *silver fringe*.

A while after was revived an old fashion, long antiquated, of *embroidery* with
 * *Indian figures* of men, women, and

* The images of saints, the blessed virgin, and our Saviour an infant.

Ibid. Images in the church

of Rome give him but too fair a handle, the brothers remembered, &c. The allegory here is direct. *W. Wotton.*

children. Here they remembered but too well, how their father had always abhorred this fashion; that he made several paragraphs on purpose, importing his utter detestation of it, and bestowing his everlasting curse to his sons, whenever they should wear it. For all this, in a few days they appeared higher in the fashion than any body else in the town. But they solved the matter by saying, that these figures were not at all the *same* with those, that were formerly worn, and were meant in the will. Besides, they did not wear them in the sense, as forbidden by their father; but as they were a commendable custom, and of great use to the public. That these rigorous clauses in the will did therefore require some *allowance*, and a favourable interpretation, and ought to be understood *cum grano salis*.

But fashions perpetually altering in that age, the scholastic brother grew weary of searching farther evasions, and solving everlasting contradictions. Resolved therefore at all hazards to comply with the modes of the world; they concerted matters together, and agreed unanimously to
lock

* lock up their father's will in a *strong box*, brought out of *Greece* or *Italy*, I have forgotten which, and trouble themselves no farther to examine it, but only refer to its authority whenever they thought fit. In consequence whereof, a while after it grew a general mode to wear an infinite number of *points*, most of them *tagged with silver*: upon which, the scholar pronounced † *ex cathedra*, that *points* were absolutely *jure paterno*, as they might very well remember. It is true indeed, the fashion prescribed somewhat more than were directly named in the will; however, that they, as heirs general of their father, had power to make and add certain clauses for public emolument, though not dedu-

* The papists formerly forbade the people the use of scripture in a vulgar tongue, *Peter* therefore *locks up his father's will in a strong box, brought out of Greece or Italy*: these countries are named, because the *New Testament* is written in *Greek*; and the *vulgar Latin*, which is the authentic edition of the *bible* in the church of *Rome*, is in the language of old *Italy*. *W. Wotton.*

† The *popes*, in their de-

cretals and bulls, have given their sanction to very many gainful doctrines, which are now received in the church of *Rome*, that are not mentioned in scripture, and are unknown to the primitive church: *Peter*, accordingly, pronounces *ex cathedra*, that *points tagged with silver* were absolutely *jure paterno*; and so they wore them in great numbers. *W. Wotton.*

cible, *totidem verbis*, from the letter of the will, or else *multa absurda sequerentur*. This was understood for *canonical*, and therefore on the following *Sunday* they came to church all covered with *points*.

The learned brother so often mentioned was reckoned the best scholar in all that, or the next street to it; insomuch as, having run something behind-hand in the world, he obtained the favour of a † *certain lord*, to receive him into his house, and to teach his children. A while after the *lord* died, and he, by long practice of his father's will, found the way of contriving a *deed of conveyance* of that house to himself, and his heirs: upon which he took possession, turned the young squires out, and received his brothers in their stead *.

† This was *Constantine the Great*, from whom the *popes* pretend a donation of *St. Peter's* patrimony, which they have been never able to produce.

* *Ibid.* The bishops of *Rome* enjoyed their privileges in *Rome* at first by the favour of emperors, whom at last they

shut out of their own capital city, and then forged a donation from *Constantine the Great*, the better to justify what they did. In imitation of this, *Peter*, having run something behind-hand in the world, obtained leave of a certain lord, &c. *W. Wotton.*

S E C T. III.

A digression concerning critics.

ALTHOUGH I have been hitherto as cautious as I could, upon all occasions, most nicely to follow the rules and methods of writing laid down by the example of our illustrious *moderns*; yet has the unhappy shortness of my memory led me into an error, from which I must extricate myself, before I can decently pursue my principal subject. I confess with shame, it was an unpardonable omission to proceed so far as I have already done, before I had performed the due discourses, expostulatory, supplicatory, or deprecatory, with my *good lords the critics*. Towards some atonement for this grievous neglect, I do here make humbly bold to present them with a short account of themselves and their *art*, by looking into the original and pedigree of the word, as it is generally understood among us, and very briefly considering the antient and present state thereof.

By the word *critic*, at this day so frequent in all conversations, there have sometimes been distinguished three very different species of mortal men, according as I have read in *antient books and pamphlets*. For first by this term was understood such persons as invented or drew up rules for themselves and the world, by observing which a careful reader might be able to pronounce upon the productions of the *learned*, form his taste to a true relish of the *sublime* and the *admirable*, and divide every beauty of matter or of stile from the corruption that apes it: in their common perusal of books, singling out the errors and defects, the nauseous, the fulsome, the dull and the impertinent, with the caution of a man that walks through *Edinburgh* streets in a morning, who is indeed as careful as he can to watch diligently, and spy out the filth in his way; not that he is curious to observe the colour and complexion of the ordure, or take its dimensions, much less to be paddling in, or tasting it; but only with a design to come out as cleanly as he may. These men seem, though very erroneously, to have

have understood the appellation of *critic* in a literal sense; that one principal part of his office was to praise and acquit; and that a *critic*, who sets up to read only for an occasion of censure and reproof, is a creature as barbarous as a *judge*, who should take up a resolution to hang all men, that came before him upon a tryal.

Again, by the word *critic* have been meant, the restorers of antient learning from the worms, and graves, and dust of manuscripts.

Now the races of those two have been for some ages utterly extinct; and besides, to discourse any farther of them would not be at all to my purpose.

The third, and noblest sort is that of the TRUE CRITIC, whose original is the most antient of all. Every *true critic* is a hero born, descending in a direct line from a celestial stem by *Momus* and *Hybris*, who begat *Zoilus*, who begat *Tigellius*, who begat *Etcætera* the elder, who begat *Bentley*, and *Rymer*, and *Wotton*, and *Per-rault*, and *Dennis*, who begat *Etcætera* the younger.

And these are the *critics*, from whom
the

the commonwealth of learning has in all ages received such immense benefits, that the gratitude of their admirers placed their origine in heaven, among those of *Hercules*, *Theseus*, *Perseus*, and other great deservers of mankind. But heroic virtue itself hath not been exempt from the obloquy of evil tongues. For it hath been objected, that those antient heroes, famous for their combating so many giants, and dragons, and robbers, were in their own persons a greater nuisance to mankind, than any of those monsters they subdued; and therefore, to render their obligations more compleat, when all *other* vermin were destroyed, should in conscience have concluded with the same justice upon themselves. *Hercules* most generously did, and hath upon that score procured to himself more temples and votaries, than the best of his fellows. For these reasons, I suppose, it is, why some have conceived, it would be very expedient for the public good of learning, that every *true critic*, as soon as he had finished his task assigned, should immediately deliver himself up to ratsbane, or hemp, or from some convenient

nient *altitude*; and that no man's pretensions to so illustrious a character should by any means be received, before that operation were performed.

Now, from this heavenly descent of *criticism*, and the close analogy it bears to *heroic virtue*, it is easy to assign the proper employment of a *true antient genuine critic*; which is, to travel through this vast world of writings; to pursue and hunt those monstrous faults bred within them; to drag out the lurking errors, like *Cacus* from his den; to multiply them like *Hydra's* heads; and rake them together like *Augeas's* dung: or else drive away a sort of *dangerous fowl*, who have a perverse inclination to plunder the best branches of the *tree of knowledge*, like those *stymphalian* birds that eat up the fruit.

These reasonings will furnish us with an adequate definition of a true *critic*; that, he is *discoverer and collector of writers faults*; which may be farther put beyond dispute by the following demonstration: that whoever will examine the writings in all kinds, wherewith this antient sect has honoured the world, shall immediately

mediately find, from the whole thread and tenour of them, that the ideas of the authors have been altogether conversant, and taken up with the faults and blemishes and oversights, and mistakes of other writers; and, let the subject treated on be whatever it will, their imaginations are so intirely possessed and replete with the defects of other pens, that the very quintessence of what is bad does of necessity distil into their own; by which means the whole appears to be nothing else but an *abstract* of the *criticisms* themselves have made.

Having thus briefly considered the original and office of a *critic*, as the word is understood in its most noble and universal acceptation, I proceed to refute the objections of those, who argue from the silence and pretermiſſion of authors; by which they pretend to prove, that the very art of *criticism* as now exercised, and by me explained, is wholly *modern*; and consequently, that the *critics* of *Great-Britain* and *France* have no title to an original so antient and illustrious as I have deduced. Now, if I can clearly make out on the
contrary,

contrary, that the antient writers have particularly described both the person and the office of a *true critic*, agreeable to the definition laid down by me; their grand objection, from the silence of authors, will fall to the ground.

I confess to have for a long time born a part in this general error; from which I should never have acquitted myself, but through the assistance of our noble *moderns*; whose most edifying volumes I turn indefatigably over night and day for the improvement of my mind, and the good of my country: these have with unwearied pains made many useful searches into the weak sides of the *antients*, and given us a comprehensive list of them. * Besides, they have proved beyond contradiction, that the very finest things delivered of old, have been long since invented, and brought to light by much later pens; and that the noblest discoveries those *antients* ever made of art or nature, have all been produced by the transcending genius of the present age. Which clearly shews, how little merit those *antients* can justly pretend to;

* See *Wotton* of antient and modern learning.

and

and takes off that blind admiration paid them by men in a corner, who have the unhappiness of conversing too little with *present things*. Reflecting maturely upon all this, and taking in the whole compass of human nature, I easily concluded, that these *antients*, highly sensible of their many imperfections, must needs have endeavoured from some passages in their works to obviate, soften, or divert the censorious reader, by *satyr*, or *panegyric* upon the *critics*, in imitation of their *masters*, the *moderns*. Now, in the *common-places* of † both these, I was plentifully instructed, by a long course of useful study in *prefaces* and *prologues*; and therefore immediately resolved to try what I could discover of either by a diligent perusal of the most antient writers, and especially those who treated of the earliest times. Here I found to my great surprize, that although they all entered, upon occasion, into particular descriptions of the *true critic*, according as they were governed by their fears or their hopes; yet whatever they touched of that kind, was with abun-

† Satyr, and panegyric upon critics.

dance of caution, adventuring no farther than *mythology* and *hieroglyphic*. This, I suppose, gave ground to superficial readers for urging the silence of authors against the antiquity of the *true critic*, though the *types* are so apposite, and the applications so necessary and natural, that it is not easy to conceive, how any reader of a *modern eye* and *taste* could overlook them. I shall venture from a great number to produce a few, which, I am very confident, will put this question beyond dispute.

It well deserves considering, that these *antient writers*, in treating ænigmatically upon the subject, have generally fixed upon the very *same hieroglyph*, varying only the story, according to their affections, or their wit. For first; *Pausanias* is of opinion, that the perfection of writing correct was intirely owing to the institution of *critics*; and, that he can possibly mean no other than the *true critic*, is, I think, manifest enough from the following description. He says, *they were a race of men, who delighted to nibble at the superfluities, and excrescencies of books; which the learned at length observing, took*
warning

warning of their own accord to lop the luxuriant, the rotten, the dead, the sapless, and the overgrown branches from their works. But now, all this he cunningly shades under the following allegory; *that the * Nauplians in Argos learned the art of pruning their vines by observing, that, when an ASS had browsed upon one of them, it thrived the better, and bore fairer fruit.* But † *Herodotus*, holding the very same hieroglyph, speaks much plainer, and almost *in terminis*. He hath been so bold as to tax the *true critics* of ignorance and malice; telling us openly, for I think nothing can be plainer, that *in the western part of Libya there were ASSES with horns: upon which relation ‡ Ctesias yet refines, mentioning the very same animal about India, adding, that whereas all other ASSES wanted a gall, these horned ones were so redundant in that part, that their flesh was not to be eaten, because of its extreme bitterness.*

Now, the reason why those antient writers treated this subject only by types.

* Lib. —

† Lib. 4.

‡ *Vide excerpta ex eo apud Photium.*

and figures, was, because they durst not make open attacks against a party so potent and terrible, as the *critics* of those ages were; whose very voice was so dreadful, that a legion of authors would tremble, and drop their pens at the sound; for so *Herodotus* tells us expressly in another * place, how a vast army of Scythians was put to flight in a panic terror by the braying of an ASS. From hence it is conjectured by certain profound *philologers*, that the great awe and reverence paid to a true critic by the writers of *Britain* have been derived to us from those our *Scythian* ancestors. In short, this dread was so universal, that in process of time those authors, who had a mind to publish their sentiments more freely, in describing the true critics of their several ages were forced to leave off the use of the former *hieroglyph*, as too nearly approaching the *prototype*, and invented other terms instead thereof, that were more cautious and mystical: so † *Diodorus*, speaking to the same purpose, ventures no farther, than to say, that in the mountains of *Helicon*, there

* Lib. 4.

VOL. I.

† Lib.

H

grows

grows a certain weed, which bears a flower of so damned a scent, as to poison those who offer to smell it. Lucretius gives exactly the same relation ;

* *Est etiam in magnis Heliconis montibus arbos,
Floris odore hominem tetro consueta necare.*
Lib. 6.

But Ctesias, whom we lately quoted, hath been a great deal bolder; he had been used with much severity by the *true critics* of his own age, and therefore could not forbear to leave behind him, at least, one deep mark of his vengeance against the whole tribe. His meaning is so near the surface, that I wonder how it possibly came to be overlooked by those, who deny the antiquity of *true critics*. For, pretending to make a description of many strange animals about *India*, he hath set down these remarkable words: *amongst the rest, says he, there is a serpent that wants teeth, and consequently cannot bite; but if its vomit, to which it is much ad-*

* Near *Helicon*, and round the learned hill,
Grow trees, whose blossoms with their odour kill.

dicted,

dicted, happens to fall upon any thing, a certain rottenness or corruption ensues: these serpents are generally found among the mountains, where jewels grow, and they frequently emit a poisonous juice; whereof whoever drinks, that person's brains fly out of his nostrils.

There was also among the *antients* a sort of *critics*, not distinguished in *specie* from the former, but in growth or degree, who seem to have been only the *tyro's* or *junior* scholars; yet, because of their differing employments, they are frequently mentioned as a sect by themselves. The usual exercise of these younger students was to attend constantly at theatres, and learn to spy out the *worst parts* of the play, whereof they were obliged carefully to take note, and render a rational account to their tutors. Fleshed at these smaller sports, like young wolves, they grew up in time to be nimble and strong enough for hunting down large game. For it hath been observed, both among *antients* and *moderns*, that a *true critic* hath one quality in common with a *whore* and an *alderman*, never to change his title or his

nature; that a *grey critic* has been certainly a *green* one, the perfections and acquirements of his age being only the improved talents of his youth; like *bemp*, which some naturalists inform us is bad for *suffocations*, though taken but in the seed. I esteem the invention, or at least the refinement of *prologues* to have been owing to these younger proficient, of whom *Terence* makes frequent and honourable mention, under the name of *Malevoli*.

Now, it is certain, the institution of the *true critics* was of absolute necessity to the commonwealth of learning. For all human actions seem to be divided, like *Themistocles* and his company; one man can *fiddle*, and another can make a *small town a great city*; and he, that cannot do either one or the other, deserves to be kicked out of the creation. The avoiding of which penalty has doubtless given the first birth to the nation of *critics*, and withal, an occasion for their secret detractors to report, that a *true critic* is a sort of mechanic, set up with a stock and tools for his trade at as little expence as a *taylor*; and that there is much analogy between
the

the utensils and abilities of both : that the *taylor's bell* is the type of a *critic's commonplace-book*, and his wit and learning held forth by the *goose* : that it requires at least as many of these to the making up of one scholar, as of the others to the composition of a man : that the valour of both is equal, and their *weapons* near of a size. Much may be said in answer to those invidious reflections ; and I can positively affirm the first to be a falsehood : for on the contrary, nothing is more certain, than that it requires greater layings out, to be free of the *critic's* company, than of any other you can name. For, as to be a *true beggar*, it will cost the richest candidate every groat he is worth ; so, before one can commence a *true critic*, it will cost a man all the good qualities of his mind ; which perhaps for a less purchase would be thought but an indifferent bargain.

Having thus amply proved the antiquity of *criticism*, and described the primitive state of it ; I shall now examine the present condition of this empire, and shew how well it agrees with its antient

self. * A certain author, whose works have many ages since been intirely lost, does, in his fifth book, and eighth chapter, say of *critics*, that *their writings are the mirrors of learning*. This I understand in a literal sense, and suppose our author must mean, that whoever designs to be a perfect writer, must inspect into the books of *critics*, and correct his invention there, as in a mirror. Now, whoever considers, that the *mirrors* of the antients were made of *brass* and *sine mercurio*, may presently apply the two principal qualifications of a *true modern critic*, and consequently must needs conclude, that these have always been, and must be for ever the same. For, *brass* is an emblem of duration, and, when it is skilfully burnished, will cast *reflections* from its own *superficies* without any assistance of *mercury* from behind. All the other talents of a *critic* will not require a particular mention, being included, or easily reducible to these. However, I shall conclude with three maxims, which may serve both as characteristics to

* A quotation after the manner of a great author. Vide Bentley's dissertation, &c.

distinguish

distinguish a *true modern critic* from a pretender, and will be also of admirable use to those worthy spirits, who engage in so useful and honourable an art.

The first is, that *criticism*, contrary to all other faculties of the intellect, is ever held the truest and best, when it is the very *first* result of the *critic's* mind: as fowlers reckon the first aim for the surest, and seldom fail of missing the mark, if they stay for a second.

Secondly, the *true critics* are known by their talent of swarming about the noblest writers, to which they are carried meerly by instinct, as a rat to the best cheese, or a wasp to the fairest fruit. So, when the *king* is on horseback, he is sure to be the *dirtiest* person of the company; and they that make their court best, are such as *bespatter* him most.

Lastly, a *true critic* in the perusal of a book is like a *dog* at a feast, whose thoughts and stomach are wholly set upon what guests *fling away*, and consequently is apt to *snarl* most, when there are the fewest *bones*.

Thus much, I think, is sufficient to serve by way of address to my patrons, the *true modern critics*, and may very well atone for my past silence, as well as that which I am like to observe for the future. I hope I have deserved so well of their whole *body*, as to meet with generous and tender usage from their *hands*. Supported by which expectation, I go on boldly to pursue those adventures already so happily begun.

S E C T. IV.

A TALE OF A TUB.

I HAVE now with much pains and study conducted the reader to a period, where he must expect to hear of great revolutions. For no sooner had our *learned brother*, so often mentioned, got a warm house of his own over his head, than he began to look big, and take mightily upon him; insomuch that, unless the gentle reader out of his great candour will please a little to exalt his idea, I am afraid he will henceforth hardly know the *hero* of the play, when he happens to meet him; his

his part, his dress, and his mien being so much altered.

He told his brothers, he would have them to know that he was their elder, and consequently his father's sole heir; nay, a while after he would not allow them to call him brother, but Mr. PETER; and then he must be styled *father Peter*; and sometimes, *my lord* PETER. To support this grandeur, which he soon began to consider could not be maintained without a better *fonde*, than what he was born to; after much thought, he cast about at last to turn *projector* and *virtuoso*, wherein he so well succeeded, that many famous discoveries, projects and machines, which bear great vogue and practice at present in the world, are owing intirely to *lord* PETER's invention. I will deduce the best account I have been able to collect of the chief amongst them, without considering much the order they came out in; because, I think, authors are not well agreed as to that point.

I hope, when this treatise of mine shall be translated into foreign languages (as I may without vanity affirm, that the labour
of

of collecting, the faithfulness in recounting, and the great usefulness of the matter to the public, will amply deserve that justice) that the worthy members of the several *academies* abroad, especially those of *France* and *Italy*, will favourably accept these humble offers for the advancement of universal knowledge. I do also advertise the most reverend fathers the *Eastern* missionaries, that I have, purely for their sakes, made use of such words and phrases, as will best admit an easy turn into any of the *oriental* languages, especially the *Chinese*. And so I proceed with great content of mind upon reflecting, how much emolument this whole globe of the earth is like to reap by my labours.

The first undertaking of lord *Peter* was to purchase a * large continent, lately said to have been discovered in *terra australis incognita*. This tract of land he bought at a very great penny-worth from the discoverers themselves (though some pretended to doubt whether they had ever been there) and then retailed it into several can-

* That is Purgatory.

tons to certain dealers, who carried over colonies, but were all shipwrecked in the voyage. Upon which lord *Peter* sold the said continent to other customers *again*, and *again*, and *again*, and *again*, with the same success.

The second project I shall mention, was his † sovereign remedy for the *worms*, especially those in the *spleen*. ‡ The patient was to eat nothing after supper for three nights: as soon as he went to bed, he was carefully to lie on one side, and when he grew weary, to turn upon the other: he must also duly confine his two eyes to the same object; and by no means break wind at both ends together, without manifest occasion. These prescriptions diligently observed, the *worms* would void insensibly by perspiration, ascending through the *brain*.

A third invention was the erecting of a || *whispering-office* for the public good and

† *Penance* and *absolution* are plaid upon under the notion of a *sovereign remedy for the worms*, especially in the *spleen*, which by observing *Peter's* prescription would void insensibly by perspiration, ascending through the *brain*, &c.

W. Wotton.

‡ Here the author ridicules the penances of the church of *Rome*, which may be made as easy to the sinner as he pleases, provided he will pay for them accordingly.

|| By his *whispering-office*,
for

and ease of all such as are hypochondriacal, or troubled with the cholic ; as midwives, small politicians, friends fallen out, repeating poets, lovers happy or in despair, bawds, privy-counsellors, pages, parasites and buffoons : in short, of all such as are in danger of bursting with too much *wind*. An *ass*'s head was placed so conveniently, that the party affected might easily with his mouth accost either of the animal's ears ; to which he was to apply close for a certain space, and by a fugitive faculty, peculiar to the ears of that animal, receive immediate benefit either by eructation, or expiration, or evomitation.

Another very beneficial project of lord *Peter*'s was an * *office of insurance* for tobacco-pipes, martyrs of the modern zeal ; volumes of poetry, shadows, ——— and rivers : that these, nor any of these, shall receive damage by *fire*. From whence our *friendly societies* may plainly find themselves to be only transcribers from this ori-

for the relief of eves-droppers, physicians, bawds, and privy-counsellors, he ridicules auricular confession ; and the priest who takes it, is described by

the *ass*'s head. *W. Wotton*.

* This I take to be the office of *indulgences*, the gross abuses whereof first gave occasion for the reformation.

ginal ;

ginal ; though the one and the other have been of *great* benefit to the undertakers, as well as of *equal* to the public.

Lord PETER was also held the original author of † *puppets* and *raree-shows* ; the great usefulness whereof being so generally known, I shall not enlarge farther upon this particular.

But another discovery, for which he was much renowned, was his famous universal ‡ *pickle*. For having remarked how your || common *pickle*, in use among housewives, was of no farther benefit than to preserve dead flesh, and certain kinds of vegetables ; *Peter*, with great cost as well as art, had contrived a *pickle* proper for houses, gardens, towns, men, women, children, and cattle ; wherein he could preserve them as sound as insects in amber. Now, this *pickle* to the taste, the smell, and the sight appeared exactly the same, with what is in common service for beef,

† I believe are the monkeries and ridiculous processions, &c. among the papists.

‡ Holy water, he calls an *universal pickle*, to preserve houses, gardens, towns, men, women, children, and cattle,

wherein he could preserve them as sound as insects in amber. *W. Wotton.*

|| This is easily understood to be holy water, composed of the same ingredients with many other pickles.

and

and butter, and herrings, and has been often that way applied with great success but for its many sovereign virtues was a quite different thing. For *Peter* would put in a certain quantity of his * *powder pimperlimpimp*, after which it never failed of success. The operation was performed by ‡ *spargefaction* in a proper time of the moon. The patient, who was to be *pickled*, if it were a house, would infallibly be preserved from all spiders, rats and weazels; if the party affected were a dog, he should be exempt from mange, and madness, and hunger. It also infallibly took away all scabs and lice, and scalled heads from children, never hindering the patient from any duty, either at bed or board.

But of all *Peter's* rarities, he most valued a certain set of † *bulls*, whose race

was

* And because holy water differs only in consecration from common water, therefore he tells us that his pickle by the powder of *pimperlimpimp* receives new virtues, though it differs not in sight nor smell from the common pickles, which preserve beef,

and butter, and herrings. *W. Wotton.*

‡ *Sprinkling.*

† The papal *bulls* are ridiculed by name, so that here we are at no loss for the author's meaning. *W. Wotton.*

Ibid. Here the author has kept the name, and means the *pope's*

was by great fortune preserved in a lineal descent from those, that guarded the *golden-fleece*. Though some who pretended to observe them curiously, doubted the breed had not been kept intirely chaste; because they had degenerated from their ancestors in some qualities, and had acquired others very extraordinary, but a foreign mixture. The *bulls* of *Colchis* are recorded to have *brazen feet*; but whether it happened by ill pasture and running, by an allay from intervention of other parents, from stolen intrigues; whether a weakness in their progenitors had impaired the feminal virtue, or by a decline necessary through a long course of time, the originals of nature being depraved in these latter sinful ages of the world; whatever was the cause, it is certain, that lord *Peter's bulls* were extremely vitiated by the rust of time in the metal of their feet, which was now sunk into common *lead*. However, the terrible *roaring*, peculiar to their lineage, was preserved; as likewise that

pope's bulls, or rather his fulminations, and excommunications of heretical princes, all signed with lead and the seal

of the fisherman, and therefore said to have *lead*en feet and *fishes tails*.

faculty

faculty of breathing out *fire* from their nostrils; which notwithstanding many of their detractors took to be a feat of art; to be nothing so terrible as it appeared; proceeding only from their usual course of diet, which was of * *squibs* and *crackers*. However, they had two peculiar marks, which extremely distinguished them from the *bulls* of *Jason*, and which I have not met together in the description of any other monster, beside that in *Horace*:

Varias inducere plumas ;
and
Atrum definit in piscem.

For these had *fishes tails*, yet upon occasion could *out-fly* any bird in the air. *Peter* put these *bulls* upon several employs. Sometimes he would set them a *roaring* to fright † *naughty boys*, and make them quiet. Sometimes he would send them out upon errands of great importance; where it is wonderful to recount, and perhaps the

* These are the fulminations of the pope, threatening hell and damnation to those

princes who offend him.

† That is, kings who incurred his displeasure.

cautious

cautious reader may think much to believe it. An *appetitus sensibilis* deriving itself through the whole family from their noble ancestors, guardians of the *golden-fleece*, they continued so extremely fond of *gold*, that if *Peter* sent them abroad, though it were only upon a compliment, they would *roar*, and *spit*, and *belch*, and *piss*, and *fart*, and *snivel* out *fire*, and keep a perpetual coil, till you flung them a bit of gold; but then, *pulveris exigui jactu*, they would grow calm and quiet as lambs. In short, whether by secret connivance, or encouragement from their master, or out of their own liquorish affection to gold, or both; it is certain they were no better than a sort of sturdy, swaggering beggars; and, where they could not prevail to get an alms, would make women miscarry, and children fall into fits, who to this very day usually call sprites and hobgoblins by the name of *bull-beggars*. They grew at last so very troublesome to the neighbourhood, that some gentlemen of the *north-west* got a parcel of right *English bull-dogs*, and baited them so terribly, that they felt it ever after.

I must needs mention one more of *lord Peter's* projects, which was very extraordinary, and discovered him to be master of a high reach, and profound invention. Whenever it happened, that any rogue of *Newgate* was condemned to be hanged, *Peter* would offer him a pardon for a certain sum of money, which when the poor caitiff had made all shifts to scrape up, and send, *his lordship* would return a † piece of paper in this form.

TO all mayors, sheriffs, jailors, constables, bayliffs, hangmen, &c. Whereas we are informed, that A. B. remains in the hands of you, or some of you, under the sentence of death. We will and command you upon sight hereof to let the said prisoner depart to his own habitation, whether he stands condemned for murder, sodomy, rape, sacrilege, incest, treason, blasphemy, &c. for which this shall be your sufficient warrant: and if you fail hereof, G—d—mn

† This is a copy of a general pardon, signed *servus servorum*.

Ibid. Absolution in articulo

mortis, and the tax *camera apostolicæ*, are jested upon in emperor *Peter's* letter. *W. Wotton.*

you and yours to all eternity. And so we bid you heartily farewell.

Your most humble
man's man,
emperor PETER.

The wretches, trusting to this, lost their lives and money too.

I desire of those, whom the *learned* among posterity will appoint for commentators upon this elaborate treatise, that they will proceed with great caution upon certain dark points, wherein all, who are not *verè adepti*, may be in danger to form rash and hasty conclusions, especially in some mysterious paragraphs, where certain *arcana* are joined for brevity sake, which in the operation must be divided. And I am certain, that future sons of art will return large thanks to my memory for so grateful, so useful an *innuendo*.

It will be no difficult part to persuade the reader, that so many worthy discoveries met with great success in the world; though I may justly assure him, that I have related

much the smallest number; my design having been only to single out such as will be of most benefit for public imitation, or which best served to give some idea of the reach and wit of the inventor. And therefore it need not be wondered, if by this time lord *Peter* was become exceeding rich: but, alas! he had kept his brain so long and so violently upon the rack, that at last it *shook* itself, and began to *turn round* for a little ease. In short, what with pride, projects and knavery, poor *Peter* was grown distracted, and conceived the strangest imaginations in the world. In the height of his fits, as it is usual with those who run mad out of pride, he would call himself * *God Almighty*, and sometimes *monarch of the universe*. I have seen him (says my author) take three old † *high-crowned hats*, and clap them all on his head, three story high, with a huge bunch of ‡ *keys* at his girdle, and an *angling-rod* in his

* The pope is not only allowed to be the vicar of *Christ*, but by several divines is called *God upon earth*, and other blasphemous titles are given him.

† The triple crown.
‡ The keys of the church. The church is here taken for the gate of heaven; for the keys of heaven are assumed by the pope in consequence of what

his hand. In which guise, whoever went to take him by the hand in the way of salutation, *Peter* with much grace, like a well educated spaniel, would present them with his * *foot*; and if they refused his civility, then he would raise it as high as their 'chaps, and give them a damned kick on the mouth, which hath ever since been called a *salute*. Whoever walked by without paying him their compliments, having a wonderful strong breath, he would blow their hats off into the dirt. Mean time his affairs at home went upside down, and his two brothers had a wretched time; where his first † *boutade* was to kick both their ‡ *wives* one morning out of doors, and his own too; and in their stead, gave orders to pick up the first three strollers could be met with in the streets. A while after he nailed up the

what our Lord said to *Peter*.
I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven.

Ibid. The pope's universal monarchy, and his triple crown, and fisher's ring. *W. Wotton.*

* Neither does his arrogant way of requiring men to kiss his slipper escape reflection.

Wotton.

† This word properly signifies a sudden jerk, or lash of an horse, when you do not expect it.

‡ The *celibacy* of the Romish clergy is struck at in *Peter's* beating his own and brothers wives out of doors. *W. Wotton.*

cellar-door; and would not allow his brothers || a drop of *drink* to their victuals. Dining one day at an alderman's in the city, *Peter* observed him expatiating, after the manner of his brethren, in the praises of his sirloin of beef. *Beef*, said the sage magistrate, *is the king of meat; beef comprehends in it the quintessence of partridge, and quail, and venison, and pheasant, and plum-pudding, and custard.* When *Peter* came home, he would needs take the fancy of cooking up this doctrine into use, and apply the precept, in default of a sirloin, to his brown loaf: *Bread*, says he, *dear brothers, is the staff of life; in which bread is contained, inclusive, the quintessence of beef, mutton, veal, venison, partridge, plum-pudding, and custard: and to render all compleat, there is intermingled a due quantity of water, whose crudities are also corrected by yeast or barm, through which means it becomes a wholesome fermented liquor, diffused through the mass of the bread.* Upon the strength of these

|| The pope's refusing the cup to the laity, persuading them that the blood is con-

tained in the bread, and that the bread is the real and intire body of *Christ*.

conclusions,

conclusions, next day at dinner, was the brown loaf served up in all the formality of a city feast. *Come brothers, said Peter, fall to, and spare not; here is excellent good* * *mutton; or hold, now my hand is in, I will help you.* At which word, in much ceremony, with fork and knife he carves out two good slices of a loaf, and presents each on a plate to his brothers. The elder of the two, not suddenly entering into lord Peter's conceit, began with very civil language to examine the mystery. *My lord, said he, I doubt, with great submission, there may be some mistake. What, says Peter, you are pleasant; come then, let us bear this jest your head is so big with. None in the world, my lord; but, unless I am very much deceived, your lordship was pleased a while ago to let fall a word about mutton, and I would be glad to see it with all my heart. How, said Peter, appearing in great surprize, I do not comprehend this at all.—* Upon which, the younger interposing to set the business aright; *My*

* *Transubstantiation.* Peter turns his bread into mutton, and, according to the popish doctrine of concomitants, his

wine too, which in his way he calls *palming his damned crusts upon the brothers for mutton.* W. Wotton.

lord, said he, *my brother I suppose is hungry, and longs for the mutton your lordship hath promised us to dinner. Pray, said Peter, take me along with you; either you are both mad, or disposed to be merrier than I approve of; if you there do not like your piece, I will carve you another; though I should take that to be the choice bit of the whole shoulder. What then, my lord, replied the first, it seems this is a shoulder of mutton all this while. Pray, sir, says Peter, eat your victuals, and leave off your impertinence, if you please, for I am not disposed to relish it at present: but the other could not forbear, being over provoked at the affected seriousness of Peter's countenance: By G—, my lord, said he, I can only say, that to my eyes, and fingers, and teeth, and nose, it seems to be nothing but a crust of bread. Upon which the second put in his word: I never saw a piece of mutton in my life so nearly resembling a slice from a twelve-penny loaf. Look ye, gentlemen, cries Peter in a rage, to convince you, what a couple of blind, positive, ignorant, wilful puppies you are, I will use but this plain argument; by G—, it is*
true,

true, good, natural mutton as any in Leadenhall market; and G— confound you both eternally, if you offer to believe otherwise. Such a thundering proof as this left no further room for objection; the two unbelievers began to gather and pocket up their mistake as hastily as they could. Why, truly, said the first, upon more mature consideration—Ay, says the other interrupting him, now I have thought better on the thing, your lordship seems to have a great deal of reason. Very well, said Peter; here, boy, fill me a beer-glass of claret; here's to you both with all my heart. The two brethren, much delighted to see him so readily appeased, returned their most humble thanks, and said, they would be glad to pledge his lordship. That you shall, said Peter; I am not a person to refuse you any thing that is reasonable; wine, moderately taken, is a cordial; here is a glass a piece for you; it is true natural juice from the grape, none of your damned vintners brewings. Having spoke thus, he presented to each of them another large dry crust, bidding them drink it off, and not be bashful, for it would do them
no

no hurt. The two brothers, after having performed the usual office in such delicate conjunctures, of staring a sufficient period at *lord Peter* and each other, and finding how matters were like to go, resolved not to enter on a new dispute, but let him carry the point as he pleased: for he was now got into one of his mad fits, and to argue or expostulate further would only serve to render him a hundred times more untractable.

I have chosen to relate this worthy matter in all its circumstances, because it gave a principal occasion to that great and famous * *rupture*, which happened about the same time among these brethren, and was never afterwards made up. But of that I shall treat at large in another section.

However it is certain, that *lord Peter* even in his lucid intervals was very lewdly given in his common conversation, extreme wilful and positive, and would at any time rather argue to the death, than allow himself once to be in an error. Besides, he had an abominable faculty of telling huge palpable *lyes* upon all occasions;

* By this *rupture* is meant the reformation.

and not only swearing to the truth, but cursing the whole company to hell, if they pretended to make the least scruple of believing him. One time he swore he had a † *cow* at home, which gave as much milk at a meal, as would fill three thousand churches; and what was yet more extraordinary, would never turn four. Another time he was telling of an old * *sign-post*, that belonged to his *father*, with nails and timber enough in it to build sixteen large men of war. Talking one day of *Chinese* waggons, which were made so light as to sail over mountains: *Z—ds*, said *Peter*; *where's the wonder of that?* by *G—*, *I saw a † large house*

† The ridiculous multiplying of the virgin *Mary's* milk amongst the papists, under the allegory of a *cow*, which gave as much milk at a meal, as would fill three thousand churches. *W. Wotton.*

* By this *sign-post* is meant the *cross* of our blessed Saviour; and, if all the wood, that is shewn for parts of it, was collected, the quantity would sufficiently justify this sarcasm.

† The chapel of *Loretto*. He falls here only upon the

ridiculous inventions of popery: the church of *Rome* intended by these things to gull silly, superstitious people, and rook them of their money; the world had been too long in slavery, our ancestors gloriously redeemed us from that yoke. The church of *Rome* therefore ought to be exposed, and he deserves well of mankind that does expose it. *W. Wotton.*

Ibid. The chapel of *Loretto*, which travelled from the *Holy Land* to *Italy*.

of

of lime and stone travel over sea and land, granting that it stopped sometimes to bait, above two thousand German leagues. And that which was the good of it, he would swear desperately all the while, that he never told a lye in his life; and at every word; by G—, gentlemen, I tell you nothing but the truth; and the D—l broil them eternally, that will not believe me.

In short, *Peter* grew so scandalous, that all the neighbourhood began in plain words to say, he was no better than a knave. And his two brothers, long weary of his ill usage, resolved at last to leave him; but first, they humbly desired a copy of their father's *will*, which had now lain by neglected time out of mind. Instead of granting this request, he called them *damned sons of whores, rogues, traytors*, and the rest of the vile names he could muster up. However, while he was abroad one day upon his projects, the two youngsters watched their opportunity, made a shift to come at the *will*, * and took a *copia vera*, by which they presently saw how grossly they had been abused; their father

* Translated the scriptures into the vulgar tongues.

having

having left them equal heirs, and strictly commanded, that whatever they got should lie in common among them all. Pursuant to which their next enterprize was to break open the cellar-door, and get a little good † *drink* to spirit and comfort their hearts. In copying the *will* they had met another precept against whoring, divorce, and separate maintenance; upon which their next ‡ work was to discard their concubines, and send for their wives. Whilst all this was in agitation, there enters a solicitor from *Newgate*, desiring *lord Peter* would please to procure a *pardon* for a *thief*, that was to be *hanged* to morrow. But the two brothers told him, he was a coxcomb to seek pardons from a fellow, who deserved to be hanged much better than his client; and discovered all the method of that imposture, in the same form I delivered it a while ago, advising the solicitor to put his friend upon obtaining || *a pardon from the king*. In the

† Administered the cup to the laity at the communion.

‡ Allowed the marriages of priests.

|| Directed penitents not to

trust to pardons and absolutions procured for money, but sent them to implore the mercy of God, from whence alone remission is to be obtained.

midst of all this clutter and revolution, in comes *Peter* with a file of * dragoons at his heels, and gathering from all hands what was in the wind, he and his gang, after several millions of scurrilities and curses not very important here to repeat, by main force very fairly † kicks them both out of doors, and would never let them come under his roof from that day to this.

S E C T. V.

A digression in the modern kind.

WE, whom the world is pleased to honour with the title of *modern authors*, should never have been able to compass our great design of an everlasting remembrance, and never-dying fame, if our endeavours had not been so highly serviceable to the general good of mankind. This, *O universe*, is the adventurous attempt of me thy secretary;

* By *Peter's* dragoons is meant the civil power, which those princes, who were bigotted to the *Romish* superstition, employed against the

reformers.

† The pope shuts all who dissent from him out of the church.

—*Quemvis*



Müller inv. del. et sc.

— *Quemvis perferre laborem*
Suadet, & inducit noctes vigilare serenas.

To this end I have some time since, with a world of pains and art, dissected the carcass of *human nature*, and read many useful lectures upon the several parts both *containing* and *contained*; 'till at last it *smelt* so strong, I could preserve it no longer. Upon which, I have been at a great expence to fit up all the bones with exact contexture, and in due symmetry; so that I am ready to shew a compleat anatomy thereof to all curious *gentlemen and others*. But not to digress farther in the midst of a digression, as I have known some authors inclose digressions in one another, like a nest of boxes; I do affirm, that having carefully cut up *human nature*, I have found a very strange, new, and important discovery; that the public good of mankind is performed by two ways, *instruction* and *diversion*. And I have farther proved in my said several readings (which perhaps the world may one day see, if I can prevail on any friend to steal a copy, or on any certain gentleman of my admirers

mirers to be very importunate) that, as mankind is now disposed, he receives much greater advantage by being *diverted* than *instructed*; his epidemical diseases being *fastidiousity*, *amorphy*, and *oscitation*; whereas in the present universal empire of wit and learning, there seems but little matter left for *instruction*. However, in compliance with a lesson of great age and authority, I have attempted carrying the point in all its heights; and accordingly throughout this divine treatise have skilfully kneaded up both together with a *layer of utile*, and a *layer of dulce*.

When I consider how exceedingly our illustrious *moderns* have eclipsed the weak glimmering lights of the *antients*, and turned them out of the road of all fashionable commerce, to a degree, that our choice* town-wits of most refined accomplishments are in grave dispute, whether there have been ever any *antients* or no: in which point we are like to receive wonderful satisfaction from the most useful labours

* The learned person, here meant by our author, hath been endeavouring to annihilate so many ancient writers,

that, until he is pleased to stop his hand, it will be dangerous to affirm, whether there have been any antients in the world.

and

and lucubrations of that worthy *modern*, Dr. *Bentley*: I say, when I consider all this, I cannot but bewail, that no famous *modern* hath ever yet attempted an universal system, in a small portable volume, of all things that are to be known, or believed, or imagined, or practised in life. I am however forced to acknowledge, that such an enterprize was thought on some time ago by a great philosopher of * *O. Brazile*. The method he proposed, was, by a certain curious *receipt*, a *nostrum*, which after his untimely death I found among his papers; and do here, out of my great affection to the *modern learned*, present them with it, not doubting, it may one day encourage some worthy undertaker.

You take fair correct copies, well bound in calfskin and lettered at the back, of all modern bodies of arts and sciences whatsoever, and in what language you please. These you distil in balneo mariæ, infusing quintessence of poppy Q. S. together with three pints of lethe, to be had from the a-

* This is an imaginary island, placed in some unknown part of the ocean, meerly at the fancy of the map-maker.

pothecaries. You cleanse away carefully the fordes and caput mortuum, letting all that is volatile evaporate. You preserve only the first running, which is again to be distilled seventeen times, till what remains will amount to about two drams. This you keep in a glass vial hermetically sealed for one and twenty days. Then you begin your catholick treatise, taking every morning fasting, first shaking the vial, three drops of this elixir, snuffing it strongly up your nose. It will dilate itself about the brain (where there is any) in fourteen minutes, and you immediately perceive in your head an infinite number of abstracts, summaries, compendiums, extracts, collections, medulla's, excerpta quædam's, florilegia's, and the like, all disposed into great order, and reducible upon paper.

I must needs own, it was by the assistance of this *arcanum*, that I, though otherwise *impar*, have adventured upon so daring an attempt, never atchieved or undertaken before, but by a certain author called *Homer*; in whom, though otherwise a person not without some abilities, and for an *antient*, of a tolerable genius,
I have

I have discovered many gross errors, which are not to be forgiven his very ashes, if by chance any of them are left. For whereas we are assured, he designed his work for a † compleat body of all knowledge, human, divine, political, and mechanic; it is manifest, he hath wholly neglected some, and been very imperfect in the rest. For, first of all, as eminent a *cabalist* as his disciples would represent him, his account of the *opus magnum* is extremely poor and deficient; he seems to have read but very superficially either *Sendivogus*, *Behmen*, or ‡ *Anthroposophia Theomagica*. He is also quite mistaken about the *sphæra pyroplastica*, a neglect not to be atoned for; and, if the reader will admit so severe a censure, *vix crederem autorem hunc unquam audivisse ignis vocem*. His failings are not less prominent in several parts of the *mechanics*. For, having read his writings with the utmost application usual among *modern*

† *Homerus omnes res humanas poematis complexus est. Xenoph. in conviv.*

‡ A treatise written about fifty years ago, by a *Welsh* gentleman of *Cambridge*, his name, as I remember, was

Vaughan, as appears by the answer to it written by the learned Dr. *Henry Moor*; it is a piece of the most unintelligible fustian, that perhaps was ever published in any language.

wits, I could never yet discover the least direction about the structure of that useful instrument, a *save-all*. For want of which, if the *moderns* had not lent their assistance, we might yet have wandered *in the dark*. But I have still behind a fault far more notorious to tax the author with; I mean, || his gross ignorance in the *common laws of this realm*, and in the doctrine, as well as discipline of the church of *England*. A defect indeed for which both he and all the antients stand most justly censured by my worthy and ingenious friend, Mr. *Wotton*, batchelor of divinity, in his incomparable treatise of *antient and modern learning*; a book never to be sufficiently valued, whether we consider the happy turns and flowings of the author's wit, the great usefulness of his sublime discoveries upon the subject of *flies* and *spittle*, or the laborious eloquence of his style. And I cannot forbear doing that author the justice of my public acknowledgments, for the great *helps* and *listings* I had out of

|| Mr. *Wotton* (to whom our author never gives any quarter) in his comparison of antient and modern learning numbers divinity, law, &c. among those parts of knowledge, wherein we excel the antients.

his

his incomparable piece, while I was penning this treatise.

But, besides these omissions in *Homer* already mentioned, the curious reader will also observe several defects in that author's writings, for which he is not altogether so accountable. For whereas every branch of knowledge has received such wonderful acquirements since his age, especially within these last three years, or thereabouts; it is almost impossible, he could be so very perfect in modern discoveries, as his advocates pretend. We freely acknowledge him to be the inventor of the *compass*, of *gun-powder*, and the *circulation of the blood*: but, I challenge any of his admirers to shew me, in all his writings, a compleat account of the *spleen*; does he not also leave us wholly to seek in the art of *political waging*? What can be more defective and unsatisfactory than his long dissertation upon *tea*? And as to his method of *salivation without mercury*, so much celebrated of late, it is, to my own knowledge and experience, a thing very little to be relied on.

It was to supply such momentous de-

fects, that I have been prevailed on after long sollicitation to take pen in hand; and I dare venture to promise, the judicious reader shall find nothing neglected here, that can be of use upon any emergency of life. I am confident to have included and exhausted all, that human imagination can *rise* or *fall* to. Particularly, I recommend to the perusal of the learned certain discoveries, that are wholly untouched by others; whereof I shall only mention, among a great many more, *my new help for smatterers*, or the *art of being deep-learned, and shallow-read*. *A curious invention about mouse-traps*. *An universal rule of reason, or every man his own carver*; together with a most useful engine for *catching of owls*. All which the judicious reader will find largely treated on in the several parts of this discourse.

I hold myself obliged to give as much light as is possible into the beauties and excellencies of what I am writing, because it is become the fashion and humour most applauded among the first authors of this polite and learned age, when they would correct the ill-nature of critical, or in-

form

form the ignorance of courteous readers. Besides there have been several famous pieces lately published, both in verse and prose; wherein, if the writers had not been pleased, out of their great humanity and affection to the public, to give us a nice detail of the *sublime*, and the *admirable* they contain, it is a thousand to one, whether we should ever have discovered one grain of either. For my own particular, I cannot deny, that whatever I have said upon this occasion, had been more proper in a preface, and more agreeable to the mode, which usually directs it thither. But I here think fit to lay hold on that great and honourable privilege of being the *last writer*; I claim an absolute authority in right, as the *fresh-est modern*, which gives me a despotic power over all authors before me. In the strength of which title, I do utterly disapprove and declare against that pernicious custom, of making the preface a bill of fare to the book. For I have always looked upon it as a high point of indiscretion in *monster-mongers*, and other *retailers of strange sights*, to hang out a fair large picture over the door, drawn

after the life, with a most eloquent description underneath: this hath saved me many a three-pence; for my curiosity was fully satisfied, and I never offered to go in, though often invited by the urging and attending orator with his last *moving* and *standing* piece of rhetoric; *Sir, upon my word, we are just going to begin.* Such is exactly the fate at this time of *prefaces, epistles, advertisements, introductions, prolegomena's, apparatus's, to the readers.* This expedient was admirable at first; our great *Dryden* has long carried it as far as it would go, and with incredible success. He hath often said to me in confidence, that the world would have never suspected him to be so great a poet, if he had not assured them so frequently in his prefaces, that it was impossible they could either doubt or forget it. Perhaps it may be so; however, I much fear, his instructions have edified out of their place, and taught men to grow wiser in certain points, where he never intended they should; for it is lamentable to behold, with what a lazy scorn many of the yawning readers of our age do now a-days twirl over forty or fifty
pages

pages of *preface* and *dedication* (which is the usual *modern* stint) as if it were so much *Latin*. Though it must be also allowed on the other hand, that a very considerable number is known to proceed *critics* and *wits* by reading nothing else. Into which two factions, I think, all present readers may justly be divided. Now for myself, I profess to be of the former sort; and therefore having the *modern* inclination to expatiate upon the beauty of my own productions, and display the bright parts of my discourse, I thought best to do it in the body of the work, where, as it now lies, it makes a very considerable addition to the bulk of the volume, *a circumstance by no means to be neglected by a skilful writer.*

Having thus paid my due deference and acknowledgment to an established custom of our newest authors, by *a long digression unsought for*, and *an universal censure unprovoked*; by forcing into the light with much pains and dexterity my own excellencies and other men's defaults, with great justice to myself and candour to them, I now happily resume my subject, to the infinite satisfaction both of the reader and the author,

S E C T,

S E C T. VI.

A TALE OF A TUB.

WE left *lord Peter* in open rupture with his two brethren; both for ever discarded from his house, and resigned to the wide world, with little or nothing to trust to. Which are circumstances, that render them proper subjects for the charity of a writer's pen to work on; scenes of misery ever affording the fairest harvest for great adventures. And in this the world may perceive the difference between the integrity of a generous author, and that of a common friend. The latter is observed to adhere close in prosperity, but on the decline of fortune to drop suddenly off. Whereas, the generous author, just on the contrary, finds his hero on the dunghil, from thence by gradual steps raises him to a throne, and then immediately withdraws, expecting not so much as thanks for his pains: in imitation of which example I have placed *lord Peter* in a noble house, given him a title to wear, and money to spend. There I shall leave him

him for some time; returning where common charity directs me, to the assistance of his two brothers at their lowest ebb. However, I shall by no means forget my character of an historian to follow the truth step by step, whatever happens, or where-ever it may lead me.

The two exiles, so nearly united in fortune and interest, took a lodging together; where, at their first leisure, they began to reflect on the numberless misfortunes and vexations of their life past, and could not tell on the sudden, to what failure in their conduct they ought to impute them; when, after some recollection, they called to mind the copy of their father's *will*, which they had so happily recovered. This was immediately produced, and a firm resolution taken between them to alter whatever was already amiss, and reduce all their future measures to the strictest obedience prescribed therein. The main body of the *will* (as the reader cannot easily have forgot) consisted in certain admirable rules about the wearing of their coats; in the perusal whereof, the two brothers at every period duly comparing the doctrine

trine with the practice, there was never seen a wider difference between two things; horrible, downright transgressions of every point. Upon which they both resolved, without further delay, to fall immediately upon reducing the whole exactly after their father's model.

But, here it is good to stop the hasty reader, ever impatient to see the end of an adventure, before we writers can duly prepare him for it. I am to record, that these two brothers began to be distinguished at this time by certain names. One of them desired to be called * MARTIN, and the other took the appellation of † JACK. These two had lived in much friendship and agreement under the tyranny of their brother *Peter*, as it is the talent of fellow-sufferers to do; men in misfortune, being like men in the dark, to whom all colours are the same: but when they came forward into the world, and began to display themselves to each other, and to the light, their complexions appeared extremely different; which the

* Martin Luther.

† John Calvin.

present posture of their affairs gave them sudden opportunity to discover.

But, here the severe reader may justly tax me as a writer of short memory, a deficiency to which a true *modern* cannot but, of necessity, be a little subject. Because, *memory* being an employment of the mind upon things past, is a faculty, for which the learned in our illustrious age have no manner of occasion, who deal intirely with *invention*, and strike all things out of themselves, or at least by collision from each other: upon which account we think it highly reasonable to produce our great forgetfulness, as an argument unanswerable for our great wit. I ought in method to have informed the reader about fifty pages ago of a fancy *lord Peter* took, and infused into his brothers, to wear on their coats whatever trimmings came up in fashion; never pulling off any, as they went out of the mode, but keeping on all together; which amounted in time to a medley the most antic, you can possibly conceive; and this to a degree, that, upon the time of their falling out, there was hardly a thread of the original coat to be seen:

seen: but an infinite quantity of *lace*, and *ribands*, and *fringe*, and *embroidery*, and *points* (I mean, only those * *tagged with silver*, for the rest fell off.) Now this material circumstance having been forgot in due place, as good fortune hath ordered, comes in very properly here, when the two brothers are just going to reform their vestures into the primitive state, prescribed by their father's *will*.

They both unanimously entered upon this great work, looking sometimes on their coats, and sometimes on the *will*. *Martin* laid the first hand; at one twitch brought off a large handful of *points*; and, with a second pull, stripped away ten dozen yards of *fringe*. But when he had gone thus far, he demurred a while: he knew very well, there yet remained a great deal more to be done; however, the first heat being over, his violence began to cool, and he resolved to proceed more moderately in the rest of the work; having already narrowly escaped a swinging

* Points tagged with silver, of the church, which have been therefore woven deepest in the body of popery.



J. S. Müller inv del et Sc.

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rent in pulling off the *points*, which, being *tagged with silver* (as we have observed before) the judicious workman had with much sagacity double sown to preserve them from *falling*. Resolving therefore to rid his coat of a huge quantity of *gold lace*, he picked up the stitches with much caution, and diligently gleaned out all the loose threads as he went, which proved to be a work of time. Then he fell about the embroidered *Indian* figures of men, women, and children; against which, as you have heard in its due place, their father's testament was extremely exact and severe: these with much dexterity and application were after a while quite eradicated, or utterly defaced. For the rest, where he observed the embroidery to be worked so close, as not to be got away without damaging the cloth, or where it served to hide or strengthen any flaw in the body of the coat, contracted by the perpetual tampering of workmen upon it; he concluded, the wisest course was to let it remain, resolving in no case whatsoever, that the substance of the stuff should suffer injury; which he thought the best method
for

for serving the true intent and meaning of his father's *will*. And this is the nearest account I have been able to collect of *Martin's* proceedings upon this great revolution.

But his brother *Jack*, whose adventures will be so extraordinary, as to furnish a great part in the remainder of this discourse, entered upon the matter with other thoughts, and a quite different spirit. For the memory of *lord Peter's* injuries produced a degree of hatred and spight, which had a much greater share of inciting him, than any regards after his father's commands, since these appeared at best only secondary and subservient to the other. However, for this medley of humour he made a shift to find a very plausible name, honouring it with the title of *zeal*; which is perhaps the most significant word, that hath been ever yet produced in any language; as, I think, I have fully proved in my excellent *analytical* discourse upon that subject; wherein I have deduced a *histori-theo-physi-logical* account of *zeal*, shewing how it first proceeded from a *notion* into a *word*, and
from

from thence in a hot summer ripened into a *tangible substance*. This work, containing three large volumes in folio, I design very shortly to publish by the *modern* way of *subscription*, not doubting but the nobility and gentry of the land will give me all possible encouragement; having had already such a taste of what I am able to perform.

I record therefore, that brother *Jack*, brim-full of this miraculous compound, reflecting with indignation upon *Peter's* tyranny, and farther provoked by the despondency of *Martin*, prefaced his resolutions to this purpose. *What*, said he, *a rogue that locked up his drink, turned away our wives, cheated us of our fortunes; palmed his damned crusts upon us for mutton; and, at last, kicked us out of doors; must we be in his fashions, with a pox! a rascal, besides, that all the street cries out against.* Having thus kindled and inflamed himself, as high as possible, and by consequence in a delicate temper for beginning a reformation, he set about the work immediately, and in three minutes made more dispatch than *Martin* had done

in as many hours. For, courteous reader, you are given to understand, that *zeal* is never so highly obliged, as when you set it a *tearing*; and *Jack*, who doated on that quality in himself, allowed it at this time its full swing. Thus it happened, that stripping down a parcel of *gold lace* a little too hastily, he rent the *main body* of his *coat* from top to bottom; and whereas his talent was not of the happiest in *taking up a stitch*, he knew no better way, than to dearn it again with *packthread* and a *skewer*. But the matter was yet infinitely worse (I record it with tears) when he proceeded to the *embroidery*: for, being clumsy by nature, and of temper impatient; withal, beholding millions of stitches that required the nicest hand, and sedatest constitution, to extricate; in a great rage he tore off the whole piece, cloth and all, and flung it into the kennel, and furiously thus continued his career; *Ab, good brother Martin, said he, do as I do, for the love of God; strip, tear, pull, rend, flay off all, that we may appear as unlike the rogue Peter as it is possible; I would not, for an hundred pounds, carry the least*
mark

mark about me, that might give occasion to the neighbours of suspecting, that I was related to such a rascal. But Martin, who at this time happened to be extremely flegmatic and sedate, begged his brother, of all love, not to damage his coat by any means; for he never would get such another: desired him to consider, that it was not their business to form their actions by any reflection upon Peter, but by observing the rules prescribed in their father's will. That he should remember, Peter was still their brother, whatever faults or injuries he had committed; and therefore they should, by all means, avoid such a thought, as that of taking measures for good and evil from no other rule, than of opposition to him. That it was true, the testament of their good father was very exact in what related to the wearing of their coats; yet was it no less penal and strict in prescribing agreement, and friendship, and affection between them. And therefore, if straining a point were at all dispensable, it would certainly be so, rather to the advance of unity, than increase of contradiction.

MARTIN had still proceeded as grave-

ly as he began; and doubtless would have delivered an admirable lecture of morality, which might have exceedingly contributed to my reader's *repose both of body and mind*, the true ultimate end of *ethics*; but *Jack* was already gone a flight-shot beyond his patience. And, as in scholastic disputes nothing serves to rouse the spleen of him that *opposes* so much, as a kind of pendent affected calmness in the *respondent*; disputants being for the most part like unequal scales, where the *gravity* of one side advances the *lightness* of the other, and causes it to fly up, and kick the beam: so it happened here, that the *weight* of *Martin's* argument exalted *Jack's* levity, and made him fly out and spurn against his brother's moderation. In short, *Martin's* patience put *Jack* in a *rage*; but that, which most afflicted him, was, to observe his brother's coat so well reduced into the state of innocence; while his own was either wholly rent to his shirt; or those places, which had escaped his cruel clutches, were still in *Peter's* livery. So that he looked like a drunken *beau*, half rifled by *bullies*; or like a fresh tenant
of

of *Newgate*, when he has refused the payment of *garnish*; or like a discovered *shop-lifter*, left to the mercy of *Exchange-women* *; or like a *bawd* in her old velvet petticoat, resigned into the secular hands of the *mobile*. Like any, or like all of these, a medley of *rags* and *lace*, and *rents*, and *fringes*, unfortunate *Jack* did now appear: he would have been extremely glad to see his coat in the condition of *Martin's*, but infinitely gladder to find that of *Martin* in the same predicament with his. However, since neither of these was likely to come to pass, he thought fit to lend the whole business another turn, and to dress up necessity into a virtue. Therefore, after as many of the *fox's* arguments, † as he could muster up, for bringing *Martin* to *reason*, as he called it; or, as

* The galleries over the piazzas in the *Royal Exchange* were formerly filled with shops, kept chiefly by women; the same use was made of a building called the *New Exchange* in the *Strand*; this edifice has been pulled down; the shopkeepers have removed from the *Royal Exchange* into *Cornhill*, and the adjacent streets; and there are now no

remains of *Exchange women*, but in *Exeter's change*, and they are no longer deemed the first ministers of fashion.

† The fox in the fable, who having been caught in a trap and lost his tail, used many arguments to persuade the rest to cut off theirs; that the singularity of his deformity might not expose him to derision.

he meant it, into his own ragged, bob-tailed condition; and observing he said all to little purpose; what, alas! was left for the forlorn *Jack* to do, but after a million of scurrilities against his brother to run mad with spleen, and spight, and contradiction. To be short, here began a mortal breach between these two. *Jack* went immediately to *new lodgings*, and in a few days it was for certain reported, that he had run out of his wits. In a short time after he appeared abroad, and confirmed the report by falling into the oddest whimsies, that ever a sick brain conceived.

And now the little boys in the streets began to salute him with several names. Sometimes they would call him * *Jack the bald*; sometimes, † *Jack with a lantern*; sometimes, ‡ *Dutch Jack*; sometimes, || *French Hugh*; sometimes, § *Tom the Beggar*; and sometimes, †† *Knocking Jack of the north*. And it was under one,

* That is, *Calvin*, from *calvus*, bald.

† All those who pretend to inward light.

‡ *Jack of Leyden*, who gave rise to the *Anabaptists*.

|| *The Hugonots*.

§ *The Gueuses*, by which name some protestants in *Flanders* were called.

†† *John Knox*, the reformer of *Scotland*.

or some, or all of these appellations, which I leave the learned reader to determine, that he hath given rise to the most illustrious and epidemic sect of *Æolists*, who, with honourable commemoration, do still acknowledge the renowned JACK for their author and founder. Of whose original, as well as principles, I am now advancing to gratify the world with a very particular account.

——*Melleo contingens cuncta lepore.*

S E C T. VII.

A digression in praise of digressions.

I Have sometimes *heard* of an *iliad* in a *nut-shell*; but it hath been my fortune to have much oftener *seen a nut-shell* in an *iliad*. There is no doubt that human life has received most wonderful advantages from both; but to which of the two the world is chiefly indebted, I shall leave among the curious, as a problem worthy of their utmost enquiry. For the invention of the latter, I think the commonwealth of learning is chiefly obliged to

the great *modern* improvement of *digressions*: the late refinements in knowledge running parallel to those of dyet in our nation, which, among men of a judicious taste, are dressed up in various compounds consisting in *soups* and *olio's*, *fricassées* and *ragousts*.

It is true, there is a sort of morose, detracting, ill bred people, who pretend utterly to disrelish these polite innovations; and as to the similitude from dyet, they allow the parallel, but are so bold to pronounce the example itself a corruption and degeneracy of taste. They tell us, that the fashion of jumbling fifty things together in a dish was at first introduced in compliance to a depraved and *debauched appetite*, as well as to a *crazy constitution*: and to see a man hunting through an *olio* after the *head* and *brains* of a *goose*, a *widgeon*, or a *woodcock*, is a sign he wants a stomach and digestion for more substantial victuals. Farther, they affirm, that *digressions* in a book are like *foreign troops* in a *state*, which argue the nation to want a *heart* and *hands* of its own, and often
either

either *subdue* the *natives*, or drive them into the most *unfruitful corners*.

But, after all that can be objected by these supercilious censors, it is manifest, the society of writers would quickly be reduced to a very inconsiderable number, if men were put upon making books with the fatal confinement of delivering nothing beyond what is to the purpose. It is acknowledged, that were the case the same among us, as with the *Greeks* and *Romans*, when learning was in its *cradle* to be reared and fed, and cloathed by *invention*; it would be an easy task to fill up volumes upon particular occasions, without farther expatiating from the subjects than by moderate excursions, helping to advance or clear the main design. But with *knowledge* it has fared as with a numerous army, encamped in a fruitful country; which for a few days maintains itself by the product of the soil it is on; till, provisions being spent, they are sent to forage many a mile, among friends or enemies, it matters not. Mean while the neighbouring fields, trampled and beaten down,

down, become barren and dry, affording no sustenance but clouds of dust.

The whole course of things being thus intirely changed between *us* and the *antients*, and the *moderns* wisely sensible of it; we of this age have discovered a shorter, and more prudent method, to become *scholars* and *wits* without the fatigue of *reading* or of *thinking*. The most accomplished way of using books at present is twofold: either first, to serve them as some men do *lords*, learn their *titles* exactly, and then brag of their acquaintance. Or secondly, which is indeed the choicer, the profounder, and politer method, to get a thorough insight into the *index*, by which the whole book is governed and turned, like *fishes* by the *tail*. For, to enter the palace of learning at the *great gate* requires an expence of time and forms; therefore men of much haste and little ceremony are content to get in by the *back-door*. For, the arts are all in a *flying* march, and therefore more easily subdued by attacking them in the *rear*. Thus physicians discover the state of the whole body by consulting only what comes

comes from *behind*. Thus men catch knowledge by throwing their *wit* on the *posteriors* of a book, as boys do sparrows with flinging *salt* upon their *tails*. Thus human life is best understood by the wise man's rule of *regarding the end*. Thus are the sciences found, like *Hercules's* oxen, by *tracing them backwards*. Thus are *old sciences* unravelled like *old stockings*, by beginning at the *foot*.

Besides all this, the army of the sciences hath been of late, with a world of martial discipline, drawn into its *close order*, so that a view, or a muster may be taken of it with abundance of expedition. For this great blessing we are wholly indebted to *systems* and *abstracts*, in which the *modern* fathers of learning, like prudent usurers, spent their sweat for the ease of us their children. For *labour* is the seed of *idleness*, and it is the peculiar happiness of our noble age to gather the *fruit*.

Now the method of growing wise, learned, and *sublime*, having become so regular an affair, and so established in all its forms; the number of writers must needs have increased accordingly, and to
a pitch

a pitch that has made it of absolute necessity for them to interfere continually with each other. Besides, it is reckoned, that there is not at this present a sufficient quantity of new matter left in nature to furnish and adorn any one particular subject to the extent of a volume. This I am told by a very skilful *computer*, who hath given a full demonstration of it from rules of *arithmetic*.

This perhaps may be objected against by those, who maintain the infinity of matter, and therefore will not allow, that any *species* of it can be exhausted. For answer to which, let us examine the noblest branch of *modern* wit or invention, planted and cultivated by the present age, and which of all others hath born the most, and the fairest fruit. For though some remains of it were left us by the *antients*, yet have not any of those, as I remember, been translated or compiled into systems for *modern* use. Therefore we may affirm to our own honour, that it hath, in some sort, been both invented, and brought to a perfection by the same hands. What I mean, is that highly celebrated talent
among

among the *modern* wits, of deducing similitudes, allusions, and applications, very surprising, agreeable, and apposite, from the *pudenda* of either sex, together with *their proper uses*. And truly, having observed how little invention bears any vogue, besides what is derived into these *channels*, I have sometimes had a thought, that the happy genius of our age and country was prophetically held forth by that antient * typical description of the *Indian* pygmies; *whose stature did not exceed above two foot; sed quorum pudenda crassa, et ad talos usque pertingentia*. Now, I have been very curious to inspect the late productions, wherein the beauties of this kind have most prominently appeared; and although this *vein* hath bled so freely, and all endeavours have been used in the power of human breath to dilate, extend, and keep it open; like the *Scythians*, † *who had a custom, and an instrument, to blow up the privities of their mares, that they might yield the more milk*: yet I am under an apprehension, it

* *Ctesiae fragm. apud Photium.*

† *Herodot. L. 4.*

is near growing dry, and past all recovery; and that either some new *fonde* of wit should, if possible, be provided, or else, that we must e'en be content with repetition here, as well as upon all other occasions.

This will stand as an incontestable argument, that our *modern* wits are not to reckon upon the infinity of matter for a constant supply. What remains therefore, but that our last recourse must be had to large *indexes*, and little *compendiums*? *quotations* must be plentifully gathered, and booked in alphabet; to this end, though authors need be little consulted, yet *critics*, and *commentators*, and *lexicons* carefully must. But above all, those judicious collectors of *bright parts*, and *flowers*, and *observanda's*, are to be nicely dwelt on, by some called the *sieves* and *boulders* of learning; though it is left undetermined, whether they dealt in *pearls* or meal; and consequently, whether we are more to value that which *passed through*, or what *staid behind*.

By these methods, in a few weeks, there starts up many a writer, capable of
managing

managing the profoundest, and most universal subjects. For, what though his *head* be empty, provided his *common-place book* be full; and if you will bate him but the circumstances of *method*, and *style*, and *grammar*, and *invention*; allow him but the common privileges of transcribing from others, and digressing from himself, as often as he shall see occasion; he will desire no more ingredients towards fitting up a treatise, that shall make a very comely figure on a bookseller's shelf, there to be preserved neat and clean for a long eternity, adorned with the heraldry of its title fairly inscribed on a label; never to be thumbed or greased by students, nor bound to everlasting chains of darkness in a library: but, when the fulness of time is come, shall happily undergo the trial of purgatory, in order *to ascend the sky*.

Without these allowances, how is it possible, we *modern* wits should ever have an opportunity to introduce our collections, lifted under so many thousand heads of a different nature; for want of which, the learned world would be deprived of infinite delight, as well as instruction, and
we

we ourselves buried beyond redress in an inglorious and undistinguished oblivion?

From such elements as these, I am alive to behold the day, wherein the corporation of authors can out-vie all its brethren in the *guild*. A happiness derived to us with a great many others from our *Scythian* ancestors; among whom the number of *pens* was so infinite, that the * *Grecian* eloquence had no other way of expressing it, than by saying, *that in the regions, far to the north, it was hardly possible for a man to travel, the very air was so replete with feathers.*

The necessity of this digression will easily excuse the length; and I have chosen for it as proper a place as I could readily find. If the judicious reader can assign a fitter, I do here empower him to remove it into any other corner he pleases. And so I return with great alacrity to pursue a more important concern.

* *Herodot. I. 4.*

S E C T. VIII.

A TALE OF A TUB.

THE learned * *Æolists* maintain the original cause of all things to be *wind*, from which principle this whole universe was at first produced, and into which it must at last be resolved; that the same breath, which had kindled, and blew *up* the flame of nature, should one day blow it *out*:

Quod procul a nobis flectat fortuna gubernans.

This is what the *adepti* understand by their *anima mundi*; that is to say, the *spirit*, or *breath*, or *wind* of the world; for, examine the whole system by the particulars of nature, and you will find it not to be disputed. For whether you please to call the *forma informans* of man by the name of *spiritus*, *animus*, *afflatus*, or *anima*; what are all these but several appellations for *wind*, which is the ruling *element* in every compound, and into

* All pretenders to inspiration whatsoever.

which they all resolve upon their corruption? farther, what is life itself, but, as it is commonly called, the *breath* of our nostrils? whence it is very justly observed by naturalists, that *wind* still continues of great emolument in *certain mysteries* not to be named, giving occasion for those happy epithets of *turgidus*, and *inflatus*, applied either to the *emittent*, or *recipient* organs.

By what I have gathered out of antient records, I find the *compass* of their doctrine took in two and thirty points, wherein it would be tedious to be very particular. However, a few of their most important precepts, deducible from it, are by no means to be omitted; among which the following maxim was of much weight; that since *wind* had the master-share, as well as operation in every compound, by consequence those beings must be of chief excellence, wherein that *primordium* appears most prominently to abound; and therefore *man* is in highest perfection of all created things, as having, by the great bounty of philosophers, been endued with three distinct *anima's* or *winds*, to which
the

the sage *Æolists*, with much liberality, have added a fourth of equal necessity, as well as ornament with the other three; by this *quartum principium* taking in our four corners of the world; which gave occasion to that renowned *cabalist*, † *Bumbastus*, of placing the body of man in due position to the four *cardinal* points.

In consequence of this, their next principle was, that *man* brings with him into the world a peculiar portion or grain of *wind*, which may be called a *quinta essentia*, extracted from the other four. This *quintessence* is of a catholic use upon all emergencies of life, is improvable into all arts and sciences, and may be wonderfully refined, as well as enlarged by certain methods in education. This, when *blown* up to its perfection, ought not to be covetously hoarded up, stifled, or hid under a bushel, but freely communicated to mankind. Upon these reasons, and others of equal weight, the wise *Æolists* affirm the gift of BELCHING to be the noblest act of a rational creature. To cul-

† This is one of the names *Christophorus Theophrastus Paracelsus*; he was called *racelsus Bumbastus*.

tivate which art, and render it more serviceable to mankind, they made use of several methods. At certain seasons of the year, you might behold the priests among them in vast numbers with their || *mouthis gaping wide enough against a storm.* At other times were to be seen several hundreds linked together in a circular chain, with every man a pair of bellows applied to his neighbour's breech, by which they blew up each other to the shape and size of a *tun*; and for that reason, with great propriety of speech, did usually call their bodies, their *vessels*. When by these and the like performances they were grown sufficiently replete, they would immediately depart, and disembogue, for the public good, a plentiful share of their acquisitions into their disciples chaps. For we must here observe, that all learning was esteemed among them to be compounded from the same principle. Because, first, it is generally affirmed, or confessed, that learning *puffeth men up*: and secondly, they proved it by the fol-

|| This is meant of those up the seeds of rebellion, &c.
 seditious preachers, who blow

lowing

lowing syllogism; *words are but wind; and learning is nothing but words; ergo, learning is nothing but wind.* For this reason the philosophers among them did in their schools deliver to their pupils all their doctrines and opinions by *eructation*, wherein they had acquired a wonderful eloquence, and of incredible variety. But the great characteristic, by which their chief sages were best distinguished, was a certain position of countenance, which gave undoubted intelligence to what degree or proportion the spirit agitated the inward mass. For after certain gripings, the *wind* and vapours issuing forth, having first by their turbulence and convulsions within caused an earthquake in man's little world, distorted the mouth, bloated the cheeks, and gave the eyes a terrible kind of *relievo*. At which junctures, all their *belches* were received for sacred, the sorer the better, and swallowed with infinite consolation by their meager devotees. And, to render these yet more compleat, because the breath of man's life is in his nostrils, therefore the choicest, most edifying, and most enlivening *belches* were very

wisely conveyed through that vehicle, to give them a tincture as they passed.

Their gods were the four *winds*, whom they worshipped, as the spirits that pervade and enliven the universe, and as those from whom alone all *inspiration* can properly be said to proceed. However, the chief of these, to whom they performed the adoration of * *latria*, was the *almighty North*; an antient deity, whom the inhabitants of *Megalopolis* in *Greece* had likewise in the highest reverence: † *omnium deorum Boream maxime celebrant*. This god, though endued with ubiquity, was yet supposed by the profounder *Æolists* to possess one peculiar habitation, or (to speak in form) a *cælum empyræum*, wherein he was more intimately present. This was situated in a certain region, well known to the antient *Greeks*, by them called, *Σκοτία*, or the *land of darkness*. And although many controversies have arisen upon that matter; yet so much is undisputed, that, from a region of the *like denomination* the most refined *Æolists* have

* *Latria* is that worship which is paid only to the supreme Deity.
 † *Pausan.* L. 8.

borrowed their original; from whence in every age the zealous among their priesthood have brought over their choicest *inspiration*, fetching it with their own hands from the fountain-head in certain *bladders*, and displying it among the sectaries in all nations, who did, and do, and ever will, daily gasp and pant after it.

Now, their mysteries and rites were performed in this manner. It is well known among the learned, that the virtuoso's of former ages had a contrivance for carrying and preserving *winds* in casks or barrels, which was of great assistance upon long sea voyages; and the loss of so useful an art at present is very much to be lamented, although, I know not how, with great negligence omitted by * *Pancirollus*. It was an invention ascribed to *Æolus* himself, from whom this sect is denominated, and who, in honour of their founder's memory, have to this day preserved great numbers of those *barrels*, whereof they fix one in each of their temples, first beating out the top; into this

* An author who writ *De* lost, and of arts invented.
Artibus perditis, &c. of arts

barrel, upon solemn days, the priest enters; where, having before duly prepared himself by the methods already described, a secret funnel is also conveyed from his posteriors to the bottom of the barrel, which admits new supplies of inspiration from a *northern* chink or crany. Whereupon, you behold him swell immediately to the shape and size of his *vessel*. In this posture he disembogues whole tempests upon his auditory, as the spirit from beneath gives him utterance; which, issuing *ex adytis et penetralibus*, is not performed without much pain and gripings. And, the *wind* in breaking forth † deals with his face as it does with that of the sea, first *blackening*, then *wrinkling*, and, at last, *bursting it into a foam*. It is in this guise, the sacred *Æolist* delivers his oracular *belches* to his panting disciples; of whom, some are greedily gaping after the sanctified breath; others are all the while hymning out the praises of the *winds*; and, gently wafted to and fro by their own humming, do thus represent the soft breezes of their deities appeased.

† This is an exact description of the changes made in the face by enthusiastic preachers.

It is from this custom of the priests, that some authors maintain these *Æolists* to have been very antient in the world. Because the delivery of their mysteries, which I have just now mentioned, appears exactly the same with that of other antient oracles, whose inspirations were owing to certain subterraneous *effluvioms* of wind, delivered with the same pain to the priest, and much about the *same* influence on the people. It is true indeed, that these were frequently managed and directed by *female* officers, whose organs were understood to be better disposed for the admission of those oracular *gusts*, as entering and passing up through a receptacle of greater capacity, and causing also a pruriency by the way, such as, with due management, hath been refined from carnal into a spiritual extasy. And, to strengthen this profound conjecture, it is farther insisted, that this custom of * *female* priests is kept up still in certain refined colleges of our *modern* *Æolists*, who are agreed to receive their inspiration derived through the receptacle aforesaid, like their ancestors, the *sibyls*.

* Quakers, who suffer their women to preach and pray.

And,

And, whereas the mind of man, when he gives the spur and bridle to his thoughts, doth never stop, but naturally fallies out into both extreams of high and low, of good and evil; his first flight of fancy commonly transports him to ideas of what is most perfect, finished, and exalted; till having soared out of his own reach and sight, not well perceiving how near the frontiers of heighth and depth border upon each other; with the same course and wing, he falls down plum into the lowest bottom of things; like one who travels the *east* into the *west*; or like a strait line drawn by its own length into a circle. Whether, a tincture of malice in our natures makes us fond of furnishing every bright idea with its reverse; or, whether reason, reflecting upon the sum of things, can like the sun serve only to enlighten one half of the globe, leaving the other half by necessity under shade and darkness; or, whether fancy, flying up to the imagination of what is highest and best, becomes over-short, and spent, and weary, and suddenly falls, like a dead bird of paradise, to the ground: or whether, after
all

all these *metaphysical* conjectures, I have not intirely missed the true reason; the proposition however, which hath stood me in so much circumstance, is altogether true; that, as the most uncivilized parts of mankind have some way or other climbed up into the conception of a *god*, or supreme power, so they have seldom forgot to provide their fears with certain ghastly notions, which, instead of better, have served them pretty tolerably for a *devil*. And this proceeding seems to be natural enough; for it is with men, whose imaginations are lifted up very high, after the same rate, as with those, whose bodies are so; that, as they are delighted with the advantage of a nearer contemplation upwards, so they are equally terrified with the dismal prospect of the precipice below. Thus, in the choice of a *devil*, it hath been the usual method of mankind to single out some being, either in act, or in vision, which was in most antipathy to the god they had framed. Thus also the sect of *Æolists* possessed themselves with a dread, and horror, and hatred of two malignant natures, betwixt whom, and the

the deities they adored, perpetual enmity was established. The first of these was the * *camelion*, sworn foe to *inspiration*, who in scorn devoured large influences of their god, without refunding the smallest blast by *eruétation*. The other was a huge terrible monster, called *Moulinavent*, who, with four strong arms, waged eternal battle with all their divinities, dexterously turning to avoid their blows, and repay them with interest.

Thus furnished, and set out with *gods*, as well as *devils*, was the renowned sect of *Æolists*, which makes at this day so illustrious a figure in the world, and whereof, that polite nation of *Laplanders* are, beyond all doubt, a most authentic branch; of whom I therefore cannot, without injustice, here omit to make honourable mention; since they appear to be so closely allied in point of interest, as well as inclinations, with their brother *Æolists* among us, as not only to buy their *winds* by wholesale from the *same*

* I do not well understand what the author aims at here, any more than by the terrible monster, mentioned in the

following lines, called *Moulin à vent*, which is the French name for a windmill.

merchants, but also to retail them after the *same* rate and method, and to customers much alike.

Now, whether the system here delivered was wholly compiled by *Jack*; or, as some writers believe, rather copied from the original at *Delphos*, with certain additions and emendations, suited to the times and circumstances; I shall not absolutely determine. This I may affirm, that *Jack* gave it at least a new turn, and formed it into the same dress and model, as it lies deduced by me.

I have long sought after this opportunity of doing justice to a society of men, for whom I have a peculiar honour; and whose opinions, as well as practices, have been extremely misrepresented, and traduced, by the malice or ignorance of their adversaries. For, I think it one of the greatest, and best of human actions to remove prejudices, and place things in their truest and fairest light; which I therefore boldly undertake, without any regards of my own, beside the conscience, the honour, and the thanks.

S E C T. IX.

A digression concerning the original, the use, and improvement of madness in a commonwealth.

NOR shall it any ways detract from the just reputation of this famous sect, that its rise and institution are owing to such an author, as I have described *Jack* to be; a person whose intellectuals were overturned, and his brain shaken out of its natural position; which we commonly suppose to be a distemper, and call by the name of *madness* or *phrenzy*. For, if we take a survey of the greatest actions, that have been performed in the world under the influence of single men; which are, *the establishment of new empires by conquest; the advance and progress of new schemes in philosophy; and the contriving, as well as the propagating of new religions;* we shall find the authors of them all to have been persons, whose natural reason had admitted great revolutions from their diet, their education, the prevalency of some certain temper, together with the particular influence

fluence of air and climate. Besides, there is something individual in human minds, that easily kindles at the accidental approach and collision of certain circumstances, which, though of paultry and mean appearance, do often flame out into the greatest emergencies of life. For, great turns are not always given by strong hands, but by lucky adaption, and at proper seasons; and it is of no import, where the fire was kindled, if the vapour has once got up into the brain. For, the *upper region* of man is furnished like the *middle region* of the air; the materials are formed from causes of the widest difference, yet produce at last the same substance and effect. Mists arise from the earth, steams from dunghils, exhalations from the sea, and smoke from fire; yet all clouds are the same in composition, as well as consequences; and the fumes issuing from a jakes will furnish as comely and useful a vapour, as incense from an altar. Thus far, I suppose, will easily be granted me; and then it will follow, that as the face of nature never produces rain, but when it is over-cast and disturbed, so human under-

understanding, seated in the brain, must be troubled and overspread by vapours, ascending from the lower faculties to water the invention, and render it fruitful. Now, although these vapours (as it hath been already said) are of as various original, as those of the skies; yet the crops they produce, differ both in kind and degree, meerly according to the soil. I will produce two instances to prove and explain, what I am now advancing.

* A certain great prince raised a mighty army, filled his coffers with infinite treasures, provided an invincible fleet, and all this, without giving the least part of his design to his greatest ministers, or his nearest favourites. Immediately the whole world was alarmed; the neighbouring crowns in trembling expectations, towards what point the storm would burst; the small politicians every where forming profound conjectures. Some believed, he had laid a scheme for universal monarchy; others, after much insight, determined the matter to be a project for pulling down the *pope*, and setting up the *reform-*

* This was *Harry the Great of France*.

ed religion, which had once been his own. Some again, of a deeper sagacity, sent him into *Asia* to subdue the *Turk*, and recover *Palestine*. In the midst of all these projects and preparations, a certain * *state-surgeon*, gathering the nature of the disease by these symptoms, attempted the cure, at one blow performed the operation, broke the bag, and out flew the *vapour*; nor did any thing want to render it a compleat remedy, only, that the prince unfortunately happened to die in the performance. Now is the reader exceeding curious to learn, from whence this *vapour* took its rise, which had so long set the nations at a gaze, what secret wheel, what hidden spring could put into motion so wonderful an engine. It was afterwards discovered, that the movement of this whole machine had been directed by an absent *female*, whose eyes had raised a protuberancy, and before emission she was removed into an enemy's country. What should an unhappy prince do in such ticklish circumstances as these? he tried in

* *Ravillac*, who stabbed *Henry the Great* in his coach.

vain the poet's never-failing receipt of *corpora quæque*; for,

*Idque petit corpus mens, unde est saucia
amore;*

Unde feritur, eo tendit, gestitque coire.

Lucr.

Having to no purpose used all peaceable endeavours, the collected part of the *semen*, raised and inflamed, became adust, converted to choler, turned head upon the spinal duct, and ascended to the brain: the very same principle, that influences a *bully* to break the windows of a whore, who has jilted him, naturally stirs up a great prince to raise mighty armies, and dream of nothing but sieges, battles, and victories.

———*Teterrima belli*
Causa———

The other * instance is, what I have read somewhere in a very antient author of a mighty king, who, for the space of above thirty years, amused himself to take,

* This is meant of the present *French* king, *Lewis XIV.*
and

and lose towns; beat armies, and be beaten; drive princes out of their dominions; fright children from their bread and butter; burn, lay waste, plunder, dragoon, massacre subject and stranger, friend and foe, male and female. It is recorded, that the philosophers of each country were in grave dispute upon causes natural, moral, and political, to find out where they should assign an original solution of this *phænonomenon*. At last, the *vapour* or *spirit*, which animated the hero's brain, being in perpetual circulation, seized upon that region of the human body so renowned for furnishing the † *zibeta occidentalis*, and gathering there into a tumor, left the rest of the world for that time in peace. Of such mighty consequence it is, where those exhalations fix; and of so little, from whence they proceed. The same spirits, which in their superior progress would conquer a kingdom, descending upon the *anus*, conclude in a *fistula*.

† *Paracelsus*, who was so famous for chymistry, tried an experiment upon human excrement, to make a perfume of it; which, when he had brought to perfection, he call-

ed *zibeta occidentalis*, or *western civet*, the back parts of man (according to his division mentioned by the author, page 163.) being the *west*.

Let us next examine the great introducers of new schemes in philosophy, and search till we can find, from what faculty of the soul the disposition arises in mortal man of taking it into his head to advance new systems, with such an eager zeal, in things agreed on all hands impossible to be known: from what feeds this disposition springs, and to what quality of human nature these grand innovators have been indebted for their number of disciples. Because it is plain, that several of the chief among them, both *antient* and *modern*, were usually mistaken by their adversaries, and indeed by all, except their own followers, to have been persons crazed, or out of their wits; having generally proceeded in the common course of their words and actions by a method very different from the vulgar dictates of *unrefined* reason; agreeing for the most part in their several models with their present undoubted successors in the *academy* of *modern Bedlam* (whose merits and principles I shall farther examine in due place.) Of this kind were *Epicurus*, *Diogenes*, *Apollonius*, *Lucretius*, *Paracelsus*, *Des Cartes*, and others;

thers; who, if they were now in the world, tied fast, and separate from their followers, would, in this our undistinguishing age, incur manifest danger of *phlebotomy*, and *whips*, and *chains*, and *dark chambers*, and *straw*. For, what man in the natural state, or course of thinking, did ever conceive it in his power to reduce the notions of all mankind exactly to the same length, and breadth, and height of his own? yet, this is the first humble and civil design of all innovators in the empire of reason. *Epicurus* modestly hoped, that one time or other a certain fortuitous concourse of all men's opinions, after perpetual justlings, the sharp with the smooth, the light and the heavy, the round and the square, would by certain *clinamina* unite in the notions of *atoms* and *void*, as these did in the originals of all things. *Cartesius* reckoned to see, before he died, the sentiments of all philosophers, like so many lesser stars in his *romantic* system, wrapped and drawn within his own *vortex*. Now, I would gladly be informed, how it is possible to account for such imaginations as these in particular men, without

recourse to my *phænomenon* of *vapours*, ascending from the lower faculties to overshadow the brain, and there distilling into conceptions, for which the narrowness of our mother tongue has not yet assigned any other name, besides that of *madness* or *phrenzy*. Let us therefore now conjecture, how it comes to pass, that none of these great prescribers do ever fail providing themselves and their notions with a number of implicate disciples. And, I think, the reason is easy to be assigned: for, there is a peculiar *string* in the harmony of human understanding, which in several individuals is exactly of the same tuning. This if you can dexterously screw up to its right key, and then strike gently upon it; whenever you have the good fortune to light among those of the same pitch, they will, by a secret necessary sympathy, strike exactly at the same time. And, in this one circumstance lies all the skill or luck of the matter; for if you chance to jar the string among those, who are either above or below your own heighth, instead of subscribing to your doctrine, they will tie you fast, call you mad,

mad, and feed you with bread and water. It is therefore a point of the nicest conduct to distinguish and adapt this noble talent with respect to the differences of persons and of times. *Cicero* understood this very well, when writing to a friend in *England*, with a caution, among other matters, to beware of being cheated by our *hackney-coachmen* (who, it seems, in those days were as errant rascals as they are now) has these remarkable words: * *Est quod gaudeas te in ista loca venisse, ubi aliquid sapere viderere*. For, to speak a bold truth, it is a fatal miscarriage so ill to order affairs, as to pass for a *fool* in one company, when in another you might be treated as a *philosopher*. Which I desire *some certain gentlemen of my acquaintance* to lay up in their hearts, as a very seasonable *innuendo*.

This, indeed, was the fatal mistake of that worthy gentleman, my most ingenious friend, Mr. *Wotton*: a person, in appearance, ordained for great designs, as well as performances; whether you will consider his *notions* or his *looks*, surely no man ever advanced into the public with

* Epist. ad Fam. Trebatio.

fitter qualifications of body and mind for the propagation of a new religion. Oh, had those happy talents, misapplied to vain philosophy, been turned into their proper channels of *dreams* and *visions*, where *distortion* of mind and countenance are of such sovereign use; the base detracting world would not then have dared to report, that something is amiss, that his brain hath undergone an unlucky shake; which even his brother *modernists* themselves, like ungrates, do whisper so loud, that it reaches up to the very garret I am now writing in.

Lastly, whosoever pleases to look into the fountains of *enthusiasm*, from whence in all ages have eternally proceeded such fattening streams, will find the spring head to have been as *troubled* and *muddy* as the current: of such great emolument is a tincture of this *vapour*, which the world calls *madness*, that without its help the world would not only be deprived of those two great blessings, *conquests* and *systems*, but even all mankind would unhappily be reduced to the same belief in things invisible. Now, the former *postulatum* being held, that it is of no import from
what

what originals this *vapour* proceeds, but either in what *angles* it strikes and spreads over the understanding, or upon what *species* of brain it ascends; it will be a very delicate point to cut the feather, and divide the several reasons to a nice and curious reader, how this numerical difference in the brain can produce effects of so vast a difference from the same *vapour*, as to be the sole point of individuation between *Alexander the Great*, *Jack of Leyden*, and *Monfieur Des Cartes*. The present argument is the most abstracted, that ever I engaged in; it strains my faculties to their highest stretch: and I desire the reader to attend with utmost perpenfity; for I now proceed to unravel this knotty point.

† There is in mankind, a certain *

* * * * *

Hic multa *
defiderantur. * * * *

* * * And this I take to be a
clear folution of the matter.

† Here is another defect in the manuscript; but I think the author did wifely, and that the matter, which thus ftrained his faculties, was not worth a folution; and it were well if all metaphyfical cobweb problems were no otherwife answered.

Having

Having therefore so narrowly passed through this intricate difficulty, the reader will, I am sure, agree with me in the conclusion; that if the *moderns* mean by *madness* only a disturbance or transposition of the brain, by force of certain *vapours* issuing up from the lower faculties; then has this *madness* been the parent of all those mighty revolutions, that have happened in *empire*, in *philosophy*, and in *religion*. For, the brain, in its natural position and state of serenity, disposeth its owner to pass his life in the common forms without any thoughts of subduing multitudes to his own *power*, his *reasons*, or his *visions*; and the more he shapes his understanding by the pattern of human learning, the less he is inclined to form parties after his particular notions; because that instructs him in his private infirmities, as well as in the stubborn ignorance of the people. But when a man's fancy gets *astride* on his reason; when imagination is at cuffs with the senses; and common understanding, as well as common sense, is kicked out of doors; the first proselyte he makes, is himself; and when that is once compassed,

compassed, the difficulty is not so great in bringing over others; a strong delusion always operating from *without*, as vigorously as from *within*. For cant and vision are to the ear and the eye the same, that tickling is to the touch. Those entertainments and pleasures we most value in life, are such as *dupe* and play the wag with the senses. For, if we take an examination of what is generally understood by *happiness*, as it has respect either to the understanding or the senses, we shall find all its properties and adjuncts will herd under this short definition: that, *it is a perpetual possession of being well deceived*. And first, with relation to the mind or understanding, it is manifest, what mighty advantages fiction has over truth; and the reason is just at our elbow, because imagination can build nobler scenes, and produce more wonderful revolutions, than fortune or nature will be at expence to furnish. Nor is mankind so much to blame in his choice thus determining him, if we consider that the debate merely lies between *things past*, and *things conceived*: and so the question is only this; whether things, that

that have place in the *imagination*, may not as properly be said to *exist*, as those that are seated in the *memory*; which may be justly held in the affirmative, and very much to the advantage of the former, since this is acknowledged to be the *womb* of things, and the other allowed to be no more than the *grave*. Again, if we take this definition of happiness, and examine it with reference to the senses, it will be acknowledged wonderfully adapt. How fading and insipid do all objects accost us that are not conveyed in the vehicle of *delusion*! how shrunk is every thing, as it appears in the glass of nature! so that if it were not for the assistance of artificial *mediums*, false lights, refracted angles, varnish and tinsel; there would be a mighty level in the felicity and enjoyments of mortal men. If this were seriously considered by the world, as I have a certain reason to suspect it hardly will, men would no longer reckon among their high points of wisdom the art of exposing weak sides, and publishing infirmities; an employment, in my opinion, neither better nor worse than that of *unmasking*, which, I think,

think, has never been allowed fair usage, either in the *world*, or the *play-house*.

In the proportion that credulity is a more peaceful possession of the mind, than curiosity ; so far preferable is that wisdom, which converses about the surface, to that pretended philosophy, which enters into the depth of things, and then comes gravely back with informations and discoveries, that in the inside they are good for nothing. The two senses, to which all objects first address themselves, are the sight and the touch ; these never examine farther than the colour, the shape, the size, and whatever other qualities dwell, or are drawn by art upon the outward of bodies ; and then comes reason officiously with tools for cutting, and opening, and mangling, and piercing, offering to demonstrate, that they are not of the same consistence quite through. Now I take all this to be the last degree of perverting nature ; one of whose eternal laws it is, to put her best furniture forward. And therefore, in order to save the charges of all such expensive anatomy for the time to come, I do here think fit to inform the
reader,

reader, that in such conclusions as these, reason is certainly in the right; and that in most corporeal beings, which have fallen under my cognizance, the *outside* hath been infinitely preferable to the *in*: whereof I have been farther convinced from some late experiments. Last week I saw a woman *flayed*, and you will hardly believe, how much it altered her person for the worse. Yesterday I ordered the carcase of a *beau* to be stripped in my presence; when we were all amazed to find so many unsuspected faults under one suit of cloaths. Then I laid open his *brain*, his *heart*, and his *spleen*: but I plainly perceived at every operation, that the farther we proceeded, we found the defects increase upon us in number and bulk: from all which, I justly formed this conclusion to myself; that whatever philosopher or projector can find out an art to folder and patch up the flaws and imperfections of nature, will deserve much better of mankind, and teach us a more useful science, than that so much in present esteem, of widening and exposing them, like him, who held *anatomy* to be the ultimate end
of

of *physic*. And he, whose fortunes and dispositions have placed him in a convenient station to enjoy the fruits of this noble art; he that can with *Epicurus* content his ideas with the *films* and *images*, that fly off upon his senses from the *superficies* of things; such a man, truly wise, creams off nature, leaving the four and the dregs for philosophy and reason to lap up. This is the sublime and refined point of felicity, called, the *possession of being well deceived*; the serene peaceful state of being a fool among knaves.

But to return to *madness*. It is certain, that according to the system I have above deduced, every *species* thereof proceeds from a redundancy of *vapours*; therefore, as some kinds of *phrenzy* give double strength to the sinews, so there are of other *species*, which add vigour, and life, and spirit to the brain: now, it usually happens, that these active spirits, getting possession of the brain, resemble those that haunt other vast and empty dwellings, which for want of business either vanish, and carry away a piece of the house, or else stay at home and fling it all out of the windows.

windows. By which are mystically displayed the two principal branches of *madness*, and which some philosophers, not considering so well as I, have mistaken to be different in their causes, overhastily assigning the first to deficiency, and the other to redundancy.

I think it therefore manifest, from what I have here advanced, that the main point of skill and address is to furnish employment for this redundancy of *vapour*, and prudently to adjust the season of it; by which means it may certainly become of cardinal and catholic emolument in a commonwealth. Thus one man chusing a proper juncture, leaps into a gulph, from thence proceeds a hero, and is called the saver of his country; another atchieves the same enterprize, but, unluckily timing it, has left the brand of *madness* fixed as a reproach upon his memory; upon so nice a distinction are we taught to repeat the name of *Curtius* with reverence and love; that of *Empedocles* with hatred and contempt. Thus also it is usually conceived, that the elder *Brutus* only personated the *fool* and *mad-man* for the good of the public;

public; but this was nothing else, than a redundancy of the same *vapour* long misapplied, called by the *Latins*, * *Ingenium par negotiis*; or, to translate it as nearly as I can, a sort of *phrenzy*, never in its right element, till you take it up in the business of the state.

Upon all which, and many other reasons of equal weight, though not equally curious, I do here gladly embrace an opportunity I have long sought for, of recommending it as a very noble undertaking to Sir *Edward Seymour*, Sir *Christopher Musgrave*, Sir *John Bowls*, *John How* Esq; and other patriots concerned, that they would move for leave to bring in a bill for appointing commissioners to inspect into *Bedlam*, and the parts adjacent; who shall be impowered to *send for persons, papers, and records*; to examine into the merits and qualifications of every student and professor; to observe with utmost exactness their several dispositions and behaviour; by which means, duly distinguishing and adapting their talents, they might produce admirable instruments

* Tacit.

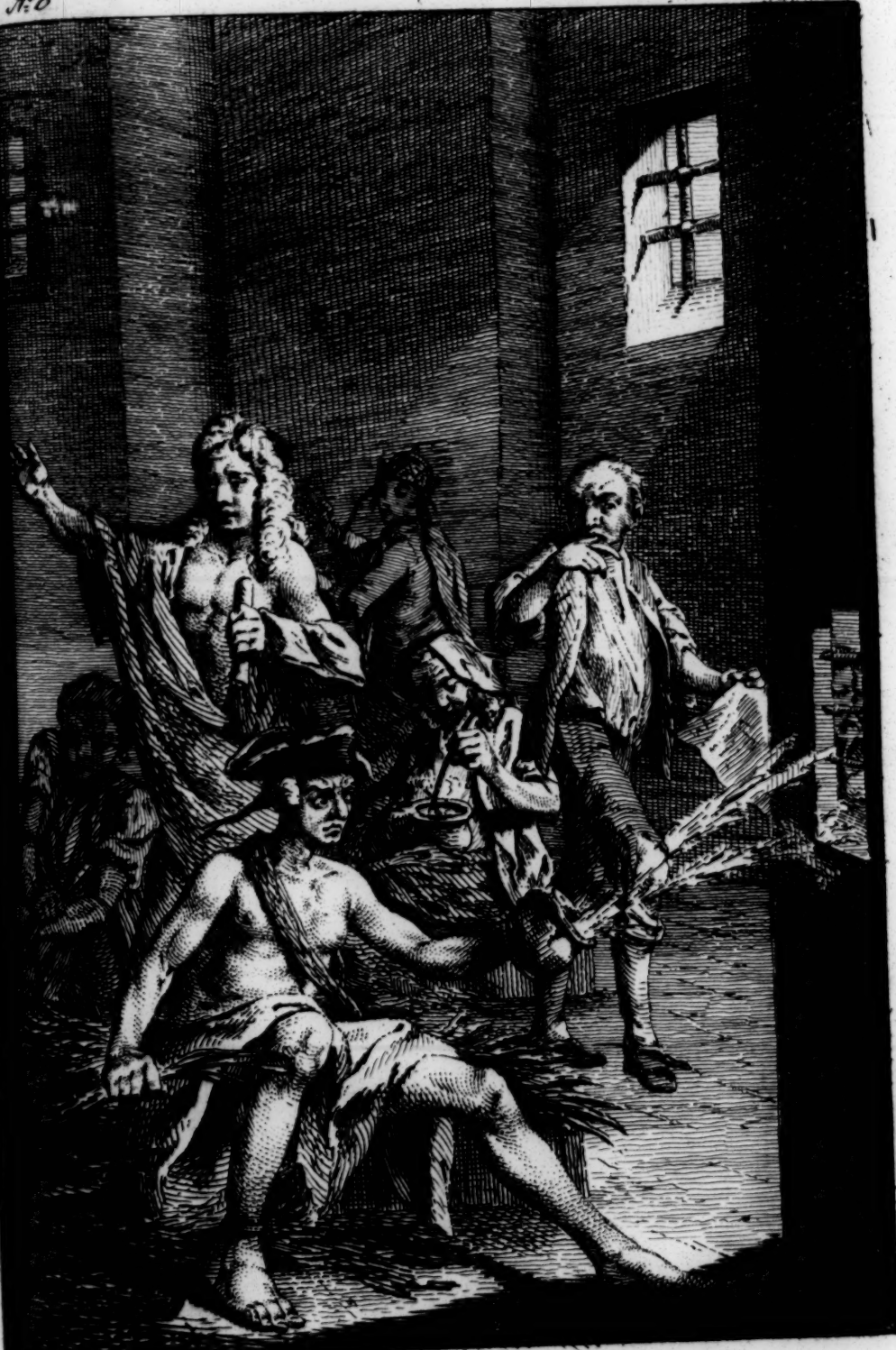
for the several offices in a state, † * * *
 * * *civil* and *military*; proceeding in such
 methods as I shall here humbly propose.
 And, I hope the gentle reader will give
 some allowance to my great solitudes in
 this important affair, upon account of the
 high esteem I have born that honourable
 society, whereof I had some time the hap-
 piness to be an unworthy member.

Is any student tearing his straw in piece-
 meal, swearing and blaspheming, biting
 his grate, foaming at the mouth, and emp-
 tying his pisspot in the spectator's faces?
 let the right worshipful the *commissioners*
of inspection give him a regiment of dra-
 goons, and send him into *Flanders* among
 the *rest*. Is another eternally talking, sput-
 tering, gaping, bawling in a sound with-
 out period or article? what wonderful
 talents are here mislaid! let him be fur-
 nished immediately with a green bag and
 papers, and * *three pence* in his pocket,
 and away with him to *Westminster-Hall*.
 You will find a third gravely taking the
 dimensions of his kennel; a person of

† *Ecclesiastical.*

* A lawyer's coach-hire,
 when four together, from any

of the inns of court to *West-*
minster.



J. Müller inv. del. et Sc.

foresight and insight, though kept quite in the dark; for why, like *Moses*, *ecce * cornuta erat ejus facies*. He walks duly in one pace, intreats your penny with due gravity and ceremony; talks much of hard times, and taxes, and the *whore of Babylon*; bars up the wooden window of his cell constantly at eight a-clock: dreams of *fire*, and *shop-lifters*, and *court-customers*, and *privileged places*. Now, what a figure would all these acquirements amount to, if the owner were sent into the *city* among his brethren! Behold a fourth, in much and deep conversation with himself, biting his thumbs at proper junctures; his countenance checkered with business and design; sometimes walking very fast, with his eyes nailed to a paper that he holds in his hands: a great saver of time, somewhat thick of hearing, very short of sight, but more of memory: a man ever in haste, a great hatcher and breeder of business, and excellent at the famous art of *whispering nothing*: a huge idolater of monosyllables and procrastination; so

* *Cornutus* is either horned or shining, and by this term *Moses* is described in the vulgar *Latin* of the bible.

ready to *give* his word to every body, that he never *keeps* it: one that has forgot the common *meaning* of words, but an admirable retainer of the *sound*: extremely subject to the *looseness*, for his *occasions* are perpetually *calling him away*. If you approach his grate in his familiar intervals; *Sir*, says he, *give me a penny, and I'll sing you a song: but give me the penny first*. (Hence comes the common saying, and commoner practice, of parting with money for a *song*.) What a compleat system of *court skill* is here described in every branch of it, and all utterly lost with wrong application! Accost the hole of another kennel (first stopping your nose) you will behold a furly, gloomy, nasty, slovenly mortal, raking in his own dung, and dabbling in his urine. The best part of his diet is the reversion of his own ordure, which, expiring into steams, whirls perpetually about, and at last re-infunds. His complexion is of a dirty yellow, with a thin scattered beard, exactly agreeable to that of his diet upon its first declination; like other insects, who having their birth and education in an excrement, from thence
borrow

borrow their colour and their smell. The student of this apartment is very sparing of his words, but somewhat over-liberal of his breath; he holds his hand out ready to receive your penny, and immediately upon receipt withdraws to his former occupations. Now, is it not amazing to think, the society of *Warwick-lane* should have no more concern for the recovery of so useful a member, who, if one may judge from these appearances, would become the greatest ornament to that illustrious body? Another student struts up fiercely to your teeth, puffing with his lips, half-squeezing out his eyes, and very graciously holds you out his hand to kiss. The *keeper* desires you not to be afraid of this professor, for he will do you no hurt: to him alone is allowed the liberty of the anti-chamber, and the *orator* of the place gives you to understand, that this solemn person is a *taylor* run mad with pride. This considerable student is adorned with many other qualities, upon which at present I shall not farther enlarge. ---- ‡ *Hark*

‡ I cannot conjecture what the author means here, or how this chasm could be filled, though it is capable of more than one interpretation.

in your ear ----- I am strangely mistaken, if all his address, his motions, and his airs would not then be very natural, and in their proper element.

I shall not descend so minutely, as to insist upon the vast number of *beaux*, *fiddlers*, *poets*, and *politicians*, that the world might recover by such a reformation: but what is more material, besides the clear gain redounding to the commonwealth by so large an acquisition of persons to employ, whose talents and acquirements, if I may be so bold to affirm it, are now buried, or at least misapplied; it would be a mighty advantage accruing to the public from this enquiry, that all these would very much excel, and arrive at great perfection in their several kinds; which, I think, is manifest from what I have already shewn, and shall inforce by this one plain instance; that, even I myself, the author of these momentous truths, am a person, whose imaginations are hard-mouthed and exceedingly disposed to run away with his *reason*, which I have observed from long experience to be a very light rider, and easily shaken off; upon which account,
my

my friends will never trust me alone, without a solemn promise to vent my speculations in this, or the like manner, for the universal benefit of human kind; which perhaps the gentle, courteous, and candid reader, brimful of that *modern* charity and tenderness usually annexed to his *office*, will be very hardly persuaded to believe.

S E C T. X.

A FURTHER DIGRESSION*.

IT is an unanswerable argument of a very refined age, the wonderful civilities that have passed of late years between the nation of *authors*, and that of *readers*. There can hardly † pop out a *play*, a *pamphlet*, or a *poem*, without a preface full of acknowledgment to the world for the general reception and applause they have given it, which the lord knows where, or when, or how, or from whom it received.

* This section has in former editions been intitled, *A Tale of a Tub*; but the tale not being continued till Section XI. and this being only a further digression, no apology can be thought necessary

for making the title correspond with the contents.

† This is literally true, as we may observe in the prefaces to most plays, poems, &c.

In due deference to so laudable a custom, I do here return my humble thanks to *his majesty*, and both houses of *parliament*; to the *lords* of the king's most honourable privy-council; to the reverend the *judges*; to the *clergy*, and *gentry*, and *yeomanry* of this land: but in a more especial manner, to my worthy brethren and friends at *Will's coffee-house*, and *Gresham-college*, and *Warwick-lane*, and *Moor-fields*, and *Scotland-yard*, and *Westminster-hall*, and *Guild-hall*: in short, to all inhabitants and retainers whatsoever, either in court, or church, or camp, or city, or country; for their generous and universal acceptance of this divine treatise. I accept their approbation and good opinion with extreme gratitude, and, to the utmost of my poor capacity, shall take hold of all opportunities to return the obligation.

I am also happy, that fate has flung me into so blessed an age for the mutual felicity of *booksellers* and *authors*, whom I may safely affirm to be at this day the two only satisfied parties in *England*. Ask an *author* how his last piece hath succeeded: *why, truly, he thanks his stars, the world has been*

been very favourable, and he has not the least reason to complain: and yet, by G—, he writ it in a week at bits and starts, when he could steal an hour from his urgent affairs; as it is a hundred to one, you may see farther in the preface, to which he refers you; and for the rest to the bookseller. There you go as a customer, and make the same question: he blesses his God the thing takes wonderfully, he is just printing the second edition, and has but three left in his shop. You beat down the price: Sir, we shall not differ; and, in hopes of your custom another time, lets you have it as reasonable as you please; and, pray send as many of your acquaintance as you will, I shall upon your account furnish them all at the same rate.

Now, it is not well enough considered, to what accidents and occasions the world is indebted for the greatest part of those noble writings, which hourly start up to entertain it. If it were not for a rainy day, a drunken vigil, a fit of the spleen, a course of physick, a sleepy sunday, an ill run at dice, a long taylor's bill, a beggar's purse, a factious head, a hot sun, costive diet,

want of books, and a just contempt of learning: but for these events, I say, and some others too long to recite (especially a *prudent neglect of taking brimstone inwardly*) I doubt, the number of *authors*, and of *writings*, would dwindle away to a degree most woful to behold. To confirm this opinion hear the words of the famous *Troglodyte* philosopher: *It is certain* (said he) *some grains of folly are of course annexed as part of the composition of human nature, only the choice is left us, whether we please to wear them inlaid or embossed: and we need not go very far to seek how that is usually determined, when we remember, it is with human faculties as with liquors, the lightest will be ever at the top.*

There is in this famous island of *Britain* a certain paultry *scribler*, very voluminous, whose character the reader cannot wholly be a stranger to. He deals in a pernicious kind of writings, called *second parts*, and usually passes under the name of *the author of the first*. I easily foresee, that as soon as I lay down my pen, this nimble operator will have stolen it, and treat me

as

as inhumanly as he hath already done Dr. *Blackmore*, *Lestrange*, and many others, who shall here be nameless; I therefore fly for justice and relief into the hands of that great *rectifier of saddles* *, and *lover of mankind*, Dr. *Bentley*, begging he will take this enormous grievance into his most *modern* consideration: and if it should so happen, that the *furniture of an ass*, in the shape of a *second part*, must for my sins be clapped by a mistake upon my back, that he will immediately please, in the presence of the world, to lighten me of the burthen, and take it home to *his own house*, till the *true beast* thinks fit to call for it.

In the mean time I do here give this public notice, that my resolutions are to circumscribe within this discourse the whole stock of matter, I have been so many years providing. Since my *vein* is once opened, I am content to exhaust it all at a running, for the peculiar advantage of my dear country, and for the universal benefit of mankind. Therefore hospitably considering the number of my

* Alluding to the trite phrase, *place the saddle on the right horse*.

204 A FURTHER DIGRESSION.

guests, they shall have my whole entertainment at a meal ; and I scorn to set up the *leavings* in the cupboard. What the *guests* cannot eat, may be given to the *poor* ; and the * *dogs* under the table may gnaw the *bones*. This I understand for a more generous proceeding, than to turn the company's stomach by inviting them again to morrow to a scurvy meal of *scraps*.

If the reader fairly considers the strength of what I have advanced in the foregoing section, I am convinced it will produce a wonderful revolution in his notions and opinions ; and he will be abundantly better prepared to receive and to relish the concluding part of this miraculous treatise. Readers may be divided into three classes, the *superficial*, the *ignorant*, and the *learned* : and I have with much felicity fitted my pen to the genius and advantage of each. The *superficial* reader will be strangely provoked to *laughter* ; which clears the breast and the lungs, is sovereign

* By *dogs*, the author means common injudicious critics, as he explains it himself before

in his *digression upon critics*. page 103.

against the *spleen*, and the most innocent of all *diuretics*. The *ignorant* reader, between whom and the former the distinction is extremely nice, will find himself disposed to *stare*; which is an admirable remedy for ill eyes, serves to raise and enliven the spirits, and wonderfully helps *perspiration*. But the reader truly *learned*, chiefly for whose benefit I wake when others sleep, and sleep when others wake, will here find sufficient matter to employ his speculations for the rest of his life. It were much to be wished, and I do here humbly propose for an experiment, that every prince in *christendom* will take seven of the *deepest scholars* in his dominions, and shut them up close for *seven* years, in *seven* chambers, with a command to write *seven* ample commentaries on this comprehensive discourse. I shall venture to affirm, that whatever difference may be found in their several conjectures, they will be all, without the least distortion, manifestly deducible from the text. Mean time, it is my earnest request, that so useful an undertaking may be entered upon, if their majesties please, with all convenient speed; because

because I have a strong inclination, before I leave the world, to taste a blessing, which we *mysterious* writers can seldom reach, till we have gotten into our graves; whether it is, that *fame*, being a fruit grafted on the body, can hardly grow, and much less ripen, till the *stock* is in the earth: or, whether she be a bird of prey, and is lured among the rest to pursue after the scent of a *carcass*: or, whether she conceives, her trumpet sounds best and farthest, when she stands on a *tomb*, by the advantage of a rising ground, and the echo of a hollow vault.

It is true, indeed, the republic of *dark* authors, after they once found out this excellent expedient of *dying*, have been peculiarly happy in the variety, as well as extent of their reputation. For, *night* being the universal mother of things, wise philosophers hold all writings to be *fruitful* in the proportion they are *dark*; and therefore, the * *true illuminated* (that is

* A name of the *Rosycrucians*. These were Fanatic alchemists, who in search after the great secret had invented a means altogether proportioned to their end; it was a

kind of theological philosophy, made up of almost equal mixtures of pagan platonism, Christian quietism, and the *Jewish* cabbala. Warburton on the *Rape of the Lock*.

to

to say, the *darkest* of all) have met with such numberless commentators, whose *scholastic* midwifery hath delivered them of meanings, that the authors themselves perhaps never conceived, and yet may very justly be allowed the lawful parents of them †, the words of such writers being like seed, which, however scattered at random, when they light upon a fruitful ground, will multiply far beyond either the hopes or imagination of the sower.

And therefore in order to promote so useful a work, I will here take leave to glance a few *innuendo's*, that may be of great assistance to those sublime spirits, who shall be appointed to labour in a universal comment upon this wonderful discourse. And first ‡, I have couched a very profound mystery in the number of O's multiplied by *seven*, and divided by *nine*. Also, if a devout brother of the *rosy cross* will pray fervently for sixty three mornings, with a lively faith, and then transpose certain letters and syllables according to

† Nothing is more frequent, than for commentators to force interpretations, which the author never meant.

‡ This is what the *cabbalists* among the *Jews* have done with the *bible*, and pretend to find wonderful mysteries by it.

prescrip-

prescription in the second and fifth section; they will certainly reveal into a full receipt of the *opus magnum*. Lastly, whoever will be at the pains to cultivate the whole number of each letter in this treatise, and sum up the difference exactly between the several numbers, assigning the true natural cause for every such difference; the discoveries in the product will plentifully reward his labour. But then he must beware of * *Bythus* and *Sigé*, and be sure not to forget the qualities of *Achamoth*; *a cujus lacrymis humentata prodit substantia, a risu lucida, a tristitia solida, et a timore mobilis*; wherein † *Eugenius Philalethes* hath committed an unpardonable mistake.

T H E

* I was told by an eminent divine, whom I consulted on this point, that these two barbarous words, with that of *Achamoth*, and its qualities, as here set down, are quoted from *Irenæus*. This he discovered by searching that antient writer for another quotation of our author, which he has placed in the title page, and refers to the book and chapter; the curious were very inquisitive, whether those barbarous words, *bafyma cacabasa*, &c. are really in *Irenæus*, and upon

enquiry, it was found they were a sort of cant or jargon of certain heretics, and therefore very properly prefixed to such a book as this of our author.

† *Vid. Anima magica abscondita.*

To the abovementioned treatise, called *Anthroposophia Theomagica*, there is another annexed, called *Anima magica abscondita*, written by the same author, *Vaughan*, under the name of *Eugenius Philalethes*, but in neither of those treatises

S E C T. XI.

A TALE OF A TUB.

AFTER so wide a compass as I have wandered, I do now gladly overtake, and close in with my subject, and shall henceforth hold on with it an even pace to the end of my journey, except some beautiful prospect appears within sight of my way; whereof though at present I have neither warning nor expectation, yet upon such an accident, come when it will, I shall beg my reader's favour and company, allowing me to conduct him through it along with myself. For in *writing*, it is as in *travelling*; if a man is in haste to be at home (which I acknowledge to be none of my case, having never so little business, as when I am there) if his *horse* be tired with long riding, and ill ways, or be naturally a jade, I advise him clearly

is there any mention of *achamoth*, or its qualities; so that this is nothing but amusement, and a ridicule of dark, unintelligible writers; only the words, *a cujus lacrymis*, &c. are, as we have said, transcrib-

ed from *Irenæus*, though I know not from what part. I believe one of the author's designs was to set curious men a hunting through indexes, and enquiring for books out of the common road.

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P

to

to make the straightest and the commonest road, be it ever so dirty : but then surely we must own such a man to be a scurvy companion at best ; he *spatters* himself and his fellow-travellers at every step : all their thoughts, and wishes, and conversation, turn intirely upon the subject of their journey's end ; and at every splash and plunge, and stumble, they heartily wish one another at the devil.

On the other side, when a traveller and his *horse* are in heart and plight ; when his purse is full, and the day before him ; he takes the road only where it is clean and convenient ; entertains his company there as agreeably as he can ; but, upon the first occasion, carries them along with him to every delightful scene in view, whether of art, of nature, or of both ; and if they chance to refuse, out of stupidity or weariness ; let them jog on by themselves and be d——n'd ; he'll overtake them at the next town ; at which arriving, he rides furiously through ; the men, women and children run out to gaze ; a hundred * *noisy curs* run *barking* after him, of which

* By these are meant what the author calls, the *true critics*,
page 103. if

if he honours the boldest with a *lash of his whip*, it is rather out of sport than revenge: but should some *sourer mongrel* dare too near an approach, he receives a *salute* on the chaps by an accidental stroke from the courser's heels, nor is any ground lost by the blow, which sends him yelping and limping home.

I now proceed to sum up the singular adventures of my renowned *Jack*; the state of whose dispositions and fortunes the careful reader does, no doubt, most exactly remember, as I last parted with them in the conclusion of a former section. Therefore his next care must be from two of the foregoing to extract a scheme of notions, that may best fit his understanding for a true relish of what is to ensue.

JACK had not only calculated the first revolution of his brain so prudently, as to give rise to that epidemic sect of *Æolists*, but succeeding also into a new and strange variety of conceptions, the fruitfulness of his imagination led him into certain notions, which, although in appearance very unaccountable, were not without their mysteries and their meanings, nor wanted

followers to countenance and improve them. I shall therefore be extremely careful and exact in recounting such material passages of this nature, as I have been able to collect, either from undoubted tradition, or indefatigable reading, and shall describe them as graphically as it is possible, and as far as notions of that height and latitude can be brought within the compass of a pen. Nor do I at all question but they will furnish plenty of noble matter for such, whose converting imaginations dispose them to reduce all things into types; who can make *shadows*, no thanks to the sun; and then mould them into substances, no thanks to philosophy; whose peculiar talent lies in fixing tropes and allegories to the *letter*, and refining what is literal into figure and mystery.

JACK had provided a fair copy of his father's *will*, engrossed in form upon a large skin of parchment; and resolving to act the part of a most dutiful son, he became the fondest creature of it imaginable. For although, as I have often told the reader, it consisted wholly in certain plain, easy directions about the management

ment and wearing their coats, with legacies and penalties in case of obedience or neglect; yet he began to entertain a fancy that the matter was *deeper* and *darker*, and therefore must needs have a great deal more of mystery at the bottom. *Gentlemen*, said he, *I will prove this very skin of parchment to be meat, drink, and cloth, to be the philosopher's stone, and the universal medicine.* † In consequence of which raptures, he resolved to make use of it in the most necessary, as well as the most paltry occasions of life. He had a way of working it into any shape he pleased; so that it served him for a night-cap when he went to bed, and for an umbrella in rainy weather. He would lap a piece of it about a fore toe, or, when he had fits, burn two inches under his nose; or, if any thing lay heavy on his stomach, scrape off, and swallow as much of the powder as would lie on a silver penny, they were all infallible remedies. With analogy to these refinements, his common talk and conver-

† The author here lashes those pretenders to purity, who place so much merit in using

scripture phrase on all occasions.

sation, * ran wholly in the phrase of his will, and he circumscribed the utmost of his eloquence within that compass, not daring to let slip a syllable without authority from thence. Once, at a strange house, he was suddenly taken short upon an urgent juncture, whereon it may not be allowed too particularly to dilate; and being not able to call to mind, with that suddenness the occasion required, an authentic phrase for demanding the way to the back-side, he chose rather, as the most prudent course, to incur the penalty in such cases usually annexed. Neither was it possible for the united rhetoric of mankind to prevail with him to make himself clean again; because, having consulted the will upon this emergency, he met with a † passage near the bottom (whether foisted

* The protestant dissenters use scripture phrases in their serious discourses and compositions, more than the church-of-England men; accordingly Jack is introduced, making his common talk and conversation to run wholly in the phrase of his WILL. W. Wotton.

† I cannot guess the author's

meaning here, which, I would be very glad to know, because it seems to be of importance.

Ibid. Incurring the penalty in such cases usually annexed, wants no explanation. He would not make himself clean, because having consulted the will (i. e. the New Testament) he met with a passage near the bottom, i. e. in the 11th verse of

foisted in by the transcriber, is not known) which seemed to forbid it.

He made it a part of his religion never to say † grace to his meat, nor could all the world persuade him, as the common phrase is, to ‡ eat his victuals *like a Christian*.

He bore a strange kind of appetite to || *snap-dragon*, and to the livid snuffs of a burning candle, which he would catch and swallow with an agility wonderful to conceive; and by this procedure maintained a perpetual flame in his belly, which issuing in a glowing steam from both his eyes, as well as his nostrils, and his mouth made his head appear in a dark night like the skull of an ass, wherein a roguish boy had conveyed a farthing candle, *to the terror of his majesty's liege subjects*. There-

of the last Chapter of the Revelations, "He which is *filthy*, "let him be *filthy* still," which seem'd to forbid it. Whether foisted in by the transcriber, is added; because this paragraph is wanting in the *Alexandrian* MS. the oldest and most authentick copy of the New Testament.

† The slovenly way of receiving the sacrament among the fanatics.

‡ This is a common phrase

to express eating cleanly, and is meant for an invective against that indecent manner among some people in receiving the sacrament; so in the lines before, which is to be understood of the dissenters refusing to kneel at the sacrament.

|| I cannot well find out the author's meaning here, unless it be the hot, untimely, blind zeal of enthusiasts.

fore he made use of no other expedient to light himself home, but was wont to say, that *a wise man was his own lantern.*

He would shut his eyes as he walked along the streets, and if he happened to bounce his head against a post, or fall into the kennel, as he seldom missed either to do one or both, he would tell the gibing apprentices, who looked on, that *he submitted with intire resignation, as to a trip, or a blow of fate, with whom he found, by long experience, how vain it was either to wrestle or to cuff; and whoever durst undertake to do either, would be sure to come off with a swinging fall, or a bloody nose. It was ordained, said he, some few days before the creation, that my nose and this very post should have a rencounter; and therefore, nature thought fit to send us both into the world in the same age, and to make us country-men, and fellow citizens. Now, had my eyes been open, it is very likely, the business might have been a great deal worse; for how many a confounded slip is daily got by man, with all his foresight about him? besides the eyes of the understanding see best, when those of the senses*
are

*are out of the way; and therefore, blind men are observed to tread their steps with much more caution, and conduct, and judgment, than those who rely with too much confidence upon the virtue of the visual nerve, which every little accident shakes out of order, and a drop, or a film can wholly disconcert; like a lantern among a pack of roaring bullies; when they scour the streets, exposing its owner, and itself, to outward kicks and buffets, which both might have escaped, if the vanity of appearing would have suffered them to walk in the dark. But farther; if we examine the conduct of these boasted lights, it will prove yet a great deal worse than their fortune. It is true, I have broke my nose against this post, because fortune either forgot, or did not think it convenient to twitch me by the elbow, and give me notice to avoid it. But, let not this encourage either the present age or posterity to trust their noses into the keeping of their eyes, which may prove the fairest way of losing them for good and all. For, O ye eyes, ye blind guides; miserable guardians are ye of our frail noses; ye, I say, who fasten upon the first precipice in view, and
then*

*then tow our wretched willing bodies after you to the very brink of destruction: but, ala! that brink is rotten, our feet slip, and we tumble down prone into a gulph, without one hospitable shrub in the way to break the fall; a fall, to which not any nose of mortal make is equal, except that of the giant * Laurcalco, who was lord of the silver bridge. Most properly therefore, O eyes, and with great justice, may you be compared to those foolish lights, which conduct men through dirt and darkness, 'till they fall into a deep pit, or a noisom bog.*

This I have produced, as a scantling of *Jack's* great eloquence, and the force of his reasoning upon such abstruse matters.

He was, besides, a person of great design and improvement in affairs of *devotion*, having introduced a new deity, who hath since met with a vast number of worshippers; by some called *babel*, by others, *chaos*; who had an antient temple of *Gothic* structure upon *Salisburyplain*, famous for its shrine, and celebration by pilgrims.

* Vide *Don Quixote*.

† When he had some roguish trick to play, he would down with his knees, up with his eyes, and fall to prayers, though in the midst of the kennel. Then it was that those, who understood his pranks, would be sure to get far enough out of his way; and whenever curiosity attracted strangers to laugh, or to listen, he would of a sudden with one hand out with his *gear*, and piss full in their eyes, and with the other all bespatter them with mud.

‡ In winter he went always loose and unbuttoned, and clad as thin as possible, to let *in* the ambient heat; and in summer lapped himself close and thick to keep it *out*.

|| In all revolutions of government, he would make his court for the office of *hangman* general; and in the exercise of that dignity, wherein he was very dextrous, would make use of no § other *vizard*, than a long *prayer*.

† The villanies and cruelties, committed by enthusiasts and fanatics among us, were all performed under the disguise of religion and long prayers.

‡ They affected differences in habit and behaviour.

|| They are severe persecutors, and all in a form of cant and devotion.

§ *Cromwel* and his confederates went, as they called it, *to seek God*, when they resolved to murder the king.

He

He had a tongue so musculous and subtil, that he could twist it up into his nose, and deliver a strange kind of speech from thence. He was also the first in these kingdoms, who began to improve the *Spanish* accomplishment of *braying*; and having large ears, perpetually exposed and arrected, he carried his art to such a perfection, that it was a point of great difficulty to distinguish, either by the view or the sound, between the *original* and the *copy*.

He was troubled with a disease, reverse to that called the stinging of the *taran-tula*; and would † run dog-mad at the noise of *music*, especially a *pair of bag-pipes*. But he would cure himself again by taking two or three turns in *Westminster-hall*, or *Billingsgate*, or in a *boarding-school*, or the *Royal-exchange*, or a *State coffee-house*.

He was a person that ‡ feared no colours, but mortally *bated* all, and upon that ac-

† This is to expose our dissenters aversion against instrumental music in churches. *W. Wotton.*

‡ They quarrel at the most

innocent decency and ornament, and defaced the statues and paintings on all the churches in *England*.

count bore a cruel averſion againſt *painters*; inſomuch that in his paroxyſms, as he walked the ſtreets, he would have his pockets loaden with ſtones to pelt at the *ſigns*.

Having, from this manner of living, frequent occaſion to *waſh* himſelf, he would often leap over head and ears into water §, though it were in the miſt of the *winter*, but was always obſerved to come out again much *dirtier*, if poſſible, than he went in.

He was the firſt, that ever found out the ſecret of contriving a || *ſoporiferous* medicine to be conveyed in at the *ears*; it was a compound of *ſulphur*, and *balm of Gilead*, with a little *pilgrim's ſalve*.

He wore a large plaſter of artificial *cauſtics* on his ſtomach, with the fervour of which he could ſet himſelf a *groaning*, like the famous board upon application of a red-hot iron.

‡ He would ſtand in the turning of a

§ Baptiſm of adults by plunging. ſtyle, as to be well reſembled to pilgrim's ſalve.

|| Fanatic preaching, composed either of hell and damnation, or a fulſome deſcription of the joys of heaven, both in ſuch a dirty, nauſeous

‡ The fanatics have always had a way of affecting to run into perſecution, and count vaſt merit upon every little hardſhip they ſuffer.

ſtreet,

street, and, calling to those who passed by, would cry to one, *Worthy Sir, do me the honour of a good slap in the chaps.* To another, *Honest friend, pray favour me with a handsome kick on the arse: Madam, shall I intreat a small box on the ear from your ladyship's fair hands? Noble captain lend a reasonable thwack, for the love of God, with that cane of yours over these poor shoulders.* And when he had, by such earnest solicitations, made a shift to procure a basting sufficient to swell up his fancy and his sides, he would return home extremely comforted, and full of terrible accounts of what he had undergone for the public good. *Observe this stroke,* (said he, shewing his bare shoulders) *a plaguy janizary gave it me this very morning at seven a-clock, as, with much ado, I was driving off the great Turk. Neighbours, mind, this broken head deserves a plaister; had poor Jack been tender of his noddle, you would have seen the pope, and the french king, long before this time of day, among your wives and your ware-houses. Dear christians, the great mogul was come as far as White-chapel, and you may thank these poor sides,*
that

that he hath not (God bleſs us) already ſwallowed up man, woman, and child.

† It was highly worth obſerving, the ſingular effects of that averſion, or antipathy, which *Jack* and his brother *Peter* ſeemed, even to an affectation, to bear againſt each other. *Peter* had lately done *ſome rogueries*, that forced him to abſcond; and he ſeldom ventured to ſtir out before night for fear of bayliſſs. Their lodgings were at the two moſt diſtant parts of the town from each other; and whenever their occaſions or humours called them abroad, they would make choice of the oddeſt unlikely times, and moſt uncouth rounds, they could invent, that they might be ſure to avoid one another: yet, after all this, it was their perpetual fortune to meet. The reaſon of which is eaſy enough to apprehend; for, the phrenzy and the ſpleen of both having the ſame foundation,

† The papiſts and fanatics, though they appear the moſt averſe againſt each other, yet bear a near reſemblance in many things, as hath been obſerved by learned men.

Ibid. The agreement of our diſſenters and the papiſts, in that which biſhop *Stillingfleet*

called, *the fanaticiſm of the church of Rome*, is ludicrously deſcribed for ſeveral pages together, by *Jack's* likeneſs to *Peter*, and their being often miſtaken for each other, and their frequent meetings when they leaſt intended it. *W. Wotton.*

we

we may look upon them as two pair of compasses, equally extended, and the fixed foot of each remaining in the same center; which, though moving contrary ways at first, will be sure to encounter somewhere or other in the circumference. Besides, it was among the great misfortunes of *Jack* to bear a huge personal resemblance with his brother *Peter*. Their humour and dispositions were not only the same, but there was a close analogy in their shape and size, and their mien. Inasmuch, as nothing was more frequent than for a bayliff to seize *Jack* by the shoulders, and cry, *Mr. Peter, you are the king's prisoner*. Or, at other times, for one of *Peter's* nearest friends to accost *Jack* with open arms, *Dear Peter, I am glad to see thee; pray send me one of your best medicines for the worms*. This, we may suppose, was a mortifying return of those pains and proceedings, *Jack* had laboured in so long; and finding, how directly opposite all his endeavours had answered to the sole end and intention, which he had proposed to himself; how could it avoid having terrible effects upon a head
and

and heart so furnished as his? however, the poor remainders of his *coat* bore all the punishment; the orient sun never entered upon his diurnal progress without missing a piece of it. He hired a taylor to stitch up the collar so close, that it was ready to choak him, and squeezed out his eyes at such a rate, as one could see nothing but the white. What little was left of the main substance of the coat, he rubbed every day for two hours against a rough-cast wall, in order to grind away the remnants of *lace* and *embroidery*; but at the same time went on with so much violence, that he proceeded a *heathen philosopher*. Yet after all he could do of this kind, the success continued still to disappoint his expectation. For, as it is the nature of rags, to bear a kind of mock resemblance to finery; there being a sort of fluttering appearance in both, which is not to be distinguished at a distance, in the dark, or by short-sighted eyes: so, in those junctures, it fared with *Jack* and his tatters, that they offered to the first view a ridiculous flaunting, which, assisting the resemblance in person and air, thwarted all his

projects of separation, and left so near a
 similitude between them, as frequently
 deceived the very disciples and followers
 of both. * * * * *

* * * * *
 * * * * *

Desunt non- * * * * *
nulla. * * * * *

* * * * *

The old *sclavonian* proverb said well,
 that *it is with men, as with asses; whoever*
would keep them fast, must find a very good
hold at their ears. Yet I think, we may
 affirm, that it hath been verified by re-
 peated experience, that,

Effugiet tamen hæc sceleratus vincula
Proteus.

It is good therefore, to read the max-
 ims of our ancestors with great allowances
 to times and persons: for, if we look into
 primitive records, we shall find, that no
 revolutions have been so great, or so fre-
 quent, as those of human *ears*. In former
 days, there was a curious invention to
 catch and keep them; which, I think,
 we may justly reckon among the *artes per-*
ditæ:

ditæ : and how can it be otherwise, when in these latter centuries the very species is not only diminished to a very lamentable degree, but the poor remainder is also degenerated so far, as to mock our skilfullest *tenure*? For, if the only flitting of one *ear* in a stag hath been found sufficient to propagate the defect through a whole forest; why should we wonder at the greatest consequences from so many loppings and mutilations, to which the *ears* of our fathers, and our own, have been of late so much exposed. It is true indeed that, while this *island* of ours was under the *dominion of grace*, many endeavours were made to improve the growth of *ears* once more among us. The proportion of largeness was not only looked upon as an ornament of the *outward* man, but as a type of grace in the *inward*. Besides, it is held by naturalists, that if there be a protuberancy of parts, in the *superior* region of the body, as in the *ears* and *nose*, there must be a parity also in the *inferior*: and therefore in that truly pious age the *males* in every assembly, according as they were gifted, appeared very forward in

exposing their *ears* to view, and the regions about them; because * *Hippocrates* tells us, that *when the vein behind the ear happens to be cut, a man becomes an eunuch*: and the *females* were nothing backward in beholding and edifying by them: whereof those who had already *used the means*, looked about them with great concern, in hopes of conceiving a suitable offspring by such a prospect: others, who stood candidates for *benevolence*, found there a plentiful choice, and were sure to fix upon such as discovered the largest *ears*, that the breed might not dwindle between them. Lastly, the devouter sisters, who looked upon all extraordinary dilatations of that member, as protrusions of zeal, or spiritual excrescencies, were sure to honour every head they sat upon, as if they had been *marks of grace*; but especially, that of the preacher, whose *ears* were usually of the prime magnitude; which, upon that account, he was very frequent and exact in exposing with all advantages to the people; in his rhetorical *paroxysms* turning sometimes to *bold forth* the one,

* Lib. de aëre, locis & aquis.

and

and sometimes to *bold forth* the other: from which custom, the whole operation of preaching is to this very day, among their professors, stiled by the phrase of *holding forth*.

Such was the progress of the fairs for advancing the size of that member; and it is thought, the success would have been every way answerable, if, in process of time, a † cruel king had not arose, who raised a bloody persecution against all *ears* above a certain standard: upon which, some were glad to hide their flourishing sprouts in a black border, others crept wholly under a periwig; some were slit, others cropped, and a great number sliced off to the stumps. But of this more hereafter in my *general history of ears*; which I design very speedily to bestow upon the public.

From this brief survey of the falling state of *ears* in the last age, and the small care had to advance their antient growth in the present, it is manifest, how little reason we can have to rely upon a hold so

† This was king *Charles* dissenting teachers that would the Second, who, at his re- not conform. stauration, turned out all the

short, so weak, and so slippery ; and that whoever desires to catch mankind fast, must have recourse to some other methods. Now, he that will examine human nature with circumspection enough, may discover several *handles*, whereof the † *six* senses afford one apiece, beside a great number that are screwed to the passions, and some few riveted to the intellect. Among these last *curiosity* is one, and, of all others, affords the firmest grasp: *curiosity*, that spur in the side, that bridle in the mouth, that ring in the nose, of a lazy and impatient, and a grunting reader. By this *handle* it is, that an author should seize upon his readers ; which as soon as he hath once compassed, all resistance and struggling are in vain ; and they become his prisoners as close as he pleases, till weariness or dulness force him to let go his gripe.

And therefore, I, the author of this miraculous treatise, having hitherto beyond expectation maintained by the afore-said *handle* a firm hold upon my gentle readers ; it is with great reluctance, that

† Including *Scaliger's*.

I am at length compelled to remit my grasp; leaving them in the perusal of what remains to that natural *oscitancy* inherent in the tribe. I can only assure thee, courteous reader, for both our comforts, that my concern is altogether equal to thine, for my unhappiness in losing, or mislaying among my papers the remaining part of these memoirs; which consisted of accidents, turns, and adventures, both new, agreeable, and surprising; and therefore calculated, in all due points, to the delicate taste of this our noble age. But, alas! with my utmost endeavours, I have been able only to retain a few of the heads. Under which, there was a full account, how *Peter* got a *protection* out of the *King's-bench*; and of a || reconcilment between *Jack* and him, upon a design they had in a certain *rainy night* to trepan brother

|| In the reign of king *James* the Second, the presbyterians by the king's invitation joined with the papists, against the church of *England*, and addressed him for repeal of the penal-laws and test. The king, by his dispensing power, gave liberty of conscience, which both papists and presbyterians made use of;

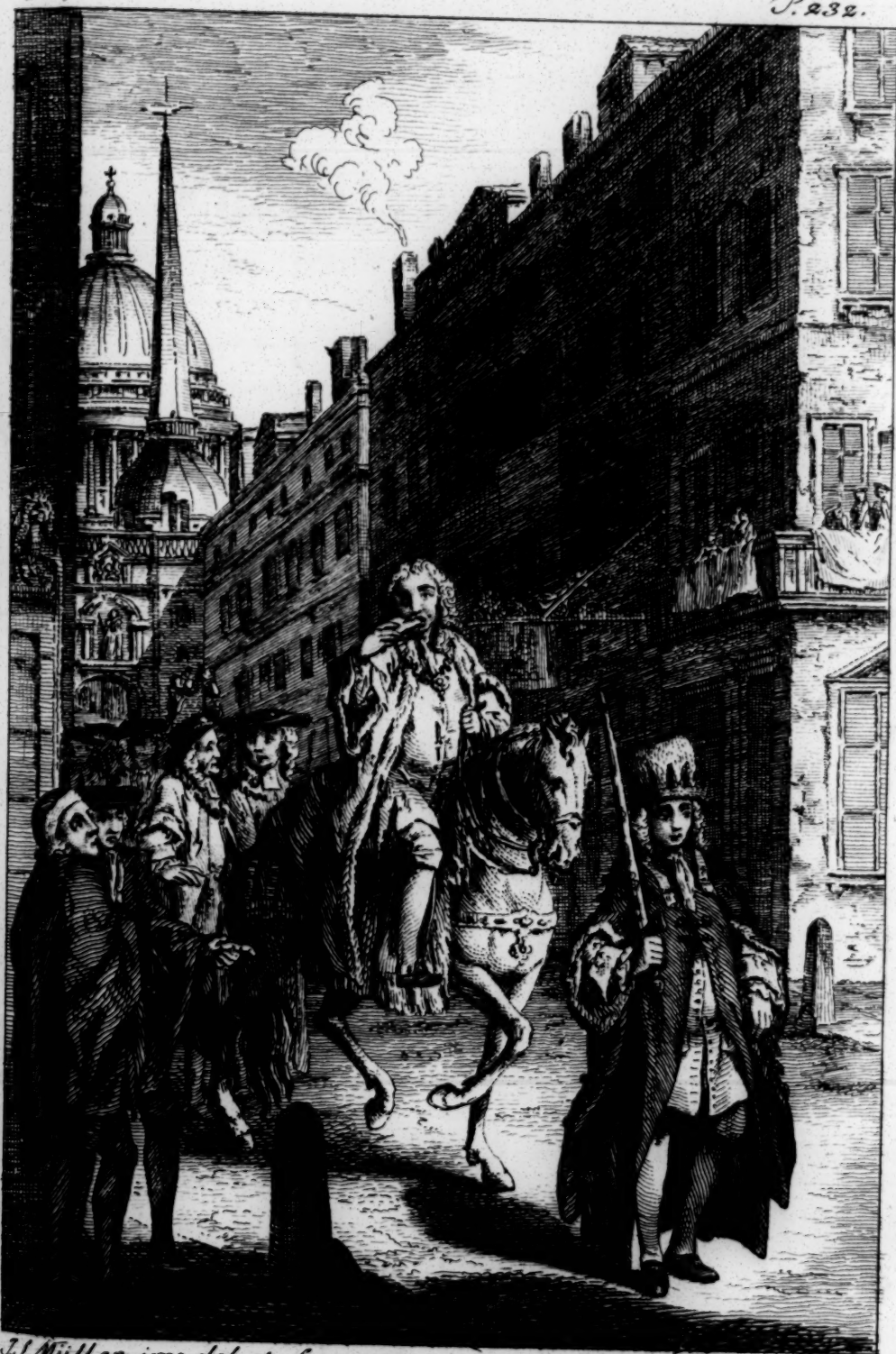
but, upon the revolution, the papists being down of course, the presbyterians freely continued their assemblies, by virtue of king *James's* indulgence, before they had a toleration by law. This I believe the author means by *Jack's* stealing *Peter's* protection, and making use of it himself.

Martin into a *spunging-house*, and there strip him to the skin. How *Martin*, with much ado, shewed them both a fair pair of heels. How a *new warrant* came out against *Peter*; upon which, how *Jack* left him in the lurch, *stole his protection*, and made use of it himself. How *Jack's* tatters came into fashion in *court* and *city*; how he † got upon a great horse, and eat ‡ custard. But the particulars of all these with several others, which have now slid out of my memory, are lost beyond all hopes of recovery. For which misfortune, leaving my readers to condole with each other, as far as they shall find it to agree with their several constitutions; but conjuring them by all the friendship that hath passed between us, from the title-page to this, not to proceed so far as to injure their healths for an accident past remedy; I now go on to the ceremonial part of an accomplished writer, and therefore, by a courtly *modern*, least of all others to be omitted.

† Sir *Humphrey Edwyn*, a presbyterian, was some years ago lord-mayor of *London*, and had the insolence to go in his

formalities to a conventicle, with the ensigns of his office.

‡ Custard is a famous dish at a lord-mayor's feast.



J. L. Müller inv. del. et Sc.

THE CONCLUSION.

GOING *too long* is a cause of abortion as effectual, though not so frequent, as *going too short* ; and holds true especially in the *labours* of the brain. Well fare the heart of that noble * *jesuit*, who first adventured to confess in print, that books must be suited to their several seasons, like dress, and diet, and diversions : and better fare our noble nation, for refining upon this among other *french* modes. I am living fast to see the time, when a *book* that misses its tide, shall be neglected, as the *moon* by day, or like *mackarel* a week after the season. No man hath more nicely observed our climate, than the bookseller who bought the copy of this work ; he knows to a tittle, what subjects will best go off in a *dry year*, and which it is proper to expose foremost, when the weather-glass is fallen to *much rain*. When he had seen this treatise, and consulted his *almanac* upon it, he gave me to understand, that he had manifestly considered

* Pere d'Orleans.

the two principal things, which were the *bulk*, and the *subject*; and found, it would never *take*, but after a long vacation, and then only, in case it should happen to be a hard year for turnips. Upon which I desired to know, *considering my urgent necessities*, what he thought might be acceptable this month. He looked *westward*, and said, *I doubt we shall have a fit of bad weather; however, if you could prepare some pretty little banter (but not in verse) or a small treatise upon the——it would run like wild-fire. But, if it hold up, I have already hired an author to write something against Dr. Bentley, which I am sure, will turn to account.* †

At length we agreed upon this expedient; that, when a customer comes for one of these, and desires in confidence to know the author; he will tell him very privately, as a friend, naming which ever of the wits shall happen to be that week in vogue; and if *Durfey's* last play should be in course

† When Dr. *Prideaux* *ject*, and the printing could brought the copy of his connexion of the Old and New Testament to the bookseller, he told him, it was a dry sub-
not safely be ventured unless he could *enliven it with a little humour.*

I had as lieve, he may be the person as *Congreve*. This I mention, because I am wonderfully well acquainted with the present relish of courteous readers ; and have often observed with singular pleasure, that a *fly*, driven from a *honey-pot*, will immediately with very good appetite alight, and finish his meal on an *excrement*.

I have one word to say upon the subject of *profound writers*, who are grown very numerous of late ; and, I know very well, the judicious world is resolved to list me in that number. I conceive therefore, as to the business of being *profound*, that it is with *writers*, as with *wells* ; a person with good eyes may see to the bottom of the deepest, provided any *water* be there ; and often, when there is nothing in the world at the bottom, besides *dryness* and *dirt*, though it be but a yard and half under ground, it shall pass however for wondrous *deep*, upon no wiser a reason than because it is wondrous *dark*.

I am now trying an experiment very frequent among modern authors ; which is, to *write upon nothing* : when the subject is utterly exhausted to let the pen still
move

move on; by some called, the ghost of wit, delighting to walk after the death of its body. And to say the truth, there seems to be no part of knowledge in fewer hands, than that of discerning *when to have done*. By the time that an author hath written out a book, he and his readers are become old acquaintants, and grow very loth to part; so that I have sometimes known it to be in writing, as in visiting, where the ceremony of taking leave has employed more time than the whole conversation before. The conclusion of a treatise resembles the conclusion of human life, which hath sometimes been compared to the end of a feast; where few are satisfied to depart, *ut plenus vitæ conviva*: for men will sit down after the fullest meal, though it be only to *doze*, or to *sleep* out the rest of the day. But, in this latter, I differ extremely from other writers; and shall be too proud, if, by all my labours, I can have any ways contributed to the *repose* of mankind in † times so turbulent and unquiet as these. Neither do I think such an employment so very alien from the office

† This was written before the peace of *Ryswick*, which was signed in Sept. 1697.

of a *wit*, as some would suppose. For among a very polite nation in ‡ *Greece*, there were the *same* temples built and consecrated to *sleep* and the *musés*, between which two deities they believed the strictest friendship was established.

I have one concluding favour to request of my reader; that he will not expect to be equally diverted and informed by every line, or every page of this discourse; but give some allowance to the author's spleen, and short fits or intervals of dulness, as well as his own; and lay it seriously to his conscience, whether, if he were walking the streets in dirty weather, or a rainy day, he would allow it fair dealing in folks at their ease from a window to criticise his gait, and ridicule his dress at such a juncture.

In my disposure of employments of the brain, I have thought fit to make *invention* the *master*, and to give *method*, and *reason*, the office of its *lacqueys*. The cause of this distribution was, from observing it my peculiar case to be often under a temptation of being *witty* upon

‡ Trezenii, Pausan. l. 2.

occasions,

occasions, where I could be neither *wise* nor *sound*, nor any thing to the matter in hand. And, I am too much a servant of the *modern* way to neglect any such opportunities, whatever pains or improprieties I may be at to introduce them. For I have observed, that from a laborious collection of seven hundred thirty eight *flowers*, and *shining hints* of the best *modern* authors, digested with great reading into my book of *common-places*; I have not been able after five years to draw, hook, or force into common conversation any more than a dozen. Of which dozen, the one moiety failed of success, by being dropped among unsuitable company; and the other cost me so many strains, and traps, and *ambages* to introduce, that I at length resolved to give it over. Now, this disappointment (to discover a secret) I must own, gave me the first hint of setting up for an *author*; and I have since found among some particular friends, that it is become a very general complaint, and has produced the same effects upon many others. For, I have remarked many a *towardly word* to be

be wholly neglected or despised in *discourse*, which hath passed very smoothly, with some consideration and esteem, after its preferment and sanction in *print*. But now, since by the liberty and encouragement of the press, I am grown absolute master of the occasions and opportunities, to expose the talents I have acquired ; I already discover, that the *issues* of my *observanda* begin to grow too large for the *receipts*. Therefore, I shall here pause a while, till I find, by feeling the world's pulse, and my own, that it will be of absolute necessity for us both, to resume my pen.

F I N I S.

A
FULL AND TRUE ACCOUNT,
OF THE
BATTLE
FOUGHT LAST FRIDAY,
BETWEEN THE
ANTIENT and the MODERN
BOOKS
IN
ST. JAMES'S LIBRARY.

VOL. I.

R

THE
BOOKSELLER
TO THE
READER.

THE following discourse, as it is unquestionably of the same author, so it seems to have been written about the same time with the former; I mean, the year 1697, when the famous dispute was on foot about *antient and modern learning*. The controversy took its rise from an essay of Sir *William Temple*'s upon that subject; which was answered by *W. Wotton*, B.D. with an appendix by Dr. *Bentley*, endeavouring to destroy the credit of *Æsop* and *Phalaris* for authors, whom Sir *William Temple* had in the essay before-mentioned highly commended. In that appendix the doctor falls hard upon a new edition of *Phalaris*, put out by the honourable *Charles Boyle* (now *Earl of Orrery*) to which Mr. *Boyle* replied at large with great learning and wit; and the doctor

voluminously rejoined. In this dispute, the town highly resented to see a person of Sir *William Temple's* character and merits roughly used by the two reverend gentlemen aforesaid, and without any manner of provocation. At length, there appearing no end of the quarrel, our author tells us, that the BOOKS in St. *James's* library, looking upon themselves as parties principally concerned, took up the controversy, and came to a decisive battle; but the manuscript by the injury of fortune or weather being in several places imperfect, we cannot learn to which side the victory fell.

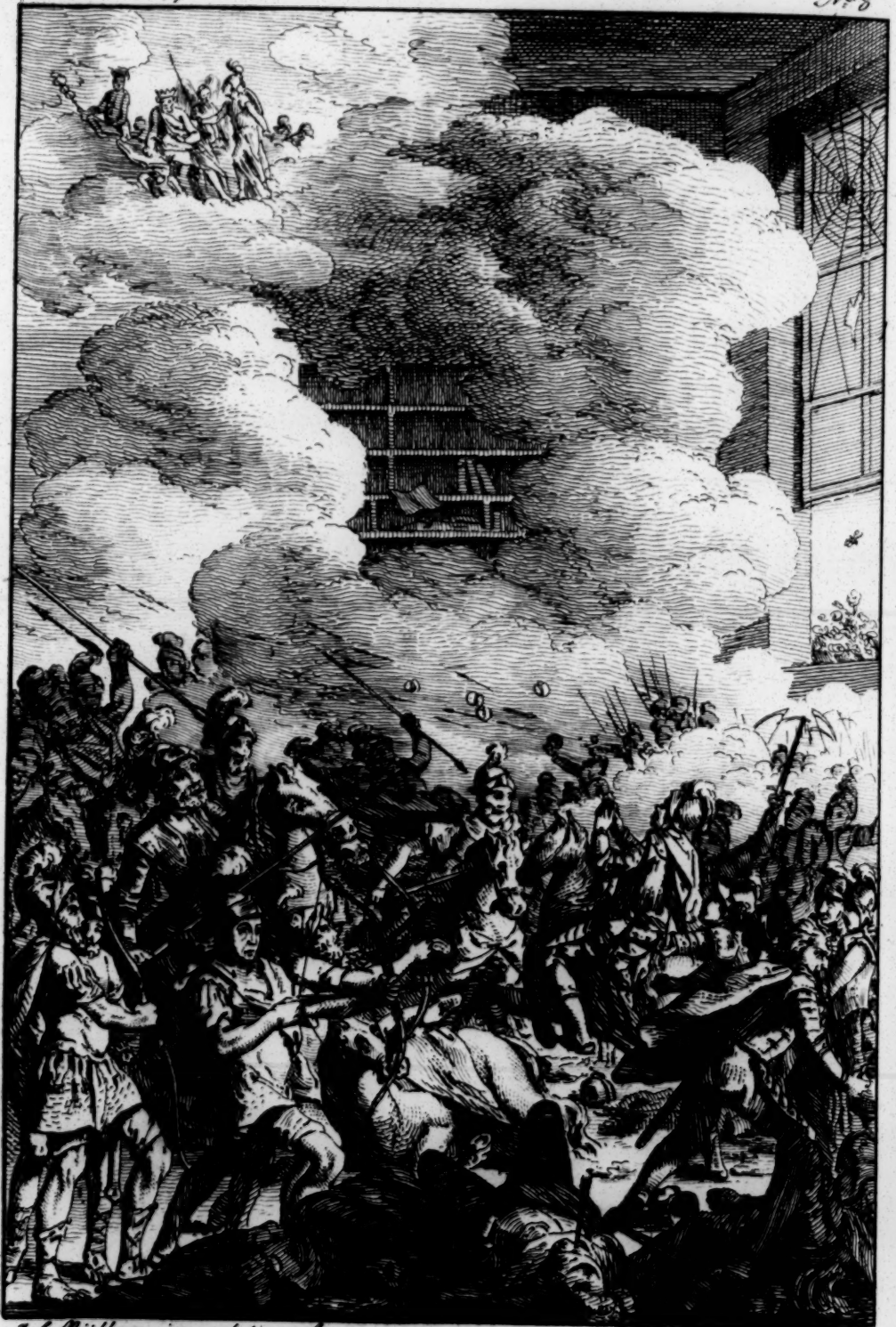
I must warn the reader to beware of applying to persons, what is here meant only of books in the most literal sense. So, when *Virgil* is mentioned, we are not to understand the person of a famous poet called by that name; but only certain sheets of paper, bound up in leather, containing in print the works of the said poet: and so of the rest.

THE
P R E F A C E
OF THE
A U T H O R.

SATYR is a sort of *glass*, wherein beholders do generally discover every body's face but their own; which is the chief reason for that kind reception it meets with in the world, and that so very few are offended with it. But if it should happen otherwise, the danger is not great; and I have learned from long experience never to apprehend mischief from those understandings, I have been able to provoke: for, anger and fury, though they add strength to the *sinews* of the *body*, yet are found to relax those of the *mind*, and to render all its efforts feeble and impotent.

There is a *brain*, that will endure but one *scumming*: let the owner gather it with discretion, and manage his little stock with husbandry; but of all things let him beware of bringing it under the *lash* of his

betters ; because, that will make it all bubble up into impertinence, and he will find no new supply. Wit without knowledge being a sort of *cream*, which gathers in a night to the top, and by a skilful hand may be soon *whipped* into *froth* ; but once scummed away, what appears underneath, will be fit for nothing, but to be thrown to the hogs.



J. S. Müller. inv. del. et sc.

A FULL AND TRUE
 ACCOUNT
 OF THE
 BATTLE

FOUGHT LAST FRIDAY, &c.

WHOEVER examines with due
 circumspection into the † *annual
 records of time*, will find it remarked, that
war is the child of pride, and *pride the
 daughter of riches*: the former of which
 assertions may be soon granted; but one
 cannot so easily subscribe to the latter:
 for *pride* is nearly related to beggary and
 want either by father or mother, and
 sometimes by both; and, to speak natural-
 ly, it very seldom happens among men to
 fall out, when all have enough; invasions
 usually travelling from *north* to *south*, that
 is to say, from poverty to plenty. The

† Riches produceth pride; sheet almanack, and printed
 pride is war's ground, &c. by J. Roberts for the com-
Vid. Ephem. de Mary Clarke; pany of Stationers.
opt. edit.—now called *Wing's*

most antient and natural grounds of quarrels are *lust* and *avarice*; which, though we may allow to be brethren or collateral branches of *pride*, are certainly the issues of *want*. For, to speak in the phrase of writers upon politics, we may observe in the republic of *dogs*, which in its original seems to be an institution of the *many*, that the whole state is ever in the profoundest peace after a full meal; and, that civil broils arise among them, when it happens for one great *bone* to be seized on by some *leading dog*, who either divides it among the *few*, and then it falls to an *oligarchy*, or keeps it to himself, and then it runs up to a *tyranny*. The same reasoning also holds place among them in those dissensions, we behold upon a turgescency in any of their females. For, the right of possession lying in common (it being impossible to establish a property in so delicate a case) jealousies and suspicions do so abound, that the whole common-wealth of that street is reduced to a manifest *state of war*, of every *citizen* against every *citizen*; till some one of more courage, conduct, or fortune than the rest, seizes and enjoys the prize:

prize: upon which naturally arises plenty of heart-burning, and envy, and snarling against the *happy dog*. Again, if we look upon any of these republics engaged in a foreign war either of invasion or defence, we shall find, the same reasoning will serve, as to the grounds and occasions of each; and that *poverty*, or *want*, in some degree or other, (whether real, or in opinion, which makes no alteration in the case) has a great share, as well as *pride*, on the part of the aggressor.

Now, whoever will please to take this scheme, and either reduce or adapt it to an intellectual state, or common-wealth of learning, will soon discover the first ground of disagreement between the two great parties at this time in arms; and may form just conclusions upon the merits of either cause. But the issue or events of this war are not so easy to conjecture at: for, the present quarrel is so inflamed by the warm heads of either faction, and the pretensions *somewhere or other* so exorbitant, as not to admit the least overtures of accommodation. This quarrel first began, as I have heard it affirmed by an old dweller

ler in the neighbourhood, about a small spot of ground, *lying* and *being* upon one of the two tops of the hill *Parnassus*; the highest and largest of which had, it seems, been time out of mind in quiet possession of certain tenants called the *antients*; and the other was held by the *moderns*. But these, disliking their present station, sent certain ambassadors to the *antients*, complaining of a great nuisance; how the height of that part of *Parnassus* quite spoiled the prospect of theirs, especially towards the *east*; and therefore, to avoid a war, offered them the choice of this alternative; either that the *antients* would please to remove themselves and their effects down to the lower summit, which the *moderns* would graciously surrender to them, and advance in their place; or else, that the said *antients* will give leave to the *moderns* to come with shovels and mattocks, and level the said hill, as low as they shall think it convenient. To which the *antients* made answer; how little they expected such a message as this from a colony, whom they had admitted out of their own free grace to so near a neighbourhood.

hood. That, as to their own feat, they were *aborigines* of it, and therefore to talk with them of a removal or surrender was a language they did not understand. That, if the height of the hill on their side shortened the prospect of the *moderns*, it was a disadvantage they could not help, but desired them to consider, whether that injury (if it be any) were not largely recompensed by the *shade* and *shelter* it afforded them. That, as to the levelling or digging down, it was either folly or ignorance to propose it, if they did, or did not know, how that side of the hill was an intire rock, which would break their tools and hearts without any damage to itself. That, they would therefore advise the *moderns* rather to raise their own side of the hill, than dream of pulling down that of the *antients*; to the former of which they would not only give licence, but also largely contribute. All this was rejected by the *moderns* with much indignation, who still insisted upon one of the two expedients; and so this difference broke out into a long and obstinate war, maintained on the one part by resolution, and by the
courage

courage of certain leaders and allies ; but on the other by the greatness of their number, upon all defeats affording continual recruits. In this quarrel whole rivulets of *ink* have been exhausted, and the virulence of both parties enormously augmented. Now, it must here be understood, that *ink* is the great missive weapon in all battles of the *learned*, which conveyed through a sort of engine, called a *quill*, infinite numbers of these are darted at the enemy by the valiant on each side, with equal skill and violence, as if it were an engagement of *porcupines*. This malignant liquor was compounded by the engineer, who invented it, of two ingredients, which are *gall* and *coperas*, by its bitterness and venom to *suit* in some degree, as well as to *foment*, the genius of the combatants. And as the *Græcians* after an engagement, when they could not *agree* about the victory, were wont to set up trophies on both sides, the beaten party being content to be at the same expence to keep itself in countenance (a laudable and antient custom, happily revived of late, in the art of war) so the *learned*, after a sharp and bloody

bloody dispute, do on both sides hang out their trophies too, which ever comes by the worst. These trophies have largely inscribed on them the merits of the cause; a full impartial account of such a *battle*, and how the victory fell clearly to the party, that set them up. They are known to the world under several names; as, *disputes, arguments, rejoinders, brief considerations, answers, replies, remarks, reflections, objections, confutations*. For a very few days they are fixed up in all public places, either by themselves or their * representatives, for passengers to gaze at; from whence the chiefest and largest are removed to certain magazines, they call *libraries*, there to remain in a quarter purposely assigned them, and from thenceforth begin to be called *books of controversy*.

In these books is wonderfully instilled and preserved the spirit of each warrior, while he is alive; and after his death, his soul transinigrates there to inform them. This at least is the more common opinion; but I believe, it is with libraries, as with other cœmeteries; where some philoso-

* Their title-pages.

phers affirm, that a certain spirit, which they call *brutum hominis*, hovers over the monument, till the body is corrupted, and turns to *dust*, or to *worms*, but then vanishes or dissolves; so, we may say, a restless spirit haunts over every *book*, till *dust* or *worms* have seized upon it; which to some may happen in a few days, but to others later: and therefore *books of controversy*, being of all others haunted by the most disorderly spirits, have always been confined in a separate lodge from the rest; and for fear of mutual violence against each other, it was thought prudent by our ancestors to bind them to the peace with strong iron chains. Of which invention the original occasion was this: when the works of *Scotus* first came out, they were carried to a certain great library and had lodgings appointed them; but this author was no sooner settled, than he went to visit his master *Aristotle*; and there both concerted together to seize *Plato* by main force, and turn him out from his antient station among the *divines*, where he had peaceably dwelt near eight hundred years. The attempt succeeded,
and

and the two usurpers have reigned ever since in his stead : but to maintain quiet for the future it was decreed, that all *pole-mics* of the larger size should be held fast with a chain.

By this expedient the public peace of libraries might certainly have been preserved, if a new species of controversial books had not arose of late years, instinct with a most malignant spirit from the war above-mentioned between the *learned* about the higher summit of *Parnassus*.

When these books were first admitted into the public libraries, I remember, to have said upon occasion to several persons concerned, how I was sure, they would create broils where-ever they came, unless a world of care were taken: and therefore I advised, that the champions of each side should be coupled together, or otherwise mixed, that, like the blending of contrary poisons, their malignity might be employed among themselves. And it seems, I was neither an ill prophet, nor an ill counsellor ; for it was nothing else but the neglect of this caution, which gave occasion to the terrible fight,
that

that happened on *Friday* last between the *antient* and *modern* books in the *king's* library. Now, because the talk of this battle is so fresh in every body's mouth, and the expectation of the town so great to be informed in the particulars; I, being possessed of all qualifications requisite in an *historian*, and retained by neither party, have resolved to comply with the urgent *importunity* of my friends, by writing down a full impartial account thereof.

The *guardian* of the *regal* library, a person of great valour, but chiefly renowned for his * *humanity*, had been a fierce champion for the *moderns*; and in an engagement upon *Parnassus* had vowed, with his own hands, to knock down two of the *antient* chiefs, who guarded a small pass on the superior rock; but, endeavouring to climb up, was cruelly obstructed by his own unhappy weight, and tendency towards his center; a quality, to which those of the *modern* party are ex-

* The honourable Mr. Boyle, in the preface to his edition of *Phalaris*, says, he was refused a manuscript by the library-keeper, *pro solita*

humanitate sua.

Ibid. Doctor Bentley was then library keeper: the two antients were *Phalaris* and *Æsop*.

treme subject; for, being light-headed, they have, in speculation, a wonderful agility, and conceive nothing too high for them to mount; but, in reducing to practice, discover a mighty pressure about their posteriors and their heels. Having thus failed in his design, the disappointed champion bore a cruel rancour to the *antients*, which he resolved to gratify by shewing all marks of his favour to the *books* of their adversaries, and lodging them in the fairest apartments; when at the same time whatever *book* had the boldness to own itself for an advocate of the *antients*, was buried alive in some obscure corner, and threatened upon the least displeasure to be turned out of doors. Besides, it so happened, that about this time, there was a strange confusion of place among all the *books* in the library; for which several reasons were assigned. Some imputed it to a great heap of *learned dust*, which a perverse wind blew off from a shelf of *moderns* into the *keeper's* eyes. Others affirmed, he had a humour to pick the *worms* out of the *schoolmen*, and swallow them fresh and fasting; whereof some fell upon his

spleen, and some climbed up into his head, to the great perturbation of both. And lastly, others maintained, that by walking much in the dark about the library he had quite lost the situation of it out of his head; and therefore in replacing his *books* he was apt to mistake, and clap *Des Cartes* next to *Aristotle*; poor *Plato* had got between *Hobbes* and the *Seven wise masters*, and *Virgil* was hemmed in with *Dryden* on one side, and *Withers* on the other.

Mean while those *books*, that were advocates for the *moderns*, chose out one from among them to make a progress through the whole library, examine the number and strength of their party, and concert their affairs. This messenger performed all things very industriously, and brought back with him a list of their forces in all fifty thousand, consisting chiefly of *light horse*, *heavy armed foot*, and *mercenaries*: whereof the *foot* were in general but forrily armed, and worse clad: their *horses* large, but extremely out of case and heart; however some few, by trading among

mong the *antients*, had furnished themselves tolerably enough.

While things were in this ferment, *discord* grew extremely high, hot words passed on both sides, and ill blood was plentifully bred. Here a solitary *antient*, squeezed up among a whole shelf of *moderns*, offered fairly to dispute the case, and to prove by manifest reason, that the priority was due to them from long possession, and in regard of their prudence, antiquity, and above all their great merits toward the *moderns*. But these denied the premisses, and seemed very much to wonder, how the *antients* could pretend to insist upon their antiquity, when it was so plain (if they went to that) that the *moderns* were *much* the more † *antient* of the two. As for any obligations they owed to the *antients*, they renounced them all. *It is true*, said they, *we are informed, some few of our party have been so mean to borrow their subsistence from you; but the rest, infinitely the greater number (and especially we French and English) were so far from stooping to so base an example, that there ne-*

† According to the modern paradox.

ver passed, till this very hour, six words between us. For, our horses were of our own breeding, our arms of our own forging, and our cloaths of our own cutting out and sewing. Plato was by chance upon the next shelf, and observing those that spoke to be in the ragged plight mentioned a while ago; their *jades* lean and foundered, their *weapons* of rotten wood, their *armour* rusty, and nothing but rags underneath; he laughed loud, and in his pleasant way swore, *by—, he believed them.*

Now, the *moderns* had not proceeded in their late negotiation with secrecy enough to escape the notice of the enemy. For those advocates, who had begun the quarrel by setting first on foot the dispute of precedence, talked so loud of coming to a battle, that *Temple* happened to overhear them, and gave immediate intelligence to the *antients*; who thereupon drew up their scattered troops together, resolving to act upon the defensive: upon which several of the *moderns* fled over to their party, and among the rest, *Temple* himself. This *Temple* having been educated and long conversed among the *antients*,
was

was of all the *moderns* their greatest favourite, and became their greatest champion.

Things were at this crisis, when a material accident fell out. For, upon the highest corner of a large window there dwelt a certain *spider*, swollen up to the first magnitude by the destruction of infinite number of *flies*, whose spoils lay scattered before the gates of his palace, like human bones before the cave of some giant. The avenues to his castle were guarded with turn-pikes, and palisadoes, all after the *modern* way of fortification. After you had passed several courts, you came to the center, wherein you might behold the *constable* himself in his own lodgings, which had windows fronting to each avenue, and ports to sally out upon all occasions of prey or defence. In this mansion he had for some time dwelt in peace and plenty, without danger to his *person* by *swallows* from above, or to his *palace* by *brooms* from below: when it was the pleasure of fortune to conduct thither a wandering *bee*, to whose curiosity a broken pane in the glass had discovered itself; and in he went; where expatiating a while,

he at last happened to alight upon one of the outward walls of the *spider's* citadel; which yielding to the unequal weight, sunk down to the very foundation. Thrice he endeavoured to force his passage, and thrice the center shook. The *spider* within feeling the terrible convulsion, supposed at first, that *nature* was approaching to her final dissolution; or else, that *Beelzebub* with all his legions was come to revenge the death of many thousands of his subjects, whom his enemy had slain and devoured. However, he at length valiantly resolved to issue forth and meet his fate. Mean while the *bee* had acquitted himself of his toils, and posted securely at some distance was employed in cleansing his wings, and disengaging them from the ragged remnants of the cobweb. By this time the *spider* was adventured out, when beholding the chasms, the ruins, and dilapidations of his fortress, he was very near at his wit's end; he stormed and swore like a mad-man, and swelled till he was ready to burst. At length, casting his eye upon the *bee*, and wisely gathering causes from events (for they knew each other

other by fight) *a plague split you*, said he, *for a giddy son of a whore; is it you, with a vengeance, that have made this litter here? could not you look before you, and be d'—n'd? do you think I have nothing else to do (in the devil's name) but to mend and repair after your arse?* Good words, friend, said the bee, (having now pruned himself, and being disposed to droll) *I'll give you my hand and word to come near your kennel no more; I was never in such a confounded pickle, since I was born.* Sirrah, replied the spider, *if it were not for breaking an old custom in our family, never to stir abroad against an enemy, I should come and teach you better manners.* I pray have patience, said the bee, *or you will spend your substance, and for aught I see, you may stand in need of it all towards the repair of your house.* Rogue, rogue, replied the spider, *yet, methinks you should have more respect to a person, whom all the world allows to be so much your betters.* By my troth, said the bee, *the comparison will amount to a very good jest; and you will do me a favour to let me know the reasons, that all the world is pleased to use in so hopeful a dispute.* At this the spider,

S 4

der, having swelled himself into the size and posture of a disputant, began his argument in the true spirit of controversy, with resolution to be heartily scurrilous and angry, to urge *on* his own reasons without the least regard to the answers or objections of his opposite; and fully predetermined in his mind against all conviction.

Not to disparage myself, said he, *by the comparison with such a rascal; what art thou but a vagabond without house or home, without stock or inheritance? born to no possession of your own, but a pair of wings and a drone-pipe. Your livelihood is an universal plunder upon nature; a freebooter over fields and gardens; and, for the sake of stealing, will rob a nettle as readily as a violet. Whereas I am a domestic animal furnished with a native stock within myself. This large castle (to shew my improvements in the mathematics) is all built with my own hands, and the materials extracted altogether out of my own person.*

I am glad, answered the bee, to hear you grant at least, that I am come honestly by my wings and my voice; for then, it seems, I am obliged to heaven alone for my flights

flights and my music; and providence would never have bestowed on me two such gifts without designing them for the noblest ends. I visit indeed all the flowers and blossoms of the field and garden; but whatever I collect from thence, enriches myself, without the least injury to their beauty, their smell, or their taste. Now, for you and your skill in architecture and other mathematics I have little to say: in that building of yours there might, for aught I know, have been labour and method enough; but by woful experience for us both it is plain, the materials are naught; and I hope, you will henceforth take warning, and consideration and matter as well as method and art. You boast indeed of being obliged to no other creature, but of drawing and spinning out all from yourself; that is to say, if we may judge of the liquor in the vessel by what issues out, you possess a good plentiful store of dirt and poison in your breast; and, though I would by no means lessen or disparage your genuine stock of either, yet, I doubt you are somewhat obliged for an increase of both to a little foreign assistance. Your inherent portion of dirt does not fail
of

of acquisitions by sweepings exhaled from below; and one insect furnishes you with a share of poison to destroy another. So that in short the question comes all to this; whether is the nobler being of the two, that which by a lazy contemplation of four inches round, by an over-weening pride, feeding and engendering on itself, turns all into excrement and venom; producing nothing at all, but fly-bane and a cobweb: or that, which by an universal range, with long search, much study, true judgment, and distinction of things, brings home honey and wax.

This dispute was managed with such eagerness, clamour, and warmth, that the two parties of *books* in arms below stood silent a while, waiting in suspense what would be the issue; which was not long undetermined: for the *bee*, grown impatient at so much loss of time, fled strait away to a bed of roses, without looking for a reply; and left the *spider* like an orator, *collected* in himself, and just prepared to burst out.

It happened upon this emergency, that *Æsop* broke silence first. He had been of late most barbarously treated by a strange effect

effect of the *regent's* humanity, † who had torn off his title-page, sorely defaced one half of his leaves, and chained him fast among a shelf of *moderns*. Where soon discovering how high the quarrel was like to proceed, he tried all his arts, and turned himself to a thousand forms. At length in the borrowed shape of an *ass*, the *regent* mistook him for a *modern*; by which means he had time and opportunity to escape to the *antients*, just when the *spider* and the *bee* were entering into their contest; to which he gave his attention with a world of pleasure; and, when it was ended, swore in the loudest key, that in all his life he had never known two cases so parallel and adapt to each other, as that in the window, and this upon the shelves. *The disputants*, said he, *have admirably managed the dispute between them, have taken in the full strength of all that is to be said on both sides, and exhausted the substance of every argument pro and con. It is but to adjust the reasonings of both to the present quarrel, then to compare and apply*

† Bentley, who denied the antiquity of *Æsop*: see note p. 256.

the labours and fruits of each, as the bee has learnedly deduced them; and we shall find the conclusion fall plain and close upon the moderns and us. For, pray gentlemen, was ever any thing so modern as the spider in his air, his turns, and his paradoxes? he argues in the behalf of you his brethren, and himself, with many boastings of his native stock, and great genius; that he spins and spits wholly from himself, and scorns to own any obligation or assistance from without. Then he displays to you his great skill in architecture, and improvement in the mathematics. To all this the bee, as an advocate retained by us the antients, thinks fit to answer; that if one may judge of the great genius or inventions of the moderns by what they have produced, you will hardly have countenance to bear you out in boasting of either. Erect your schemes with as much method and skill as you please; yet if the materials be nothing but dirt, spun out of your own entrails (the guts of modern brains) the edifice will conclude at last in a cob-web; the duration of which, like that of other spiders webs, may be imputed to their being forgotten, or neglected, or hid

in a corner. For, any thing else of genuine that the moderns may pretend to, I cannot recollect; unless it be a large vein of wrangling and satyr, much of a nature and substance with the spider's poison; which, however they pretend to spit wholly out of themselves, is improved by the same arts, by feeding upon the insects and vermin of the age. As for us the antients, we are content with the bee to pretend to nothing of our own, beyond our wings and our voice: that is to say, our flights and our language. For the rest, whatever we have got, has been by infinite labour and search, and ranging through every corner of nature; the difference is, that, instead of dirt and poison, we have rather chosen to fill our hives with honey and wax, thus furnishing mankind with the two noblest of things, which are sweetness and light.

It is wonderful to conceive the tumult arisen among the *books* upon the close of this long descant of *Æsop*: both parties took the hint, and heightened their animosities so on a sudden, that they resolved it should come to a battle. Immediately the two main bodies withdrew under their
several

several ensigns to the farther parts of the library, and there entered into cabals, and consults upon the present emergency. The *moderns* were in very warm debates upon the choice of their *leaders*, and nothing less than the fear impending from the enemies could have kept them from mutinies upon this occasion. The difference was greatest among the *horse*, where every private *trooper* pretended to the chief command, from *Tasso* and *Milton* to *Dryden* and *Withers*. The *light-horse* were commanded by *Cowley* and † *Despreaux*. There came the *bowmen* under their valiant leaders, *Des Cartes*, *Gassendi*, and *Hobbes*, whose strength was such, that they could shoot their arrows beyond the *atmosphere* never to fall down again, but turn like that of *Evander* into *meteors*, or like the *cannon-ball* into *stars*. *Paracelsus* brought a *squadron* of *stink-pot-flingers* from the snowy mountains of *Rhætia*. There came a vast body of *dragoons* of different nations under the leading of *Harvey* ‡

† More commonly known by the name of *Boileau*.

‡ Doctor *Harvey* who discovered the circulation of the blood, a discovery much in-

sisted on by the advocates for the *moderns*, and excepted against as false by Sir *William Temple*, in his *Essay*, p. 44, 45. their

their great *aga*: part armed with *scythes*, the weapons of death; part with *lances* and long *knives*, all steeped in *poison*; part shot *bullets* of a most malignant nature, and used *white powder*, which infallibly killed without *report*. There came several bodies of *heavy-armed foot*, all *mercenaries*, under the ensigns of *Guicciardine*, *Davila*, *Polydore Virgil*, *Buchanan*, *Mariana*, *Camden*, and others. The *engineers* were commanded by *Regiomontanus* and *Wilkins*. The rest were a confused multitude, led by *Scotus*, *Aquinas*, and *Bellarmino*; of mighty bulk and stature, but without either arms, courage, or discipline. In the last place, came infinite swarms of † *calones*, a disorderly rout led by *L'Estrange*; rogues and raggamuffins, that follow the camp for nothing but the plunder; all without ‡ *coats* to cover them.

† *Calones*. By calling this disorderly rout *calones* the author points both his satyr and contempt against all sorts of mercenary scriblers, who write as they are commanded by the leaders and patrons of sedition, faction, corruption, and every evil work: they are stiled *calones* because they are

the meanest and most despicable of all writers, as the *calones*, whether belonging to the army or private families, were the meanest of all slaves or servants whatsoever.

‡ These are pamphlets, which are not bound or cover'd.

The

The army of the *antients* was much fewer in number; *Homer* led the *horse*, and *Pindar* the *light-horse*; *Euclid* was chief *engineer*; *Plato* and *Aristotle* commanded the *bowmen*; *Herodotus* and *Livy* the *foot*; *Hippocrates* the *dragoons*; the *allies* led by *Vossius* and *Temple* brought up the rear.

All things violently tending to a decisive battle, *Fame*, who much frequented, and had a large apartment formerly assigned her in the *regal library*, fled up strait to *Jupiter*, to whom she delivered a faithful account of all that passed between the two parties below; for, among the Gods she always tells truth. *Jove*, in great concern, convokes a council in the *milky way*. The senate assembled, he declares the occasion of convening them; a bloody battle just impendent between two mighty armies of *antient* and *modern* creatures, called *books*, wherein the celestial interest was but too deeply concerned. *Momus*, the patron of the *moderns*, made an excellent speech in their favour, which was answered by *Pallas*, the protectress of the *antients*. The assembly was divided
in

in their affections; when *Jupiter* commanded the book of fate to be laid before him. Immediately were brought by *Mercury* three large volumes in folio, containing memoirs of all things past, present, and to come. The clasps were of silver double gilt; the covers of celestial turkey-leather, and the paper such as here on earth might almost pass for vellum. *Jupiter*, having silently read the decree, would communicate the import to none, but presently shut up the book.

Without the doors of this assembly there attended a vast number of light, nimble gods, menial servants to *Jupiter*: these are his ministering instruments in all affairs below. They travel in a caravan, more or less together, and are fastened to each other, like a link of galley-slaves, by a light chain, which passes from them to *Jupiter's* great toe: and yet, in receiving or delivering a message they may never approach above the lowest step of his throne, where he and they whisper to each other through a long, hollow trunk. These deities are called by mortal men *accidents* or *events*; but the gods call

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them *second causes*. *Jupiter* having delivered his message to a certain number of these divinities, they flew immediately down to the pinnacle of the regal library, and, consulting a few minutes, entered unseen, and disposed the parties according to their orders.

Mean while *Momus* fearing the worst, and calling to mind an antient prophecy, which bore no very good face to his children the *moderns*, bent his flight to the region of a malignant deity, called *Criticism*. She dwelt on the top of a snowy mountain in *Nova Zembla*; there *Momus* found her extended in her den upon the spoils of numberless volumes, half devoured. At her right-hand sat *Ignorance*, her father and husband, blind with age; at her left *Pride*, her mother, dressing her up in the scraps of paper herself had torn. There was *Opinion*, her sister, light of foot, hood-winked, and head-strong, yet giddy, and perpetually turning. About her played her children, *Noise* and *Impudence*, *Dulness* and *Vanity*, *Positiveness*, *Pedantry* and *Ill-Manners*. The goddess herself had claws like a cat; her head,
and

and ears, and voice resembled those of an *ass*; her teeth fallen out before; her eyes turned inward, as if she looked only upon herself; her diet was the over-flowing of her own *gall*; her *spleen* was so large, as to stand prominent, like a dug of the first rate, nor wanted excrescencies in form of teats, at which a crew of ugly monsters were greedily sucking; and, what is wonderful to conceive, the bulk of spleen increased faster than the sucking could diminish it. *Goddeſs*, ſaid *Momus*, *can you ſit idly here, while our devout worſhippers the moderns are this minute entering into a cruel battle, and perhaps now lying under the ſwords of their enemies; who then hereafter will ever ſacrifice, or build altars to our divinities? haſte therefore to the Britiſh iſle, and if poſſible, prevent their deſtruction; while I make factions among the gods, and gain them over to our party.*

Momus, having thus delivered himſelf, ſtaid not for an answer, but left the goddeſs to her own reſentment. Up ſhe roſe in a rage, and, as it is the form upon ſuch occaſions, began a ſoliloquy: *It is I* (ſaid ſhe) *who give wiſdom to infants and idiots;*

by me children grow wiser than their parents; by me beaux become politicians, and school-boys judges of philosophy; by me sophisters debate, and conclude upon the depths of knowledge; and coffee-house wits, instinct by me, can correct an author's style and display his minutest errors, without understanding a syllable of his matter, or his language; by me striplings spend their judgment, as they do their estate, before it comes into their hands. It is I, who have deposed wit and knowledge from their empire over poetry, and advanced myself in their stead. And shall a few upstart antients dare oppose me? —but come, my aged parent, and you my children dear, and thou, my beauteous sister; let us ascend my chariot, and haste to assist our devout moderns, who are now sacrificing to us a hecatomb, as I perceive by that grateful smell, which from thence reaches my nostrils.

The goddess, and her train, having mounted the chariot, which was drawn by tame geese, flew over infinite regions, shedding her influence in due places, till at length she arrived at her beloved island of *Britain*; but in hovering over
its

its *metropolis*, what blessings did she not let fall upon her seminaries of *Gresham* and *Covent-Garden*? † and now she reached the fatal plain of St. *James's* library, at what time the two armies were upon the point to engage; where, entering with all her caravan unseen, and landing upon a case of shelves, now desert, but once inhabited by a colony of *virtuosos*, she staid a while to observe the posture of both armies.

But, here the tender cares of a mother began to fill her thoughts, and move in her breast: for, at the head of a troop of *modern bowmen* she cast her eyes upon her son *Wotton*; to whom the fates had assigned a very short thread. *Wotton*, a young hero, whom an unknown father of mortal race begot by stolen embraces with this goddess. He was the darling of his mother above all her children, and she resolved to go and comfort him. But first, according to the good old custom of deities, she cast about to change her shape, for fear the divinity of her countenance might dazzle his mortal sight, and over-

† See the notes, p. 53.

charge the rest of his senses. She therefore gathered up her person into an *octavo* compass: her body grew white and arid, and split in pieces with dryness; the thick turned into paste-board, and the thin into paper, upon which her parents and children artfully strewed a black juice or decoction of gall and soot in form of letters; her head, and voice, and spleen kept their primitive form; and that, which before was a cover of skin, did still continue so. In this guise she marched on towards the *moderns*, undistinguishable in shape and dress from the *divine Bentley*, *Wotton's* dearest friend. *Brave Wotton*, said the goddess, *why do our troops stand idle here to spend their present vigour and opportunity of this day? away, let us haste to the generals, and advise to give the onset immediately.* Having spoke thus, she took the ugliest of her monsters, full gutted from her spleen, and flung it invisibly into his mouth, which, flying straight up into his head, squeezed out his eye-balls, gave him a distorted look, and half overturned his brain. Then she privately ordered two of her beloved children, *Dulness* and *Ill-Manners*, closely

ly

ly to attend his person in all encounters. Having thus accoutered him, she vanished in a mist, and the *hero* perceived it was the goddess his mother.

The destined hour of fate being now arrived, the fight began; whereof before I dare adventure to make a particular description, I must, after the example of other authors, petition for a hundred tongues, and mouths, and hands, and pens; which would all be too little to perform so immense a work. Say, goddess, that presidest over history, who it was that first advanced in the field of battle. *Paracelsus*, at the head of his *dragoons*, observing *Galen* in the adverse wing, darted his javelin with a mighty force, which the brave *antient* received upon his shield, the point breaking in the second fold. * * *

* * * * * *Hic pauca
desunt.*

They bore the wounded *Aga* † on their shields to his chariot * * *

† Doctor *Harvey*, see the note p.270. It was not thought proper to name his antagonist, but only to intimate, that he was wounded; other moderns are spared by the hiatus that follows, probably for similar reasons.

*Desunt
nonnulla.*

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* * * * *
* * * * *

Then *Aristotle*, observing *Bacon* advance with a furious mien, drew his bow to the head, and let fly his arrow, which missed the valiant *modern*, and went hissing over his head ; but *Des Cartes* it hit ; the steel point quickly found a defect in his *head piece* ; it pierced the leather and the paste-board, and went in at his right eye. The torture of the pain whirled the valiant *bowman* round, till death, like a star of superior influence, drew him into his own *vortex*. * * * *

*Ingens hiatus
hic in MS.*

* * * * *

when *Homer* appeared at the head of the cavalry, mounted on a furious horse, with difficulty managed by the rider himself, but which no other mortal durst approach ; he rode among the enemies ranks, and bore down all before him. Say, goddess, whom he slew first, and whom he slew last. First, * *Gondibert* ad-

* An heroic poem by Sir *William Davenant*, in stanzas of four lines,

vanced

vanced against him, clad in heavy armour, and mounted on a staid sober gelding, not so famed for his speed, as his docility in kneeling, whenever his rider would mount or alight. He had made a vow to *Pallas*, that he would never leave the field, till he had spoiled † *Homer* of his armour; madman, who had never once *seen* the wearer, nor understood his strength! him *Homer* overthrew horse and man to the ground, there to be trampled and choaked in the dirt. Then, with a long spear he slew *Denham*, a stout *madern*, who from his † father's side derived his lineage from *Apollo*, but his mother was of mortal race. He fell, and bit the earth. The celestial part *Apollo* took, and made it a star, but the terrestrial lay wallowing upon the ground. Then *Homer* slew *Wesley*, § with a kick of his horse's heel; he took *Per-rault* by mighty force out of his saddle, then hurled him at *Fontenelle*, with the same blow dashing out both their brains.

† Vid. *Homer*.

† Sir *John Denham's* poems are very unequal, extremely good, and very indifferent; so that his detractors said, he

was not the real author of *Cooper's Hill*.

§ Mr. *Wesley*, who wrote the life of Christ in verse, &c.

On the left wing of the horse, *Virgil* appeared in shining armour, compleatly fitted to his body: he was mounted on a dapple-grey steed, the slowness of whose pace was an effect of the highest mettle and vigour. He cast his eye on the adverse wing with a desire to find an object worthy of his valour, when behold, upon a sorrel gelding of a monstrous size appeared a foe, issuing from among the thickest of the enemy's squadrons; but his speed was less than his noise; for his horse, old and lean, spent the dregs of his strength in a high trot, which, though it made slow advances, yet caused a loud clashing of his armour, terrible to hear. The two cavaliers had now approached within the throw of a lance, when the stranger desired a parley, and lifting up the vizor of his helmet, a face hardly appeared from within, which after a pause was known for that of the renowned *Dryden*. The brave *antient* suddenly started, as one possessed with surprize and disappointment together: for the helmet was nine times too large for the head, which appeared situate far in the hinder part, even like the lady in a lobster,

lobster, or like a mouse under a canopy of state, or like a shrivelled beau from within the pent-house of a modern periwig: and the voice was suited to the visage, sounding weak and remote. *Dryden* in a long harangue soothed up the good *antient*, called him *father*; and by a large deduction of genealogies made it plainly appear, that they were nearly related. Then he humbly proposed an exchange of armour as a lasting mark of hospitality between them. *Virgil* consented (for the goddess *Diffidence* came unseen, and cast a mist before his eyes) though his was of ‡ gold and cost a hundred beeves, the other's but of rusty iron. However, this glittering armour became the *modern* yet worse than his own. Then they agreed to exchange horses; but, when it came to the trial, *Dryden* was afraid, and utterly unable to mount.

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* * * * * *Alter hiatus in MS.*

* * * * *

* * * * * *Lucan* appeared

‡ Vid. Homer.

upon

upon a fiery horse of admirable shape, but head-strong, bearing the rider where he list over the field ; he made a mighty slaughter among the enemy's horse ; which destruction to stop, *Blackmore* a famous *modern* (but one of the *mercenaries*) strenuously opposed himself, and darted his javelin with a strong hand, which, falling short of its mark, struck deep in the earth. Then *Lucan* threw a lance ; but *Æsculapius* came unseen, and turned off the point. ‡ *Brave modern, said Lucan, I perceive some god protects you, for never did my arm so deceive me before : but what mortal can contend with a god ? therefore, let us fight no longer, but present gifts to each other. Lucan then bestowed the modern a pair of spurs, and Blackmore gave Lucan a bridle.* * * * *

Pauca de-
sunt.

Creech: but the goddess *Dulness* took a cloud, formed into the shape of *Horace*, armed and mounted, and placed in a flying posture before him. Glad was the

‡ His skill as a physician attoned for his dullness as a poet.
cavalier

cavalier to begin a combat with a flying foe, and pursued the image, threatening loud; till at last it led him to the peaceful bower of his father *Ogleby*, by whom he was disarmed, and assigned to his repose.

Then *Pindar* flew——, and——, and *Oldham*, and——, and † *Afra* the *Amazon*, light of foot; never advancing in a direct line, but wheeling with incredible agility and force, he made a terrible slaughter among the enemies *light-horse*. Him when *Cowley* observed, his generous heart burnt within him, and he advanced against the fierce *antient*, imitating his address, his pace, and career, as well as the vigour of his horse, and his own skill would allow. When the two cavaliers had approached within the length of three javelins, first *Cowley* threw a lance, which missed *Pindar*, and passing into the enemy's ranks fell ineffectual to the ground. Then *Pindar* darted a javelin so large and weighty, that scarce a dozen *cavaliers*, as *cavaliers* are in our degenerate days, could raise it from the ground; yet he threw it with

† Mrs. *Afra Behn*, author of many plays, novels, and poems.

ease, and it went by an unerring hand, finging through the air; nor could the *modern* have avoided present death, if he had not luckily opposed the shield, that had been given him by *Venus*. † And now both heroes drew their swords, but the *modern* was so aghast and disordered, that he knew not where he was; his shield dropped from his hands; thrice he fled, and thrice he could not escape; at last he turned, and lifting up his hands in the posture of a suppliant: *Godlike Pindar, said he, spare my life, and possess my horse with these arms, besides the ransom, which my friends will give, when they hear I am alive, and your prisoner. Dog, said Pindar, let your ransom stay with your friends; but your carcass shall be left for the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field.* With that, he raised his sword, and with a mighty stroke cleft the wretched *modern* in twain, the sword pursuing the blow; and one half lay panting on the ground to be trod in pieces by the horses feet, the other half was borne by the frightened steed through

† His poem called the *Mistress*.

the field. This ‡ *Venus* took, washed it seven times in *ambrosia*, then struck it thrice with a spring of *amaranth*; upon which, the leather grew round and soft, and the leaves turned into feathers, and being gilded before, continued gilded still; so it became a *dove*, and she harnessed it to her chariot. *

* * * * * *Hiatus valde*
* * * * * *deslendus in MS.*

Day being far spent, and the numerous forces of the *moderns* half inclining to a retreat, there issued forth from a squadron of their *heavy-armed foot* † a captain, whose name was *Bentley*, the most deformed of all the *moderns*; tall, but without shape or comeliness; large, but without strength or proportion. His armour was patched up of a thousand incoherent pieces;

‡ I do not approve the author's judgment in this, for I think *Cowley's* Pindarics are much preferable to his *Mistress*.

It may however be considered, that *Cowley's* pindarics were but copies, of which *Pindar* was the original; before *Pindar* therefore his pindarics might fall; and his *Mistress* be preserved as properly his own.

† The episode of *Bentley* and *Wotton*.

As the account of the Battle of the Books is an allegorical representation of Sir *William Temple's* essay, in which the antients are opposed to the moderns, the account of *Bentley* and *Wotton* is called an episode, and their intrusion represented as an under action.

and

and the found of it, as he marched, was loud and dry, like that made by the fall of a sheet of lead, which an *etesian* wind blows suddenly down from the roof of some steeple. His helmet was of old rusty iron, but the vizor was brass, which, tainted by his breath, corrupted into coperas, nor wanted gall from the same fountain; so that, whenever provoked by anger or labour, an atramentous quality of most malignant nature was seen to distil from his lips. In his † right hand he grasped a flail, and (that he might never be unprovided of an *offensive* weapon) a vessel full of *ordure* in his left. Thus compleatly armed, he advanced with a slow and heavy pace, where the *modern* chiefs were holding a consult upon the sum of things; who, as he came onwards, laughed to behold his crooked leg, and hump shoulder, which his boot and armour vainly endeavouring to hide, were forced to comply with, and expose. The generals made use of him for his talent of railing; which,

† The person, here spoken of, is famous for letting fly at every body without distinction, and using mean and foul scurrilities.

kept

kept within government, proved frequently of great service to their cause, but at other times did more mischief than good; for at the least touch of offence, and often without any at all, he would, like a wounded elephant, convert it against his leaders. Such at this juncture was the disposition of *Bentley*, grieved to see the enemy prevail, and dissatisfied with every body's conduct, but his own. He humbly gave the *modern* generals to understand, that he conceived with great submission, they were all a pack of *rogues*, and *fools*, and *sons of whores*, and *d—n'd cowards*, and *confounded loggerheads*, and *illiterate whelps*, and *nonsensical scoundrels*; that if himself had been constituted general, those ‡ *presumptuous dogs*, the *antients*, would long before this have been beaten out of the field. *You*, said he, *sit here idle; but when I, or any other valiant modern, kill an enemy, you are sure to seize the spoil. But I will not march one foot against the foe, 'till you all swear to me, that whomever I take or kill, his arms I shall quietly possess.* *Bentley* having spoken thus, *Sca-*

‡ Vid. Homer. de Therfite.

liger bestowing him a sour look ; *Miscr-
ant prater*, said he, *eloquent only in thine
own eyes, thou railest without wit, or truth,
or discretion. The malignity of thy temper
perverteth nature, thy learning makes thee
more barbarous, thy study of humanity
more inhuman ; thy converse among poets
more groveling, miry, and dull. All arts
of civilizing others render thee rude and
untractable ; courts have taught thee ill
manners, and polite conversation has finish-
ed thee a pedant. Besides, a greater coward
burtheneth not the army. But never de-
spond ; I pass my word, whatever spoil thou
takest, shall certainly be thy own ; though,
I hope, that vile carcass will first become
a prey to kites and worms.*

Bentley durst not reply ; but, half choak-
ed with spleen and rage, withdrew in full
resolution of performing some great at-
chievement. With him for his aid and
companion he took his beloved *Wotton* ;
resolving by policy or surprize to attempt
some neglected quarter of the *antients*
army. They began their march over car-
casses of their slaughtered friends ; then
to the right of their own forces ; then
wheeled

wheeled northward, till they came to *Aldrovandus's* tomb, which they passed on the side of the declining sun. And now they arrived with fear towards the enemy's out-guards ; looking about, if haply they might 'spy the quarters of the wounded, or some straggling sleepers, unarmed, and remote from the rest. As when two *mun-grel curs*, whom *native greediness*, and *domestic want*, provoke and join in partnership, though fearful, nightly to invade the folds of some rich grazier : they, with tails depressed and lolling tongues, creep soft and slow ; mean while the conscious *moon*, now in her *zenith*, on their guilty heads darts perpendicular rays ; nor dare they bark, though much provoked at her refulgent visage, whether seen in puddle by reflection, or in sphere direct ; but one surveys the region round, while t'other scouts the plain, if haply, to discover, at distance from the flock, some *carcass* half devoured, the refuse of gorged wolves, or ominous ravens. So marched this lovely, loving pair of friends, nor with less fear and circumspection ; when, at distance, they might perceive two shining suits of

U 2

armour,

armour, hanging upon an oak, and the owners not far off in a profound sleep. The two friends drew lots, and the pursuing of this adventure fell to *Bentley*; on he went, and in his van *Confusion* and *Amaze*; while *Horror* and *Affright* brought up the rear. As he came near, behold two heroes of the *antients* army, *Phalaris* and *Æsop*, lay fast asleep: *Bentley* would fain have dispatched them both, and, stealing close, aimed his flail at *Phalaris*'s breast. But then the goddess *Affright* interposing, caught the *modern* in her icy arms, and dragged him from the danger she foresaw; both the dormant heroes happened to turn at the same instant, though soundly sleeping, and busy in a dream. † For *Phalaris* was just that minute dreaming, how a most vile *poetaster* had lampooned him, and how he had got him roaring in his *bull*. And *Æsop* dreamed, that, as he and the *antient chiefs* were lying on the ground, a *wild ass* broke loose, ran about trampling and kicking, and dunging in their faces. *Bentley*, leaving the two heroes

† This is according to *Homer*, who tells the dreams of those, who were killed in their sleep.

asleep,

asleep, seized on both their armours, and withdrew in quest of his darling *Wotton*.

He in the mean time had wandered long in search of some enterprize, till at length he arrived at a small *rivulet*, that issued from a fountain hard by, called in the language of mortal men *Helicon*. Here he stopped, and parched with thirst, resolved to allay it in this limpid stream. Thrice with profane hands he essayed to raise the water to his lips, and thrice it slipped all through his fingers. Then he stooped prone on his breast, but, e're his mouth had kissed the liquid crystal, *Apollo* came, and in the channel held his *shield* betwixt the *modern* and the fountain, so that he drew up nothing but *mud*. For, although no fountain on earth can compare with the clearness of *Helicon*, yet there lies at bottom a thick sediment of *slime* and *mud*; for so *Apollo* begged of *Jupiter*, as a punishment to those, who durst attempt to taste it with unhallowed lips, and for a lesson to all, not to *draw too deep, or far from the spring*.

At the fountain-head *Wotton* discerned two heroes; the one he could not distin-

guish, but the other was soon known for *Temple*, general of the *allies* to the *antients*. His back was turned, and he was employed in drinking large draughts in his helmet from the fountain, where he had withdrawn himself to rest from the toils of the war. *Wotton* observing him, with quaking knees and trembling hands spoke thus to himself: *Oh, that I could kill this destroyer of our army; what renown should I purchase among the chiefs? but to issue out against him, * man against man, shield against shield, and lance against lance, what modern of us dare? for he fights like a god, and Pallas, or Apollo, are ever at his elbow. But, oh, mother! if what fame reports be true, that I am the son of so great a goddess, grant me to hit Temple with this lance, that the stroke may send him to hell, and that I may return in safety and triumph laden with his spoils.* The first part of this prayer the gods granted at the intercession of his *mother*, and of *Momus*; but the rest, by a perverse wind sent from *fate*, was scattered in the air. Then *Wotton* grasped his lance, and, brandishing it

* Vid. Homer.

thrice

thrice over his head, darted it with all his might, the *goddess* his *mother* at the same time adding strength to his arm. Away the lance went hissing, and reached even to the belt of the averted *antient*, upon which lightly grazing it fell to the ground. *Temple* neither felt the weapon touch him, nor heard it fall; and *Wotton* might have escaped to his army with the honour of having remitted his lance against so great a leader, unrevenged; but *Apollo* enraged, that a javelin, flung by the assistance of so foul a *goddess*, should pollute his fountain, put on the shape of —, and softly came to young *Boyle*, who then accompanied *Temple*: he pointed first to the lance, then to the distant *modern* that flung it, and commanded the young hero to take immediate revenge. *Boyle*, clad in a suit of armour which had been *given him by all the gods* †, immediately advanced against the trembling foe, who now fled before him. As a young lion in the *Libyan*

† *Boyle* was assisted in this dispute by Dean *Aldrich*, Doctor *Atterbury*, afterwards Bp. of *Rocheſter*, and other per-

sons at *Oxford*, celebrated for their genius and their learning, then called the *Chriſt-church wits*.

plains, or *Araby desert*, sent by his aged fire to hunt for prey, or health, or exercise; he scours along wishing to meet some tyger from the mountains, or a furious boar: if chance a *wild ass*, with brayings importune, affronts his ear, the generous beast, though loathing to distain his claws with blood so vile, yet much provok'd at the offensive noise, which *echo*, foolish nymph, like her *ill-judging sex*, repeats much louder and with more delight than *Philomela's* song; he vindicates the honour of the forest, and hunts the noisy long-ear'd animal. So *Wotton* fled, so *Boyle* pursued. But *Wotton* heavy-armed, and slow of foot, began to slack his course; when his lover *Bentley* appeared, returning laden with the spoils of the two sleeping *antients*. *Boyle* observed him well, and soon discovering the helmet and shield of *Phalaris*, his friend, both which he had lately with his own hands new polished and gilt; rage sparkled in his eyes, and leaving his pursuit after *Wotton*, he furiously rush'd on against this new approacher. Fain would he be revenged on both; but both now
fled

fled different ways: † and, as a woman in a little house, that gets a painful livelihood by spinning; if chance her *geese* be scattered o'er the common, she courses round the plain from side to side, compelling here and there the stragglers to the flock; they cackle loud, and flutter o'er the champain. So *Boyle* pursued, so fled this pair of friends: finding at length their flight was vain, they bravely join'd and drew themselves in *phalanx*. First *Bentley* threw a spear with all his force, hoping to pierce the enemy's breast: but *Pallas* came unseen, and in the air took off the point, and clapp'd on one of *lead*, which, after a dead bang against the enemy's shield, fell blunted to the ground. Then *Boyle*, observing well his time, took up a lance of wondrous length and sharpness; and as this pair of friends compacted stood close side to side, he wheel'd him to the right, and, with unusual force, darted the weapon. *Bentley* saw his fate approach, and flanking down his arms

† This is also after the manner of *Homer*; the woman's getting a painful livelihood by spinning, has nothing

to do with the similitude, nor would be excusable without such an authority.

Vid. *Homer*.

close to his ribs, hoping to save his body ;
 in went the point, passing through arm
 and side, nor stopp'd, or spent its force,
 till it had also pierced the valiant *Wotton*,
 who, going to sustain his dying friend,
 shared his fate. As when a skilful cook
 has truss'd a brace of *woodcocks*, he, with
 iron skewer, pierces the tender sides of both,
 their legs and wings close pinion'd to their
 ribs: so was this pair of friends transfix'd
 till down they fell, join'd in their lives,
 join'd in their deaths; so closely join'd,
 that *Charon* would mistake them both for
 one, and waft them over *styx* for half his
 fare. Farewel, beloved, loving pair; few
 equals have you left behind: and happy
 and immortal shall you be, if all my wit
 and eloquence can make you.

And, now

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * *

* * * *

Desunt cætera.

F I N I S.

A
DISCOURSE

CONCERNING THE
MECHANICAL OPERATION

OF THE
SPIRIT.

IN A
LETTER
TO A
FRIEND.

A
FRAGMENT.

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T H E

Bookseller's Advertisement.

THE following discourse came into my hands perfect and intire: but there being several things in it, which the present age would not very well bear, I kept it by me some years, resolving it should never see the light. At length, by the advice and assistance of a judicious friend, I retrenched those parts that might give most offence, and have now ventured to publish the remainder. Concerning the author I am wholly ignorant; neither can I conjecture, whether it be the same with that of the two foregoing pieces, the original having been sent me at a different time, and in a different hand. The learned reader will better determine, to whose judgment I intirely submit it.

A D I S-

A
DISCOURSE
CONCERNING THE
MECHANICAL OPERATION
OF THE
SPIRIT.

*For T. H. Esquire *, at his chambers in
the academy of the Beaux Esprits in
New-England.*

S I R,

IT is now a good while, since I have
had in my head something, not only
very material, but absolutely necessary to

* Supposed to be Col.
Hunter author of the Letter
of Enthusiasm mentioned in
the apology for the Tale of a
Tub.

This discourse is not alto-
gether equal to the former,
the best parts of it being o-
mitted; whether the book-
seller's account be true, that

he durst not print the rest, I
know not, nor, indeed, is it
easy to determine, whether
he may be relied on, in any
thing he says of this, or the
former treatises, only as to
the time they were writ in;
which, however, appears more
from the discourses themselves,
than his relation.

my

my health, that the world should be informed in: for, to tell you a secret, I am able to *contain* it no longer. However I have been perplexed for some time to resolve, what would be the most proper form to send it abroad in. To which end I have been three days courting through *Westminster-hall*, and *St. Paul's Church-yard*, and *Fleet-street*, to peruse *titles*; and I do not find any, which holds so general a vogue, as that of *a letter to a friend*: nothing is more common than to meet with long epistles addressed to persons and places, where, at first thinking, one would be apt to imagine it not altogether so necessary or convenient; such as, *a neighbour at next door*, *a mortal enemy*, *a perfect stranger*, or *a person of quality in the clouds*; and these upon subjects in appearance the least proper for conveyance by the post; as, *long schemes in philosophy*; *dark and wonderfull mysteries of state*; *laborious dissertations in criticism and philosophy*; *advice to parliaments*, and the like.

Now, Sir, to proceed after the method in present wear: for, let me say what I
will

will to the contrary, I am afraid you will publish this *letter*, as soon as ever it comes to your hand.) I desire you will be my witness to the world, how careless and sudden a scribe it has been; that it was but yesterday, when you and I began accidentally to fall into discourse on this matter; that I was not very well when we parted; that the post is in such haste, I have had no manner of time to digest it into order, or correct the style; and if any other modern excuses for haste and negligence shall occur to you in reading, I beg you to insert them, faithfully promising they shall be thankfully acknowledged.

Pray, Sir, in your next letter to the *iroquois virtuosi*, do me the favour to present my humble service to that illustrious body, and assure them, I shall send an account of those *phænomena*, as soon as we can determine them at *Gresham*.

I have not had a line from the *literati* of *Tobinambou* these three last ordinaries.

And now, Sir, having dispatched what I had to say of forms, or of business, let me intreat, you will suffer me to proceed
upon

upon my subject; and to pardon me, if I make no farther use of the epistolary style, till I come to conclude.

S E C T. I.

IT is recorded of *Mahomet*, that, upon a visit he was going to pay in *Paradise*, he had an offer of several vehicles to conduct him upwards; as fiery chariots, winged horses, and celestial sedans: but he refused them all, and would be borne to heaven upon nothing but his *ass*. Now, this inclination of *Mahomet*, as singular as it seems, hath been since taken up by a great number of devout *Christians*; and doubtless with very good reason. For since that *Arabian* is known to have borrowed a moiety of his religious system from the *christian* faith, it is but just he should pay reprisals to such as would challenge them, wherein the good people of *England*, to do them all right, have not been backward. For, though there is not any other nation in the world so plentifully provided with carriages for that journey, either as to safety or ease; yet there are
abundance

abundance of us, who will not be satisfied with any other machine, besides this of *Mahomet*.

For my own part, I must confess to bear a very singular respect to this animal, by whom I take human nature to be most admirably held forth in all its qualities as well as operations: and therefore, whatever in my small reading occurs concerning this our fellow-creature, I do never fail to set it down by way of common-place; and when I have occasion to write upon human reason, politics, eloquence, or knowledge, I lay my *memorandums* before me, and insert them with a wonderful facility of application. However, among all the qualifications ascribed to this distinguished brute by antient or modern authors, I cannot remember this talent of bearing his rider to heaven has been recorded for a part of his character, except in the two examples mentioned already; therefore, I conceive the methods of this art to be a point of useful knowledge in very few hands, and which the learned world would gladly be better informed in: this is what I have undertaken to per-

form in the following discourse. For, towards the operation already mentioned many peculiar properties are required both in the *rider* and the *afs*; which I shall endeavour to set in as clear a light as I can.

But, because I am resolved by all means to avoid giving offence to any party whatever, I will leave off discoursing so closely to the *letter*, as I have hitherto done, and go on for the future by way of allegory, though in such a manner, that the judicious reader may without much straining make his applications, as often as he shall think fit. Therefore, if you please, from hence forward instead of the term, *afs*, we shall make use of *gifted*, or *enlightened teacher*; and the word, *rider*, we will exchange for that of *fanatic auditory*, or any other denomination of the like import. Having settled this weighty point, the great subject of enquiry before us is to examine, by what methods this *teacher* arrives at his *gifts*, or *spirit*, or *light*; and by what intercourse between him and his assembly it is cultivated and supported. In all my writings I have had constant regard to this great end, not to suit and
apply

apply them to particular occasions and circumstances of time, of place, or of person; but to calculate them for universal nature, and mankind in general. And of such catholic use I esteem this present disquisition; for I do not remember any other temper of body, or quality of mind, wherein all nations and ages of the world have so unanimously agreed, as that of a *fanatic* strain, or tincture of *enthusiasm*; which improved by certain persons or societies of men, and by them practised upon the rest, has been able to produce revolutions of the greatest figure in history; as will soon appear to those, who know any thing of *Arabia*, *Persia*, *India*, or *China*, of *Morocco* and *Peru*. Farther, it has possessed as great a power in the kingdom of knowledge; where it is hard to assign one art or science, which has not annexed to it some *fanatic* branch: such are the *philosopher's stone*; † *the grand elixir*; *the planetary worlds*; *the squaring of the circle*; *the summum bonum*; *Utopian common-wealths*; with some others of less or subordinate note; which all serve

† Some writers hold them for the same, others not.

for nothing else, but to employ or amuse this grain of *enthusiasm* dealt into every composition.

But, if this plant has found a root in the fields of *empire* and of *knowledge*, it has fixed deeper, and spread yet farther upon *holy ground*. Wherein, though it hath passed under the general name of *enthusiasm*, and perhaps arisen from the same original, yet hath it produced certain branches of a very different nature, however often mistaken for each other. The word, in its universal acceptation, may be defined, *a lifting up of the soul, or its faculties, above matter*. This description will hold good in general; but I am only to understand it, as applied to *religion*; wherein there are three general ways of ejaculating the soul, or transporting it beyond the sphere of matter. The first is the immediate act of God, and is called *prophecy* or *inspiration*. The second is the immediate act of the devil, and is termed *possession*. The third is the product of natural causes, the effect of strong imagination, spleen, violent anger, fear, grief, pain, and the like. These three have been abundantly

abundantly treated on by authors, and therefore shall not employ my enquiry. But, the fourth method of *religious enthusiasm*, or launching out of the soul, as it is purely an effect of *artifice* and *mechanic operation*, has been sparingly handled, or not at all, by any writer; because, though it is an art of great antiquity, yet having been confined to few persons, it long wanted those advancements and refinements, which it afterwards met with, since it has grown so epidemic, and fallen into so many cultivating hands.

It is therefore upon this *mechanical operation of the spirit*, that I mean to treat, as it is at present performed by our *british workmen*. I shall deliver to the reader the result of many judicious observations upon the matter; tracing, as near as I can, the whole course and method of this *trade*, producing parallel instances, and relating certain discoveries that have luckily fallen in my way.

I have said, that there is one branch of *religious enthusiasm*, which is purely an effect of nature; whereas, the part I mean to handle, is wholly an effect of art, which

however is inclined to work upon certain natures and constitutions more than others. Besides, there is many an operation, which in its original was purely an artifice, but through a long succession of ages hath grown to be natural. *Hippocrates* tells us that among our ancestors, the *Scythians*, there was a nation called † *Long-heads*, which at first began by a custom among midwives and nurses of moulding, and squeefing, and bracing up the heads of infants; by which means nature, shut out at one passage, was forced to seek another, and, finding room above, shot upwards in the form of a sugar-loaf; and being diverted that way for some generations, at last found it out of herself, needing no assistance from the nurse's hand. This was the original of the *Scythian long-heads*, and thus did custom from being a second nature proceed to be a first. To all which there is something very analogous among us of this nation, who are the undoubted posterity of that refined people. For, in the age of our fathers there arose a generation of men in this island, called *round-*

† *Macrocephali.*

heads,

heads ‡, whose race is now spread over three kingdoms, yet, in its beginning was merely an operation of art, produced by a pair of scissars, a squeeze of the face, and a black cap. These heads, thus formed into a perfect sphere in all assemblies, were most exposed to the view of the female sort, which did influence their conceptions so effectually, that nature at last took the hint, and did it of herself; so that a *round-head* has been ever since as familiar a sight among us, as a *long-head* among the *Scythians*.

Upon these examples; and others easy to produce, I desire the curious reader to distinguish, first, between an effect grown from *art* into *nature*, and one that is natural from its beginning: secondly, between an effect wholly natural, and one which has only a natural foundation, but where the superstructure is intirely artificial. For, the first and the last of these

‡ The fanatics in the time of *Charles I.* ignorantly applying the text, "Ye know that it is a shame for men to have long hair," cut their's very short. It is said, that the queen once seeing

Pym a celebrated patriot, thus cropped, enquired who that *round-headed* man was, and that from this incident the distinction became general, and the party were called *round-heads*.

I understand to come within the districts of my subject. And having obtained these allowances, they will serve to remove any objections, that may be raised hereafter against what I shall advance.

The practitioners of this famous art proceed in general upon the following fundamental: that, *the corruption of the senses is the generation of the spirit*: because the *senses* in men are so many avenues to the fort of *reason*, which in this operation is wholly blocked up. All endeavours must be therefore used either to divert, bind up, stupify, fluster, and amuse the *senses*, or else to juggle them out of their stations; and while they are either absent, or otherwise employed, or engaged in a civil war against each other, the *spirit* enters and performs its part.

Now, the usual methods of managing the senses upon such conjunctures are what I shall be very particular in delivering, as far as it is lawful for me to do; but having had the honour to be initiated into the mysteries of every society, I desire to be excused from divulging any rites, wherein the *profane* must have no part.

But

But here, before I can proceed farther, a very dangerous objection must, if possible, be removed. For, it is positively denied by certain critics, that the *spirit* can by any means be introduced into an assembly of modern saints; the disparity being so great in many material circumstances between the primitive way of inspiration, and that which is practised in the present age. This they pretend to prove from the second chapter of the *Acts*, where comparing both it appears; First, that *the apostles were gathered together with one accord in one place*; by which is meant an universal agreement in opinion, and form of worship; a harmony, say they, so far from being found between any two conventicles among us, that it is in vain to expect it between any two heads in the same. Secondly, the *spirit* instructed the apostles in the gift of speaking several languages; a knowledge so remote from our dealers in this art, that they neither understand propriety of words, or phrases, in their own. Lastly, say these objectors, the modern artists do utterly exclude all approaches of the *spirit*, and
bar

bar up its antient way of entering, by covering themselves so close, and so industriously a-top. For, they will needs have it as a point clearly gained, that the *cloven tongues* never sat upon the apostles heads, while their hats were on.

Now, the force of these objections seems to consist in the different acceptation of the word, *spirit*; which if it be understood for a supernatural assistance, approaching from without, the objectors have reason, and their assertions may be allowed; but the *spirit* we treat of here, proceeding intirely from within, the argument of these adversaries is wholly eluded. And upon the same account our modern artificers find it an expedient of absolute necessity to cover their heads as close as they can, in order to prevent perspiration, than which nothing is observed to be a greater spender of mechanic light, as we may perhaps farther shew in convenient place.

To proceed therefore upon the *phænomon* of *spiritual mechanism*, it is here to be noted, that in forming, and working up the *spirit* the assembly has a considerable

rable share, as well as the preacher. The method of this *arcanum* is as follows: they violently strain their eye-balls inward, half closing the lids; then, as they sit, they are in a perpetual motion of *see-saw*, making long humms at proper periods, and continuing the sound at equal height, chusing their time in those intermissions, while the preacher is at ebb. Neither is this practice in any part of it so singular and improbable, as not to be traced in distant regions from reading and observation. For, first, the † *Jauguis*, or enlightened saints of *India*, see all their visions by help of an acquired straining and pressure of the eyes. Secondly, the art of *see-saw* on a beam, and swinging by session upon a cord, in order to raise artificial extasies, hath been derived to us from our ‡ *Scythian* ancestors, where it is practised at this day among the women. Lastly, the whole proceeding, as I have here related it, is performed by the natives of *Ireland* with a considerable improvement; and it is granted, that this noble nation

† Bernier, Mem. de Mogol.

‡ Guagnini Hist. Sarmat.

hath

hath of all others admitted fewer corruptions, and degenerated least from the purity of the old *Tartars*. Now, it is usual for a knot of *Irish* men and women to abstract themselves from matter, bind up all their senses, grow visionary and spiritual, by influence of a short pipe of tobacco handed round the company; each preserving the smoke in his mouth, till it comes again to his turn to take in fresh; at the same time, there is a concert of a continued gentle humm, repeated and renewed by instinct, as occasion requires; and they move their bodies up and down to a degree, that sometimes their heads and points lie parallel to the horizon. Mean while, you may observe their eyes turned up in the posture of one, who endeavours to keep himself awake; by which, and many other symptoms among them, it manifestly appears, that the reasoning faculties are all suspended and superseded, that imagination hath usurped the seat, scattering a thousand deliriums over the brain. Returning from this digression, I shall describe the methods, by which the *spirit* approaches. The eyes being disposed according

according to art at first, you can see nothing; but, after a short pause a small glimmering light begins to appear, and dance before you. Then, by frequently moving your body up and down, you perceive the vapours to ascend very fast, till you are perfectly dosed and flustered like one, who drinks too much in a morning. Mean while the preacher is also at work; he begins a loud humm, which pierces you quite through; this is immediately returned by the audience, and you find yourself prompted to imitate them by a meer spontaneous impulse, without knowing what you do. The *interstitia* are duly filled up by the preacher to prevent too long a pause, under which the *spirit* would soon faint and grow languid.

This is all I am allowed to discover about the progress of the *spirit* with relation to that part, which is borne by the *assembly*; but in the methods of the preacher, to which I now proceed, I shall be more large and particular.

S E C T. II.

YOU will read it very gravely remarked in the books of those illustrious and right eloquent penmen, the modern travellers ; that the fundamental difference in point of religion, between the wild *Indians* and us, lies in this: that we worship *God*, and they worship the *devil*. But, there are certain critics, who will by no means admit of this distinction ; rather believing, that all nations whatsoever adore the *true God*, because they seem to intend their devotions to some invisible power of greatest *goodness* and *ability* to help them ; which perhaps will take in the brightest attributes ascribed to the divinity. Others again inform us, that those idolaters adore two *principles* ; the *principle of good*, and that of *evil* : which indeed I am apt to look upon as the most universal notion, that mankind by the meer light of nature ever entertained of things invisible. How this idea hath been managed by the *Indians* and us, and with what advantage to the understandings of either, may well deserve

deserve to be examined. To me the difference appears little more than this, that they are put oftener upon their knees by their *fears*, and we by our *desires*; that the former set them a *praying*, and us a *cursing*. What I applaud them for, is their discretion in limiting their devotions and their deities to their several districts, nor ever suffering the liturgy of the *white* God to cross or to interfere with that of the *black*. Not so with us, who, pretending by the lines and measures of our reason to extend the dominion of one invifible power, and contract that of the other, have discovered a grofs ignorance in the natures of good and evil, and most horribly confounded the frontiers of both. After men have lifted up the throne of their divinity to the *cælum empyræum*, adorned with all fuch qualities and accomplishments, as themselves feem most to value and possess: after they have sunk their *principle* of *evil* to the lowest center, bound him with chains, loaded him with curses, furnish'd him with viler dispositions than any *rake-bell* of the town, accoutred him with tail, and horns, and huge claws, and faucer eyes; I laugh
aloud

aloud to see these reasoners at the same time engaged in wise dispute about certain walks and purlieus, whether they are in the verge of God or the devil; seriously debating, whether such and such influences come into mens minds from above or below, whether certain passions and affections are guided by the evil spirit or the good :

*Dum fas atque nefas exiguo sine libidinum
Discernunt avidi ———*

Thus do men establish a fellowship of *Christ* with *Belial*, and such is the analogy they make between *cloven tongues* and *cloven feet*. Of the like nature is the disquisition before us : it hath continued these hundred years an even debate, whether the deportment and the cant of our *english* enthusiastic preachers were *possession*, or *inspiration*, and a world of argument has been drained on either side, perhaps to little purpose. For I think, it is in *life* as in *tragedy*, where it is held a conviction of great defect, both in order and invention, to interpose the assistance of preternatural power without an absolute and last necessity.

necessity. However, it is a sketch of human vanity, for every individual to imagine the whole universe is interested in his meanest concern. If he hath got cleanly over a kennel, some angel unseen descended on purpose to help him by the hand; if he hath knocked his head against a post, it was the devil, for his sins, let loose from hell on purpose to buffet him. Who, that sees a little paultry mortal, droning, and dreaming, and drivelling to a multitude, can think it agreeable to common good sense, that either heaven or hell should be put to the trouble of influence or inspection upon what he is about? therefore, I am resolved immediately to weed this error out of mankind by making it clear, that this mystery of vending spiritual gifts is nothing but a *trade*, acquired by as much instruction, and mastered by equal practice and application, as others are. This will best appear by describing and deducing the whole process of the operation as variously, as it hath fallen under my knowledge or experience.

* * * * *

* * * * *

Here the whole scheme * * * * *

of spiritual mechanism * * * * *

was deduced and explain- * * * * *

ed, with an appearance of * * * * *

great reading and obser- * * * * *

vation; but it was thought * * * * *

neither safe nor conveni- * * * * *

ent to print it. * * * * *

* * * * *

Here it may not be amiss to add a few words upon the laudable practice of wearing *quilted caps*; which is not a matter of meer custom, humour, or fashion, as some would pretend, but an institution of great sagacity and use: these, when moistened with sweat, stop all perspiration; and, by reverberating the heat, prevent the spirit from evaporating any way, but at the mouth; even as a skilful housewife, that covers her still with a wet clout for the same reason, and finds the same effect. For, it is the opinion of choice *virtuosi*, that the brain is only a crowd of little animals,

mals, but with teeth and claws extremely sharp, and therefore cling together in the contexture we behold, like the picture of *Hobbes's leviathan*, or like bees in perpendicular swarm upon a tree, or like a carrion corrupted into vermin, still preserving the shape and figure of the mother animal: that all invention is formed by the morsure of two or more of these animals upon certain capillary nerves, which proceed from thence, whereof three branches spread into the tongue, and two into the right hand. They hold also, that these animals are of a constitution extremely cold; that their food is the air we attract, their excrement phlegm; and that what we vulgarly call rheums, and colds, and distillations, is nothing else but an epidemical looseness, to which that little common-wealth is very subject, from the climate it lies under. Farther, that nothing less than a violent heat can disentangle these creatures from their hamated station of life, or give them vigour and humour to imprint the marks of their little teeth. That, if the morsure be hexagonal, it produces poetry; the circular gives eloquence: if the bite hath

been conical, the person, whose nerve is so affected, shall be disposed to write upon politics; and so of the rest.

I shall now discourse briefly, by what kind of practices the voice is best governed towards the composition and improvement of the *spirit*; for without a competent skill in tuning and toning each word, and syllable, and letter, to their due cadence, the whole operation is incomplete, misses intirely of its effect on the hearers, and puts the workman himself to continual pains for new supplies without success. For, it is to be understood, that in the language of the *spirit cant* and *droning* supply the place of *sense* and *reason* in the language of men: because, in spiritual harangues the disposition of the words according to the art of grammar hath not the least use, but the skill and influence wholly lie in the choice and cadence of the syllables; even as a discreet *composer*, who in setting a song changes the words and order so often, that he is forced to make it *nonsense*, before he can make it *music*. For this reason it hath been held by some, that the art of canting is ever in greatest perfection,

tion, when managed by *Ignorance*; which is thought to be enigmatically meant by *Plutarch*, when he tells us, that the best musical instruments were made from the bones of an *ass*. And the profounder critics upon that passage are of opinion, the word, in its genuine signification, means no other than a *jaw-bone*; though some rather think it to have been the *os sacrum*; but in so nice a case I shall not take upon me to decide; the curious are at liberty to *pick* from it whatever they please.

The first ingredient towards the art of canting is a competent share of *inward light*; that is to say, a large memory, plentifully fraught with theological polysyllables, and mysterious texts from holy writ, applied and digested by those methods and mechanical operations already related: the bearers of this *light* resembling *lanterns*, compact of leaves from old *Geneva* bibles; which invention Sir *Humphrey Edwin*, during his mayoralty, of happy memory, highly approved and advanced; affirming the scripture to be now fulfilled, where it says, *thy word is a lantern to my feet, and a light to my paths*.

Now, the art of *canting* consists in skillfully adapting the voice to whatever words the spirit delivers, that each may strike the ears of the audience with its most significant cadence. The force or energy of this eloquence is not to be found, as among ancient orators, in the disposition of words to a sentence, or the turning of long periods; but agreeable to the modern refinements in music, is taken up wholly in dwelling, and dilating upon syllables and letters. Thus it is frequent for a single *vowel* to draw sighs from a multitude; and for a whole assembly of saints to sob to the music of one solitary *liquid*. But these are trifles; when even sounds inarticulate are observed to produce as forcible effects. A master workman shall *blow his nose so powerfully*, as to pierce the hearts of his people, who are disposed to receive the *excrements* of his brain with the same reverence as the *issue* of it. Hawking, spitting, and belching, the defects of other mens rhetoric, are the flowers, and figures, and ornaments of his. For, the *spirit* being the same in all, it is of no import through what vehicle it is conveyed.

It

It is a point of too much difficulty to draw the principles of this famous art within the compass of certain adequate rules. However, perhaps I may one day oblige the world with my critical essay upon the art of *canting*, *philosophically*, *physically*, and *musically considered*.

But, among all improvements of the *spirit*, wherein the voice hath borne a part, there is none to be compared with that of *conveying the sound through the nose*, which under the denomination of * *snuffling* hath passed with so great applause in the world. The originals of this institution are very dark; but having been initiated into the mystery of it, and leave being given me to publish it to the world, I shall deliver as direct a relation as I can.

This art, like many other famous inventions, owed its birth, or at least, improvement and perfection, to an effect of chance; but was established upon solid reasons, and hath flourished in this island ever since with great lustre. All agree,

* The *snuffling* of men, given rise to that tone, which who have lost their noses by our dissenters did too much lewd courses, is said to have affect. *W. Wotton*.

that it first appeared upon the decay and discouragement of *bag-pipes*, which having long suffered under the mortal hatred of the *brethren*, tottered for a time, and at last fell with *monarchy*. The story is thus related.

As yet *snuffling* was not; when the following adventure happened to a *Banbury saint*. Upon a certain day, while he was far engaged among the tabernacles of the *wicked*, he felt the outward man put into odd commotions, and strangely pricked forward by the inward; an effect very usual among the modern inspired. For, some think, that the *spirit* is apt to feed on the *flesh*, like hungry wines upon raw beef. Others rather believe, there is a perpetual game at *leap frog* between both; and sometimes the *flesh* is uppermost, and sometimes the *spirit*; adding, that the former, while it is in the state of a *rider*, wears huge *Rippon* spurs, and, when it comes to the turn of being *bearer*, is wonderfully head-strong and hard-mouthed. However it came about, the *saint* felt his *vessel* full extended in every part (a very natural effect of strong *inspiration*;) and the

the place and time falling out so unluckily, that he could not have the convenience of evacuating upwards, by repetition, prayer, or lecture; he was forced to open an inferior vent. In short, he wrestled with the flesh so long, that he at length subdued it, coming off with honourable wounds, all *before*. The surgeon had now cured the parts primarily affected; but the disease, driven from its post, flew up into his head; and, as a skilful general, valiantly attacked in his trenches, and beaten from the field, by flying marches withdraws to the capital city, breaking down the bridges to prevent pursuit; so the disease, repelled from its first station, fled before the *rod* of *Hermes* to the upper region there fortifying itself; but, finding the foe making attacks at the *nose*, broke down the *bridge*, and retired to the head-quarters. Now, the naturalists observe, that there is in human noses an *idiosyncrasy*, by virtue of which, the more the passage is obstructed, the more our speech delights to go through, as the music of a flagellet is made by the *stops*. By this method, the twang of the nose becomes perfectly to resemble

semble the *snuffle* of a bag-pipe, and is found to be equally attractive of *british* ears; whereof the saint had sudden experience by practising his new faculty with wonderful success in the operation of the *spirit*: for in a short time no doctrine passed for sound and orthodox, unless it were delivered through the nose. Straight, every pastor copied after this original; and those, who could not otherwise arrive to a perfection, spirited by a noble zeal, made use of the same experiment to acquire it, so that, I think, it may be truly affirmed, the *saints* owe their empire to the *snuffling* of one *animal*, as *Darius* did his to the *neighing* of another; and both stratagems were performed by the same art; for we read, how the † *Persian beast* acquired his faculty by *covering a mare* the day before.

I should now have done, if I were not convinced, that whatever I have yet advanced upon this subject, is liable to great exception. For, allowing all I have said to be true, it may still be justly objected, that there is, in the common-wealth of *artificial enthusiasm*, some real foundation

† Herodot.

for

for art to work upon in the temper and complexion of individuals, which other mortals seem to want. Observe but the gesture, the motion, and the countenance, of some choice professors, though in their most familiar actions, you will find them of a different race from the rest of human creatures. Remark your commonest pretender to a light *within*, how dark, and dirty, and gloomy he is *without*: as lanterns, which the more light they bear in their bodies, cast out so much the more foot, and smoke, and fuliginous matter to adhere to the sides. Listen but to their ordinary talk, and look on the mouth that delivers it; you will imagine you are hearing some antient oracle, and your understanding will be *equally* informed. Upon these, and the like reasons, certain objectors pretend to put it beyond all doubt, that there must be a sort of preternatural *spirit*, possessing the heads of the modern saints; and some will have it to be the *beat* of zeal working upon the *dregs* of ignorance, as other *spirits* are produced from *lees* by the force of fire. Some again think, that when our earthly tabernacles are
disordered

disordered and desolate, shaken and out of repair, the *spirit* delights to dwell within them; as houses are said to be haunted, when they are forsaken and gone to decay.

To set this matter in as fair a light as possible, I shall here very briefly deduce the history of *fanaticism* from the most early ages to the present. And if we are able to fix upon any one material or fundamental point, wherein the chief professors have universally agreed, I think we may reasonably lay hold on that, and assign it for the great seed or principle of the *spirit*.

The most early traces we meet with of *fanatics* in antient story are among the *Ægyptians*, who instituted those rites, known in *Greece* by the names of *Orgia*, *Panegyres*, and *Dionysia*, whether introduced there by *Orpheus* or *Melampus*, we shall not dispute at present, nor in all likelihood at any time for the future. * These feasts were celebrated to the honour of *Osiris*, whom the Græcians called *Dionysius*, and is the same with *Bacchus*: which has betrayed some superficial readers

* Diod. Sic. L. 1. Plut. de Iside & Osiride.

to imagine, that the whole business was nothing more than a set of roaring, scouring companions, over-charged with wine; but this is a scandalous mistake, foisted on the world by a sort of modern authors, who have too *literal* an understanding; and, because antiquity is to be traced *backwards*, do therefore, like *Jews*, begin their books at the wrong end, as if learning were a sort of *conjuring*. These are the men, who pretend to understand a book by scouting through the *index*; as if a traveller should go about to describe a *palace*, when he had seen nothing but the *privy*; or like certain fortune-tellers in *northern America*, who have a way of reading a man's destiny by peeping into his *breech*. For, at the time of instituting these mysteries, † there was not one vine in all *Ægypt*, the natives drinking nothing but *ale*; which liquor seems to have been far more antient than wine, and has the honour of owing its invention and progress not only to the ‡ *Ægyptian Osiris*, but to the *Græcian Bacchus*, who, in their famous expedition, carried the receipt

† Herod. L. 2.

‡ Diod. Sic. L. 1. & 3.

of it along with them, and gave it to the nations they visited or subdued. Besides, *Bacchus* himself was very seldom, or never drunk: for, it is recorded of him, that he was the first || inventor of the *mitre*; which he wore continually on his head (as the whole company of *bacchanals* did) to prevent vapours and the *head-ach* after hard drinking. And for this reason, say some, the *scarlet whore*, when she makes the kings of the earth drunk with her cup of abomination, is always sober herself, though she never balks the glass in her turn, being, it seems, kept upon her legs by the virtue of her *triple mitre*. Now, these feasts were instituted in imitation of the famous expedition *Osiris* made through the world, and of the company that attended him, whereof the *bacchanalian* ceremonies were so many types and symbols. * From which account it is manifest, that the fanatic rites of these *bacchanals*, cannot be imputed to intoxications by wine, but must needs have had a deeper foundation. What this was, we may gather large

|| Id. L. 4.

* See the particulars in *Diod. Sic. L. 1. & 3.*

hints from certain circumstances in the course of their mysteries. For, in the first place, there was in their processions an untire *mixture and confusion of sexes*; they affected to ramble about hills and deserts: their garlands were of *ivy and vine*, emblems of cleaving and clinging; or of *fir*, the parent of *turpentine*. It is added, that they imitated *satyrs*, were attended by *goats*, and rode upon *asses*, all companions of great skill and practice in affairs of gallantry. They bore for their ensigns certain curious figures, perched upon long poles, made into the shape and size of the *virga genitalis*, with its *appurtenances*, which were so many shadows and emblems of the whole mystery, as well as trophies set up by the female conquerors. Lastly, in a certain town of *Attica* the whole solemnity, † stripped of all its types, was performed in *puris naturalibus*, the votaries not flying in covies, but sorted into couples. The same may be farther conjectured from the death of *Orpheus*, one of the institutors of these mysteries, who was torn in pieces by women, because he refused to

† Dionysia Brauronia.

‡ *communicate his orgies* to them; which others explained, by telling us, he had *castrated* himself upon grief for the loss of his wife.

Omitting many others of less note, the next *fanatics* we meet with of any eminence, were the numerous sect of *Heretics* appearing in the five first centuries of the *christian æra*, from *Simon Magus* and his followers to those of *Eutyches*. I have collected their systems from infinite reading, and, comparing them with those of their successors in the several ages since, I find there are certain bounds set even to the irregularity of human thought, and those a great deal narrower than is commonly apprehended. For, as they all frequently interfere, even in their wildest ravings; so there is one fundamental point, wherein they are sure to meet, as lines in a center, and that is the *community of women*. Great were their solitudes in this matter, and they never failed of certain articles in their schemes of worship on purpose to establish it.

‡ Vid. Photium in excerptis è Conone.

The last *fanatics* of note were those, which started up in *Germany* a little after the reformation of *Luther*; springing, as *mushrooms* do at the end of a harvest: such were *John* of *Leyden*, *David George*, *Adam Neuster*, and many others, whose visions and revelations always terminated in leading about half a dozen sisters apiece, and making that practice a fundamental part of their system. For, human life is a continual navigation, and, if we expect our *vessels* to pass with safety through the waves and tempests of this fluctuating world, it is necessary to make a good provision of the *flesh*, as sea-men lay in store of *beef* for a long voyage.

Now, from this brief survey of some principal sects among the *fanatics* in all ages (having omitted the *mahometans* and others, who might also help to confirm the argument I am about) to which I might add several among ourselves, such as the *family of love*, *sweet singers of Israel*, and the like: and from reflecting upon that fundamental point in their doctrines about *women*, wherein they have so unanimously agreed; I am apt to imagine, that the sect or principle, which has ever put men up-

on *visions* in things *invisible*, is of a corporeal nature: for, the profounder chymists inform us, that the strongest *spirits* may be extracted from *human flesh*. Besides, the spinal marrow, being nothing else but a continuation of the brain, must needs create a very free communication between the superior faculties and those below: and thus the *thorn in the flesh* serves for a *spur* to the *spirit*. I think, it is agreed among physicians, that nothing affects the head so much, as a tentiginous humour, repelled and elated to the upper region, found by daily practice to run frequently up into madness. A very eminent member of the faculty assured me, that, when the *quakers* first appeared, he seldom was without some female patients among them for the *furor*—persons of a visionary devotion, either men or women, are in their complexion of all others the most amorous: for, *zeal* is frequently kindled from the same spark with other fires, and, from inflaming brotherly love, will proceed to raise that of a gallant. If we inspect into the usual process of modern courtship, we shall find it to consist in a devout turn of the eyes, called *ogling*;
an

an artificial form of canting and whining by rote every interval, for want of other matter, made up with a shrug, or a humm; a sigh or a groan; the stile compact of insignificant words, incoherences, and repetition. These I take to be the most accomplished rules of address to a mistress; and where are these performed with more dexterity, than by the *saints*? Nay, to bring this argument yet closer, I have been informed by certain sanguine brethren of the first class, that in the height and *orgasmus* of their spiritual exercise, it has been frequent with them * * * * *; immediately after which they found the *spirit* to relax and flag of a sudden with the nerves, and they were forced to hasten to a conclusion. This may be farther strengthened by observing, with wonder, how unaccountably all females are attracted by visionary or enthusiastic preachers, though never so contemptible in their *outward mien*; which is usually supposed to be done upon considerations purely spiritual, without any carnal regards at all. But, I have reason to think, the *sex* hath certain characteristics, by which they form a truer judgment of human abilities

abilities and performings, than we ourselves can possibly do of each other. Let that be as it will, thus much is certain, that, however spiritual intrigues begin, they generally conclude like all others; they may branch upwards towards heaven, but the root is in the earth. Too intense a contemplation is not the business of flesh and blood; it must by the necessary course of things in a little time let go its hold, and fall into *matter*. Lovers for the sake of celestial converse are but another sort of *platonicks*, who pretend to see stars and heaven in ladies eyes, and to look or think no lower; but the same *pit* is provided for both: and they seem a perfect moral to the story of that philosopher, who, while his thoughts and eyes were fixed upon the *constellations*, found himself seduced by his *lower parts* into a *ditch*.

I had somewhat more to say upon this part of the subject; but the post is just going, which forces me in great haste to conclude,

*Pray burn this
Letter as soon
as it comes to
your Hands.*



I R,

Yours, &c.

F I N I S.

